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BY

CORNELIA KNIGHT

AND

THOMAS RAIKES

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THOMAS RAIKES, ESQ.

(*Frontispiece to Raikes' Journal.*)

Bric-a-Brac Series

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BY

CORNELIA KNIGHT AND THOMAS RAIKES.

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NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

IF there be, as many would have us believe, an instinctive curiosity in the Republican mind in regard to royal and noble personages, their habits and course of life, this curiosity has been gratified of late by the publication of the "Greville Memoirs," with the choicest portions of which the readers of this series of little volumes are doubtless familiar. These famous "Memoirs" have not increased the respect of any reader towards royalty; on the contrary, they have lessened it amazingly, both here and in England. The divinity that doth hedge a king is vanished. Divine right is now seen to be a monstrous earthly wrong, and the High Mightinesses who claimed it, humbugs, if not worse. There is a hasty and unreasoning hatred of kingcraft and its belongings, of which the village Fourth of July oration, spouted in thundering tones by a blatant demagogue, is a good example; and there is a well considered and reasonable dislike of kingcraft and its abuses which is shared by thoughtful minds the world over. We flatter ourselves, perhaps, that it is only of late years that men have learned to measure kings by the common standards of humanity, but we are wrong. Many of the old English poets have done so in their stately tragedies and lyrics. Brandon says, for example, in his "Octavia:" —

"And surely those that live in greatest place,
Must take great care to be such as they seem;
They are not princes, whom sole titles grace;
Our princely virtues we should most esteem."

And Ben Jonson, in his "Cynthia's Revels:" —

"Princes that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head:
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations and regard of laws;
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws."

And Hemming, the son of one of Shakespeare's fellow players, whom the readers of the First Folio will remember: —

"The faults kings do
Shine like the fiery beacons on a hill,
For all to see, and seeing tremble at;
It's not a single ill which you commit;
What in the subject is a petty fault,
Monsters your actions, and 's a foul offense;
You give your subjects license to offend
When you do teach them how."

The present volume may be regarded as a sort of companion volume to the "Greville Memoirs," — I mean, as far as the "Bric-a-Brac" series is concerned, with differences, of course, which its readers will readily discover for themselves. It is occupied with the doings of persons of rank and station, among which will be found the beginning of that dark episode in the otherwise glorious career of Nelson — his madness for Lady Hamilton. After this heroic shape comes the fair face of the Princess Charlotte, whose early death sent all England into mourning. Readers of Byron will remember his "Lines on a Lady Weeping," of which she was the theme, and which was written on an *on dit*, that she burst into tears on a state occasion, which need not be specified here.

"Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay,
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!

"Weep, for thy tears are Virtue's tears,
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!"

Other notabilities figure here, English as well as Continental. Of some we catch but a glimpse; others, as Talleyrand, Wellington, and Louis Philippe, are painted at full length. The pencils employed are those of Cornelia Knight and Thomas Raikes, and the works from which the examples which follow are selected are the "Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales" (two volumes, London, 1861), and "A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847: Comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that Period" (four volumes, London, 1856).

Of Mr. Raikes I know nothing beyond what the editor of his voluminous and scrappy writings has seen fit to tell us in his Preface.

"The author of this Journal," he says, "was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Raikes, a rich and respected merchant in the city of London, who was descended from an ancient family in Yorkshire, and himself a personal friend of Mr. Pitt and of Mr. Wilberforce. His son was educated at Eton, where he became a fair classical scholar. In his nineteenth year he was sent abroad with a private tutor. In the course of his travels he visited most of the German courts, and made himself extensively acquainted

with modern languages. On his return to England, he became a partner in his father's house ; but having little inclination for mercantile affairs, and a marked preference for social and literary pursuits, he very soon established himself in the west end of the town, became a member of the fashionable clubs, and mixed largely in what is, by a somewhat questionable courtesy, denominated the *best* society. He married Miss Sophia Bayly, a daughter of Nathaniel Bayly, Esq., the proprietor of large estates in the West Indies. The entries in this Journal will show in what sort of society Mr. Raikes's life was passed, and the intimacies he formed. In the year 1832 (the year in which this Journal commences), embarrassments of the house with which he was connected compelled him to break up his establishment in London, and to settle in Paris, where he remained till 1846. He then returned to England ; but by this time most of his early friends and associates were either dead, or dispersed in various directions ; and not long after his own health began to decline. He passed some months in Ireland with his friend Lord Glengall, and then went to Bath, to be near a still older friend, the late Lord Alvanley, who was confined there by illness ; after which he took up his abode at Brighton, where he died on the 3d of July, 1848, in the 70th year of his age. Mr. Raikes visited St. Petersburg in the year 1831, and a few years afterwards he published the result of his observations on Russia in the shape of 'Letters from St. Petersburg.' In the course of his residence at Paris he likewise published a work entitled 'Paris since 1830.'"

Miss Knight, like Mr. Raikes, was a writer of books which went to the trunk makers long ago. They are "Dinarbas," a sort of supplement to Johnson's "Ras-

selas," published in 1790; "Marcus Flaminius: a View of the Military, Political, and Social Life of the Romans," a classical novel in two volumes, which, originally published in 1792, reached a second edition in 1808; and "A Description of Latium, or La Campagna di Roma, with Etchings by the Author," which appeared in 1805. I am indebted for these facts to the editor of her "Autobiography," Mr. J. W. Kaye, as well as the following sketch of her life: —

"The story of Miss Knight's life is soon told. The daughter of Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, an officer of well-deserved reputation, she was born about the year 1757. Her childish years appear to have been spent in London, where she received an excellent education, and made the acquaintance, as a girl, of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and other celebrities of the age. In 1775, Sir Joseph Knight died; and shortly afterwards, Lady Knight, being in straitened circumstances, and having failed to obtain a pension from the crown, turned her back upon England, and, taking Cornelia with her, travelled through France, and finally fixed her residence in Italy.

"During a space of some twenty years after their departure from England, they appear to have oscillated between Rome and Naples, mixing in the best society of those cities, and seeing much both of the political and prelatical sides of Italian life. That in spite of these environments, Cornelia Knight remained both a good Protestant and a loyal Englishwoman we have the best possible proof in her Memoirs and Journals. Living in a revolutionary period, she had a hatred of revolutions, and was a Tory and a Bourbonite in every pulse of her heart.

"At Naples, Lady Knight and her daughter became the familiar friends of Sir William and Lady Hamilton; and when, after the victory of the Nile, Nelson sailed into the bay and delivered the royal family from the dangers which beset them, it was only consistent with the general kindliness of the hero's nature that he should have taken a deep personal interest in the welfare of the widow and daughter of a brother officer. In return, Miss Knight celebrated his victories in patriotic verse, and was called by the naval officers of the time 'Nelson's poet laureate.'

"In 1799, Lady Knight died, at Palermo, and Cornelia, in fulfillment of her mother's dying injunctions, placed herself under the protection of the Hamiltons. In the following year she accompanied them and Lord Nelson to England — being then about forty-two years of age.

"In England she found many friends, with whom she had first become acquainted on the Continent, and the circle was soon widened, including in it some of the most distinguished persons of the age. In this society she did not move merely on sufferance. Miss Knight enjoyed at this time considerable reputation as a lady of extensive learning and manifold accomplishments. She had written some books, which, being in the stately classical style, hit the taste of the age; and she was celebrated for her extensive acquaintance with ancient and modern languages. Being a person of high principle, of a blameless life, and altogether a gentlewoman, it was not strange that, possessing also those intellectual gifts, and having numerous influential friends, she should have recommended herself, or been recommended by others, to the favorable notice of the royal family of England.

Among her friends was Mr. Pitt, whose opinion it was that the education of the young Princess Charlotte of Wales could be intrusted to no fitter person. Other arrangements were made for the early instruction of the Princess; but Miss Knight had been marked out for a court life, and in 1806 she became one of the attachées of Queen Charlotte, and took up her residence at Windsor.

"There she remained during a period of about seven years, at the end of which, having been included in some new arrangements which were being made for the household of the Princess Charlotte, then growing into womanhood, she left the court of the Queen (who never forgave her for the desertion) and settled at Warwick House, which was then the domicile of the young Princess, adjoining the residence of her father.

"Here Miss Knight sojourned, in attendance upon the Princess, until the eventful July of 1814. The papers had called her, and she is still called in contemporary memoirs, the governess of the Princess Charlotte. But she repudiated this title, and claimed her right official nomenclature of 'lady companion' to the Princess. That she had a difficult part to play at Warwick House is certain; that she did not pass the ordeal unscathed is not surprising. Her conduct in the trying circumstances in which she was thrown appears to have been straightforward and honorable; but the Prince Regent, not understanding it at the time, resented it, and Miss Knight was dismissed.

"Throughout the year 1815 and the early part of 1816, Miss Knight resided principally in London. In the spring of the latter year she went abroad, and the record of the next twenty years is one of almost continuous

wandering. In France, Italy, and Germany she spent the greater part of her remaining life. The restoration of the Bourbons made Paris a point of attraction to her, and there she appears to have been greatly esteemed by the royal family, especially by Charles X., who had a high opinion of her learning, and was wont to ask her, after any interval of absence from his capital, what new language she had learnt. In Germany she spent some time at the court of Würtemberg, and also at that of the petty principality of Hesse-Homburg — both of which were connected by marriage with our own royal family. And so her wanderings were continued into the year 1837, in the December of which she died, after a short illness, at Paris, in the eighty-first year of her age.

"In her later years she devoted herself more to Society than to Literature, and she gave nothing to the world beyond a few fugitive pieces. But she seems to have contemplated some more extended works, of which some fragments remain among her papers. These are principally chapters of Italian or German romances, suggested by the scenes of her travels. But it appears to me that the very qualities which impart so much value to her narration of facts incapacitated her for the achievement of success as a writer of fiction. She was, in truth, anything but an imaginative person. The works which she published have little in them to attract the present generation, but in that respect they do not differ much from the writings of most of her contemporaries. No one reads 'Dinarbas' nowadays; but is 'Rasselas' a popular work with the rising generation?"

Enough, however, in regard to this pleasant English gentlewoman, and the courtly English gentleman who follows her.

R. H. S.

CORNELIA KNIGHT.

CORNELIA KNIGHT.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was, during my childhood, the painter in fashion, and his house was the resort of the men of letters most known at that time. He had living with him an unmarried sister (Miss Frances Reynolds), for whom my mother had a real friendship. She was an amiable woman, very simple in her manner, but possessed of much information and talent, for which I do not think every one did her justice, on account of the singular *naïveté* which was her characteristic quality, or defect, for it often gave her the appearance of want of knowledge. She was a good painter and musician, and I have seen some of her poetical compositions, which have appeared to me very pleasing and in good taste.

I used often to pass the day with her, when she would give me instructions in drawing, and as I was very intimate with her younger niece,[1] we used to pass much time in rooms where the portraits of most of the celebrated beauties, men of letters, and politicians of the time, were exposed to view.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was a very popular person. All seemed satisfied with their portraits, and he had the art of rendering the costume picturesque, without departing from the mode of the time so as to make the resemblance less strik-

[1] Miss Palmer, frequently mentioned in Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs. After Sir Joshua's death she married Lord Inchiquin.

ing. There was in his paintings a fascination which still, in great measure, prevails, though many are faded; and the drawing was always correct. I believe he was good, friendly, and benevolent in a high degree. His pronunciation was tinctured with the Devonshire accent; his features were coarse, and his outward appearance slovenly, but his mind was certainly not inelegant, and the graces which he did not himself possess he could confer on his pictures. Sir Joshua loved high company, and wished his house to be considered as a Lyceum. In this he had Rubens and Vandyke in view. He was, indeed, surrounded by the wits and men of learning, and their society was harmonized by the goodness of his disposition, and the purity of his sister's character and manners.

Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Baretti, Langton,[1] Beauclerk,[2] and Mrs. Montagu, were often his guests. As President of the Royal Academy, the speeches of Sir Joshua Reynolds were admired for the style, though probably not for the matter of them. He was, I suppose, assisted by his literary friends, and more particularly by Johnson. Michael Angelo was his idol. Sir Joshua had been at Rome while young, but before he left England he had painted several portraits of sea officers, friends of Lord Edgecombe, which portraits are, I imagine, still to be seen at that most beautiful place, Mount Edgecombe. I recollect seeing at Devonport the portrait of an old lady of ninety, of the same date, and I think it is one of his best performances. The colors, too, had not faded, as in many of his later works.

Joseph Baretti.

I recollect being delighted with the conversation of Mr. Burke, amused by the buffoonery of Goldsmith, and disgusted with the satirical madness of manner of Baretti,[3] whose work,

[1] Bennet Langton, who succeeded Dr. Johnson as Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy.

[2] The well-known Topham Beauclerk, son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk, of whom Dr. Johnson said: "Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy than those of any he had known."

[3] Joseph Baretti was a native of Piedmont. He published an Italian and English dictionary, and several other works of less importance. Miss Burney says of

entitled "Frusta Literaria," had, I believe, been the principal cause of his leaving Piedmont. He was, however, a great favorite in this society, and was warmly supported when he had to take his trial for having stabbed a man who insulted him one night in the street. He was acquitted, because it was considered to have been done in self-defense. Being a foreigner, he was probably more frightened than he might have been had he known our country better, and he used, therefore, a weapon not common with us, though it might be in Piedmont. I was then a child; but I remember being so shocked at his shaking hands with me, that I said to my mother at night, "Did I ever think I should shake hands with a murderer!" It is certain that Baretti was a man of great learning and information.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Goldsmith was, I feel sure, very good-natured, and though neither his features, person, nor manners had anything of grace to recommend them, his countenance, as far as I can recollect, was honest and open, and in his behavior there was something easy and natural, removed from vulgarity no less than from affectation. His buffoonery, of which I have spoken, was a sort of childish playfulness, such as drinking off a glass of water reversed on the table without spilling a drop, and similar tricks. On some occasion — I forget what — he was told that he must wear a silk coat, and he purchased one second-hand, which had been a nobleman's, without observing that there was visible on the breast a mark showing where a star had been. He was beloved, and his death was truly lamented.

The observations of so young a child as I then was can be of no consequence, but of all these personages the one whom I liked best was Mr. Burke, perhaps because he condescended

him in 1779: "Baretti worries me about writing — asks a million of questions of how much I have written, and so forth, and when I say 'Nothing,' he raves and rants and says he could beat me." He was for some years Foreign Secretary to the Royal Academy.

to notice me. Of Mrs. Montagu,[1] all that I can remember is that she called me "a stupid child," because I did not find out the puzzle of a gold ring which she wore.

Samuel Johnson.

As to Johnson, he was always kind to me, but he was very intimate at our house, had a high opinion of my father, and conversed willingly with my mother, who never failed to contradict him when she was not of his way of thinking, and yet never received from him a disagreeable reply.

An elderly lady, named Williams,[2] who had been a friend of his wife, lived with him. Though blind and suffering very much from a pain in the head, she acted as his housekeeper, and managed all the affairs of his domestic life. Born in a respectable station, she had been well educated, but had no fortune. She had high principles, great strength of mind, and a sound judgment. Her manners were perfectly good, and her taste in literature correct. She was of a Welsh family, and had lost her sight irrecoverably when a young woman; but it was wonderful to see how little trouble she gave; she worked well, and even made her own gowns. My mother had a great regard for her, and she often passed the day with us.

I remember going with Mrs. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Hoole to see the tragedy of "Cyrus," written by Mr. Hoole,[3] in imitation of the "Ciro" of Metastasio, Mrs. Yates taking the part of Mandane.[4]

The King of Denmark[5] was at that time on a visit to England, and gave a masquerade ball at the Opera House, for

[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, author of an *Essay on the Genius and Learning of Shakspeare*. She also wrote three *Dialogues of the Dead* which were printed with Lord Lyttleton's.

[2] Mrs. Anna Williams was the daughter of a Welsh physician. Miss Burney calls her "an exceeding pretty poetess." She died in 1783.

[3] John Hoole, the translator of Tasso, Ariosto, etc. He was born in 1727, and died in 1803.

[4] This is an error. Mrs. Yates certainly spoke the epilogue, but she took the part of Aspasia. Miss Hopkins appeared as Mandane.

[5] Frederick of Denmark, when crown prince, married Louisa, youngest daughter of George the Second.

which, of course, everybody was anxious to get tickets. In the epilogue to "Cyrus," amongst other satirical strokes, as usual, on the habits and customs of the times, were the following lines: —

> "With us what griefs from ills domestic rise,
> When now a beau, and now a monkey dies!
> In this our iron age, still harder lot,
> A masquerade — no tickets to be got!"

On the following morning, after the first hearing of this epilogue, tickets were left at the door of Mrs. Yates.

This, I have been told, was the first masquerade given in London after the death of George the Second, who was very fond of them, and seldom missed them at the theatre. George the Third did not approve of an amusement which he thought might lead to much that was wrong. He did not, however, refuse his brother-in-law, though he endeavored to persuade him to give a fête of another description, and all he could afterwards do was not to encourage masquerades by his presence.

To return to Mr. Hoole. I was captivated by his translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem," which certainly has great merit. To translate from Italian into any other language is more than difficult; whereas the Italians can translate any author, not only of the dead but of the living languages, with the greatest facility, and with a correctness delightfully intelligible to the readers of their own country — an advantage also enjoyed by the Germans in a high degree.

When I first knew Dr. Johnson, I was a little afraid of his deep tone of voice and great wig; but when I had reached my seventh or eighth year, I was accustomed to all this, and felt grateful for his indulgence.

He was introduced to George the Fourth, then a child, in the library at St. James's. He asked the young prince some questions about his studies, and when he took leave of him, said, "God bless you, sir! and make you as good a man and as great a king as your father."

The ideas of Johnson on social order were carried so far, that when he wanted to send for his favorite cat he would not

order his servant, who was a negro, to procure it, saying that it was not good to employ human beings in the service of animals; he therefore went himself on the errand. When I went abroad, Dr. Johnson gave me his blessing, and exhorted me not to become a Roman Catholic, adding, that "if I extended my belief, I might at length turn Turk." I was insensible of the goodness of the advice, because I knew it to be unnecessary, and was therefore hurt at the supposition. Indeed, I still think, that if Dr. Johnson had possessed as much discrimination of character as learning, he would rather have advised me to remember I was a Christian, and never allow vanity or the love of pleasure to lead me into follies unworthy of that sacred character. I should have *felt* that I wanted such advice, and, probably, should have often thought of it, *at least* with gratitude.

Johnson was a sincere lover of equal justice, and though feeling great respect for the distinctions of rank and lawful authority, he was far from being servile, or what is called a courtier.

He had a great respect for men who served their country by sea or land, and was heard to say that, let a man be ever so distinguished for rank or abilities, he could not help thinking that he must, when in company with an officer of long and splendid services, feel himself his inferior.

He was very curious to see the manner of living and the discipline on board a ship of war, and when my father was appointed to the command of the *Ramilies*, of seventy-four guns, and to sail with the command of a squadron for Gibraltar, at the time when a war with Spain was expected, Johnson went to Portsmouth, and passed a week on board with my father. He inquired into everything, made himself very agreeable to the officers, and was much pleased with his visit.

When he was conveyed on shore, the young officer whom my father had sent to accompany him, asked if he had any further commands. "Sir," said Johnson, "have the goodness to thank the commodore and all the officers for their kindness to me, and tell Mr. ——, the first lieutenant, that I beg he will leave off the practice of swearing."

The young man, willing, if possible, to justify, or at least excuse his superior, replied that, unfortunately, there was no making the sailors do their duty without using strong language, and that his Majesty's service required it. "Then, pray, sir," answered Johnson, "tell Mr. —— that I beseech him not to use one oath more than is absolutely required for the service of his Majesty."

Anna Williams.

The following reminiscences of Mrs. Williams were sent by Lady Knight, from Rome, to Mr. John Hoole, and by him contributed to the "European Magazine" for October, 1799.

"Mrs. Williams was a person extremely interesting; she had an uncommon firmness of mind, a boundless curiosity, retentive memory, and strong judgment: she had various powers of pleasing; her personal afflictions and slender fortune she seemed to forget when she had the power of doing an act of kindness: she was social, cheerful, and active, in a state of body that was truly deplorable. Her regard to Dr. Johnson was formed with such strength of judgment and firm esteem that her voice never hesitated when she repeated his maxims or recited his good deeds, though upon many other occasions her want of sight had led to her making so much use of her ear as to affect her speech. Mrs. Williams was blind before she was acquainted with Dr. Johnson: her account of Mrs. Johnson was that she had a good understanding and great sensibility, but inclined to be satirical. Her first husband died insolvent: her sons were much disgusted with her for her second marriage; perhaps because they, being struggling to get advanced in life, were mortified to think she had allied herself to a man who had not any visible means of being useful to them. However, she always retained her affection for them. While they resided in Gough Court, her son, the officer, knocked at the door and asked the maid if her mistress was at home. She answered, 'Yes, sir; but she is sick in bed.' 'Oh,' says he, 'if it is so, tell her that her son Jervas called to know how she did,' and was going away.

The maid begged she might run up and tell her mistress, and, without attending his answer, left him. Mrs. Johnson, enraptured to hear her son was below, desired the maid to tell him she longed to embrace him. When the maid descended the gentleman was gone, and poor Mrs. Johnson was much agitated by the adventure: it was the only time he ever made an effort to see her. Dr. Johnson did all he could to console his wife; but told Mrs. Williams, 'Her son is uniformly undutiful; so I conclude, like many other sober men, he might once in his life be drunk, and in that fit nature got the better of his pride.'

"Mrs. Williams was never otherwise dependent on Dr. Johnson than in that sort of association which is little known in the great world. They both had much to struggle through, and I verily believe that whichever held the purse, the other partook what want required.

"She had many resources, though none very great: with the Miss Wilkinsons she generally passed a part of the year, and received from them presents, and from the first who died a legacy of clothes and linen. The last of them, Mrs. Jane, left her an annual rent; but from the blundering manner of the will, I fear she never reaped the benefit of it. That lady left money to erect a hospital for ancient maids; but the number she had allotted being too great for the donation, the Doctor said it would be better to expunge the word *maintain*, and put in, to starve such a number of old maids. They asked him what name should be given it. He replied, 'Let it be called Jenny's Whim' [the name of a place of popular entertainment].

"Lady Phillips made her a small annual allowance, and some other Welsh ladies, to all of whom she was related. Mrs. Montagu, on the death of Mr. Montagu, settled on her ten pounds per annum. When the first ten were sent her, they were accompanied with a letter telling her that, before she sent her that sum, she had taken care that the future payments should not depend upon her own precarious life, for that it was fixed to her by deed. Mrs. Williams's gratitude

was great and sincere: and on showing the letter before the Doctor to the present writer, and my testifying my joy at it, 'Ah!' said he, 'the good lady has given Willy a treasure here, and is laying up one for herself.'

"As to her poems, she many years attempted to publish them: the half-crowns she had got towards the publication, she confessed to me went for necessaries, and that the greatest pain she ever felt was from the appearance of defrauding her subscribers: "But what can I do? the Doctor always puts me off with, "Well, we'll think about it;" and Goldsmith says, "Leave it to me.'" However, two of her friends, under her directions, made a new subscription at a crown, the whole price of the work, and in a very little time raised sixty pounds. Mrs. Carter was applied to by Mrs. Williams's desire, and she, with the utmost activity and kindness, procured a long list of names. At length the work was published, in which is a fine written, but gloomy tale of Dr. Johnson. The money Mrs. Williams had various uses for, and a part of it was funded. As near as I can calculate, Mrs. Williams had about thirty-five or forty pounds a year. The furniture she used was her own; her expenses were small; tea, and bread and butter being at least half of her nourishment. Sometimes she had a servant, or charwoman, to do the ruder offices of the house; but she was herself active and industrious. I have frequently seen her at work. Upon remarking one day her facility in moving about the house, searching into drawers, and finding books without the help of sight, 'Believe me,' said she, 'persons who cannot do these common offices without sight, did but little while they enjoyed that blessing.' Scanty circumstances, bad health, and blindness, are surely a sufficient apology for her being sometimes impatient: her natural disposition was good, friendly, and humane. She was in respect to morals more rigid than modern politeness admits; for she abhorred vice, and was not sparing of anger against those who threw young folks into temptation. Her ideas were very just in respect to the improvement of the mind, and her own was well stored. I have several of

her letters; they are all written with great good sense and simplicity, and with a tenderness and affection that far excel all that is called politeness and elegance. I have been favored with her company some weeks at different times, and always found her temper equal, and her conversation lively. I never passed hours with more pleasure than when I heard her and Dr. Johnson talk of the persons they valued, or on subjects in which they were much interested. One night, I remember, Mrs. Williams was giving an account of the Wilkinsons being at Paris, and having had consigned to their care the letters of Lady Wortley Montagu, on which they had bestowed great praise. The Doctor said, 'Why, madam, there might be great charms to them in being intrusted with honorable letters: but those who know better the world, would have rather possessed two pages of true history.' [1]

"One day that he came to my house to meet many others, we told him that we had arranged our party to go to Westminster Abbey, would not he go with us? 'No,' he replied, 'not while I can keep out.' Upon our saying that the friends of a lady had been in great fear lest she should make a certain match for herself, he said, 'We that are *his* friends have had great fears for him.'

"He gave us an account of a lady, then lately dead, who had made a separate purse from her husband, and confessed to the sum in her last moments; but before she could tell where it was placed, a convulsion finished her. The poor man said he was more hurt by her want of confidence in him than the loss of his money. 'I told him,' said he, 'that he must console himself, for perhaps the money might be found, and he was sure his wife was gone.'

"I talked to her (Mrs. Thrale) much of dear Mrs. Williams. She said she was highly born; that she was very nearly related to a Welsh peer; but that though Dr. Johnson had always pressed her to be acquainted with her, yet she said she

[1] Mrs. Piozzi says: "He never read but one book, which he did not consider as obligatory, through in his whole life; and Lady W.'s letters was the book." — *Anecdotes of Johnson*, p. 259.

could not; she was afraid of her. I named her virtues: she seemed to hear me as if I had spoken of a new-discovered country.

"I think the character of Dr. Johnson can never be better summed up than in his own words in 'Rasselas,' pp. 246, 247. He was master of an infinite deal of wit, which proceeded from depth of thought, and of a humor which he used sometimes to take off from the asperity of reproof. Though he did sometimes say very sportive things, which might be said to be playing upon the folly of some of his companions, and though he never said one that could disgrace him, yet I think, when the man is no more, the care should be to prove to steady uniformity in wisdom, virtue, and religion, and not to add those matters which could be of no force but as the occasion called them forth. His political principles ran high, both in Church and State: he wished power to the King and to the Heads of the Church, as the laws of England have established, but I know he disliked absolute power; and I am very sure of his disapprobation of the doctrines of the Church of Rome; because, about three weeks before we came abroad, he said to my Cornelia, 'You are going where the ostentatious pomp of Church ceremonies attracts the imagination; but if they want to persuade you to change, you must remember that by increasing your faith you may be persuaded to become Turk.' If these were not the words, I have kept up to the express meaning.

"I have no patience of the manner in which Mrs. Williams is mentioned, with insinuations of the great weight she was on Dr. Johnson. (By Mrs. Piozzi, in her 'Anecdotes.') She was of a very good family: her Welsh friends made her a constant allowance, and the Miss Wilkinsons were liberal to her. She got a hundred and fifty pounds by her poems. I well remember her saying one day that she would have bought some tea, but wanted the money. The Doctor replied, 'Why did you not ask me?' She replied, 'I knew you had none.' He answered, 'But I could have borrowed it.' She, who knew him better than any person living, once said that 'He never de-

nied his advice or his purse to any one that asked.' She had strong sense, excellent principles, and a cheerful mind; but, oppressed with blindness, pain, and poverty, her temper might be soured. But who would have borne such heavy afflictions so well as she did, or have been so useful as she really was? But please to consider, when you come to narrate particulars, how, without intention, you lessen fame. You will find in some lines I have writ, that I expose the poverty of my friend, and the weaknesses that only proceeded from a state of mortality."

Thomas Gainsborough.

Among the persons of talent whom we knew, I must not forget Gainsborough. He might be said to be self-taught. I have heard my mother, who knew all about Essex and Suffolk people, say that his father kept a shop, and he was obliged to pink shrouds, etc. Every spare moment he gave to drawing. He studied every tree in the counties in which he lived, and was never out of England. Had he studied in Italy, he would not only have been the first of English painters, but probably would have formed a school in this country. His genius was very great. His landscapes are Nature itself, and his portraits, though perhaps not so fascinating as those of Sir Joshua, were correct likenesses. He had an almost equal talent for music as for painting, and I never saw an artist who had less presumption or vanity.

Joseph Jerome Francis de Lalande.

M. de Lalande was a man of great scientific knowledge, and had also published a "Voyage d'Italie," of which it is said that when he asked a Venetian senator how he liked it, the answer was, "*Monsieur de Lalande nous désirons tous que vous fassiez un second voyage.*" It is so long since I read it, and when I did I was very young, and did not know Italy, that I cannot say whether the skillful evasion was or was not a fair criticism; but it is probable that Lalande, like many others of all nations, was not just to a country which is so much visited

and so little known — from whom, however, I am happy to except Eustace.[1]

To return to Lalande. I must do him the justice to say that I do not recollect his making any remark, or using any expression which might denote a disrespect for religion, though he had the reputation, unfortunately, of being an atheist. I think it difficult, if not impossible, that an astronomer should be one, but I have heard that, when delivering a lecture on this science, he happened to say, "Providence directed so and so," and that he corrected himself, adding, "I beg pardon; I mean Nature." However this may have been, I believe it is certain that, having been brought up at a college of Jesuits, he wished to become one of that order, but was prevented by his father, for which many years after he expressed some regret. "For," said he, "if I had become a Jesuit, I should have had better health, deeper knowledge, and some religion."

Roger Joseph Boscovich.

Boscovich was an ex-Jesuit, a Dalmatian of the city of Ragusa, so famous for its men of learning and science. He was not only a good mathematician and astronomer, but also a good Latin poet; he had the talent which many others of his countrymen have possessed, of composing with great facility extempore verses in Latin.

Two lines of his epigram on the planets may be thus translated: —

> "'Twixt Mars and Venus as this globe was hurled,
> 'T is plain that love and war must rule the world."

In the present time (1835), I should change or correct it thus: —

> So Boscovich has sung, but now 't is plain,
> That fear of war and love of money reign.

There was something so natural and good-natured in his manner it was impossible not to like him. On his first visit to us as he was going away, he mistook the door, and opened that

[1] John Chetwode Eustace, a Roman Catholic clergyman, and author of *A Classical Tour Italy*. He died at Naples in 1815.

of an inner room. Finding his mistake, he said to my mother, "No doubt you have heard that the Jesuits are capable of all that is bad, but do not think I was going to commit a robbery." He composed an extempore distich in verse, and I am sorry I did not ask him to write it down.

His place at Paris was "Inspecteur de l'Optique de la Marine," a place created for him by his friend M. de Vergennes, then prime minister. He lived there in the best society, and was generally esteemed.

M. de Brienne.

M. de Brienne was at that time Archbishop of Toulouse. It was not his fate to die a martyr. He became Archbishop of Sens and prime minister; but his success in that post did not come up to the expectations which had been formed from his talents in the administration of his diocese and in society. He had a sensible countenance, an active person, and great facility of expression. By all accounts his quickness of comprehension was such as hardly to give time to others to explain themselves, for he seemed to understand every subject more clearly than the person whom it chiefly concerned.

It was said that Louis XVI. would not allow Monsieur de Brienne to be Archbishop of Paris on account of his connection with a certain lady, and that the Archbishop parodied on this occasion a song in the "Chasse d'Henri Quatre": —

"Si le roi Louis
Voulait me donner
Paris, sa grande ville,
Et qu'il me fallût quitter
L'amour de ma mie —
Je dirais au roi Louis:
Reprenez votre Paris,
J'aime mieux ma mie, o gué!
J'aime mieux ma mie."

Whether Monsieur de Brienne said or sang these lines, I know not; but I have heard he had no taste for music, for, being at the Sistine Chapel at Rome in the Holy Week, he had allowed that the singing was very fine; on which a friend said

to him, "I see you begin to like music." He is reported to have answered, "No, I cannot go so far; but I can now comprehend that a person may be fond of music without being either a fool or a madman." It is a pity he did not write more, for his preface to the "Memoir of Monsieur de Brienne," who was a page of Louis XIV., is very good, and the style excellent.

He visited his diocese every year, but did not remain long at a time. He was there while we were at Toulouse to receive the Emperor of Germany, Joseph II., who travelled in the most unostentatious manner, under the title of Count Falkenstein. At his departure he thanked the Archbishop for his hospitality, but declined his offer of accompanying him to the next place whither he was going, saying, "I cannot think of taking you from a city where your duty requires your presence."

The Emperor knew very well what he was saying, and the Archbishop answered with a bow.

The Maid and the Magpie.

I believe the original history of "The Maid and the Magpie," which has given occasion to such pretty operas, was a circumstance that happened at Toulouse. A lady missed her jewels, and knowing that it was impossible that any one but her own maid could have entered the room at the time, the poor girl was imprisoned, tried, and executed. The jewels were afterwards found on the roof of the house, and a magpie was discovered to have been the thief. In one of the chapels of the cathedral there was always a lamp burning for the repose of her soul, on this account, and the family of the lady used to pray there.

The Grateful Turk.

It was also some time in the year 1781 that I became acquainted with the following instance of gratitude on the part of a Turk, and which was then of quite recent occurrence. The commander of a merchantman of Leghorn was taken by

an Algerine corsair, after making a gallant defense. He was carried to Algiers, and exposed for sale in the market-place, where he was soon observed by a Turkish merchant, who bought him immediately, without further inquiry. While he remained between hope and fear of his future situation, the Turk asked him whether he knew him. He replied that he could not recollect ever having seen him. The Turk then said: "I have not bought you for your harm, but for your good. I am the man you took prisoner some years since, and whom you treated with such humanity, and afterwards set at liberty. I mean, therefore, to make you free, and will give you a ship larger than that you have lost, and will freight it with corn, which is here at a very low price. And when you return to Leghorn you will make what profit you can upon it, only restoring to me the original price of the corn; all the rest, together with the ship, is at your service." The grateful and generous Turk fulfilled his promise; and the man returned to Leghorn, and disposed of his cargo to great advantage.

The Amorous Governor.

Mr. Jenkins told us of a curious affair that happened at Urbino. The governor of that town, Monsignor Lucchesini, whose power was almost absolute, being offended with the nobility of the place because they had beaten one of his servants, searched through the records for some obsolete law with which he could plague them. He found an obsolete ordinance, which forbade the nobility of Urbino to stir out at night without carrying torches, which all Italians have a great aversion to doing. So he insisted upon this law being put in force, and, when they refused to obey, he ordered the barigel[1] to compel them to do so. That officer, however, told him that he dared not act against all the principal families of the town; but the prelate still remained obstinate. Whereupon all the families of the nobility assembled, and agreed to go with their torches to the door of a lady's house, whom Monsignor visited every evening by stealth. Accordingly, they posted them-

[1] *Bargello*, a sheriff.

selves at the door just at the time he usually went away, and he had the pleasure of being escorted home in the full light of all their torches.

Grand Duke Paul.

The Grand Duke Paul and his Duchess arrived at Rome under the names of Count and Countess of the North, and with them one of her brothers, a Prince of Würtemberg. Madame de Beckersdorff and two maids of honor were also with them, and the first seemed to be her intimate friend, and a very pleasing person. The Grand Duke, though not tall, had a good figure, but his face was Calmuck. His manners were good, and he talked agreeably to those who were introduced to him. The Grand Duchess was, like most of her family, very handsome. She was tall, her figure majestic, and her features and complexion very fine. Her manners were dignified and gracious. We were introduced to them at a concert given by the Cardinal de Bernis for the birth of the Dauphin. Princess D.,[1] who had been staying some time at Rome with her son and married daughter, came to the fête dressed in black. She was considered by the Grand Duke and Duchess as a spy on their proceedings; and at all events, the part which she was supposed to have taken in the imprisonment and death of the Grand Duke's father must have rendered the sight of her very painful to them. Unmindful of this, she seated herself at the concert as near as possible to the Grand Duke, just behind him to the right. He was greatly annoyed, and, turning towards her said: "*Madame, on ne vient pas habillé en noir à la fête d'un souverain.*" Princess D. gave as an excuse the assurance that, as she was about to leave Rome, all her other dresses were packed up. The Grand Duke replied: "*On peut toujours rester à la maison.*"

[1] The Princess Dashkoff, who had been the chief instigator of the conspiracy against Peter III. The ribbon worn by the Princess was torn, it is said by her own hands, from the person of her sister, the Countess Woronzow, the mistress of the unfortunate monarch; both of them being the daughters of Chancellor Woronzow.

The Princess was a short, fat, middle-aged woman, with a very red face and harsh countenance; and the broad red ribbon and star, which she wore in the way such decorations are worn by men, added to her formidable appearance. It is said she was only eighteen years of age when the death of the Emperor Peter took place, and that, seated at a table with two pistols before her, she waited for the news with the intention, if it proved contrary to her wishes, of killing the messenger with one, and herself with the other.[1] Pistols, we were told, she always carried about with her; and notwithstanding the services she had rendered to the Empress Catherine, and the strange masculine honors conferred upon her in return — such as this decoration, and her being made President of the Academy of Sciences — it is evident that her absence was more agreeable to her imperial mistress than her presence would be, for she was many years in England, Scotland, and Italy. She would not allow her daughter to live with her husband, and she used to lock up her son, who must have been turned of twenty, every night. How unlike to her amiable and excellent brother. It is said that she had a sister who was gentleness itself. One would wish to think that Princess Dashkoff was in some measure misrepresented. I recollect saying something to her son, with whom I was a little acquainted, about the maids of honor attending on the Grand Duchess, and I naturally expressed myself in the terms, "the ladies of the Grand Duchess." The young man, who just before had been talking to me with the civility usually shown to a young woman, suddenly reddened, and looked quite savage. "Madame," said he, "the Grand Duchess has no ladies; she has no right to have any. They are the ladies of our august sovereign, who allows them to attend upon the Grand Duchess in her travels." Does not this put one in mind of a remark made by Bonaparte: "*Pour peu qu'on y gratte on trouve le Tartare?*"

[1] The murder of the Czar did not take place for some days after his dethronement. If there be any truth in this story, which is questionable, it must have been the tidings of the success of the conspiracy that the Princess was so anxiously expecting.

We paid our respects to the Grand Duke and Duchess, as did all the company at Rome, at their own apartments. They seemed much pleased with all they saw, and with the society. After Princess D. left, they were perfectly at their ease. There was at that time no Russian ambassador, or minister, at Rome. I afterwards heard that they were not so comfortable at Naples.

A tailor at Rome made a coat for the Grand Duke. When he brought it home the sleeves were found to be too long. "I suppose," said the Prince, "you have heard that kings have long arms ; but mine as yet are only rags." He and the Grand Duchess appeared to be very domestic, and liked to talk of their children. I remember the Grand Duchess showing us portraits of some of them *en silhouette*. Her dress was very magnificent at Cardinal de Bernis's fête. It was white, trimmed with the most valuable sables, over which hung large pearls in garlands, fastened with diamond knots of great size and splendor.

On the 1st of March we went to Cardinal de Bernis's. On account of the fêtes given by him in honor of the birth of the Dauphin, torches and guards were placed at the corners of all the streets leading to his house. The front and both sides of his palace were illuminated with four immense wax-lights in each window, which made a most brilliant appearance. All the carriages went in by the back way, none being permitted to pass in front of the palace, as opposite to it and before the church of St. Marcel an elegant amphitheatre had been erected for music, for the amusement of the populace ; the decorations were very pleasing, and had a delightful effect from the windows. The rooms were all decorated in a festal manner, with a great deal of gilding and many looking-glasses ; the gallery with trophies on a gold ground, and the ceiling with fleurs-de-lys and dolphins. At the end of the gallery, within the columns, was an amphitheatre for the musicians, who were all in uniform. An infinite number of lights, perfectly well arranged, were scattered about, and two rows of seats were placed round both rooms for the company.

As we were going up-stairs we met the Cardinal, attended by his gentlemen, servants, etc., with eight torches and eight candles, going to receive the Grand Duke and Duchess, for whom chairs had been placed across the gallery between the columns. The Princess of Palestrine, who did the honors of the Cardinal's house, seated herself beside them for a short time, but after a while gave her place to the Pope's niece. The Cardinal stood behind the Grand Duchess, as also did Monseigneur de Bernis. The Prince of Würtemberg would not sit down, but stood beside the Cardinal. The lady who accompanies the Grand Duchess, with the two maids of honor, were placed near, but there was an immense crowd. Immediately afterwards began the cantata, which lasted an hour. The poetry of it — in honor of the Dauphin — was composed by a secretary of the Pope's nephew, and the music by a *Maestro di Capella* of the Pope. The Grand Duke and Duchess were very attentive, and after refreshments had been offered to them, which they declined, they went and sat down in the next room, whither most of the company followed them. Soon after we were seated the Cardinal brought the Grand Duke up to us, and presented us in the most affectionate manner. He then presented the Duchess Bobadilla and another lady who sat beside us, but the Grand Duke immediately returned to us and entered into conversation, until he was called off by two letters being brought to him by express. He talked to us in the most polite and attentive manner, and expressed a desire for us to visit Russia. Upon our mentioning that we were acquainted with Admiral Knowles, he inquired with great affection after Miss Knowles and Sir Charles, and said he had much regretted the Admiral's departure. When we told him that the son was a captain in the navy, he remarked that the post of captain in the English navy was a most respectable rank, with many other things that showed equally his sense and good breeding. He speaks French perfectly well. They went away soon afterwards, when we returned into the gallery and heard some very good music, and did not get home till past twelve. On the follow-

ing night there was, if possible, more company than on the previous one, and everything still more in gala. The Grand Duke and Duchess came early, and were placed as before, only they made the Princess of Palestrine sit between them, and, when she went into the next room, the Cardinal de Bernis. They were exceedingly pleased, and made themselves very agreeable. The cantata was written by the same author as the other, but the music was by Cimarosa, and infinitely finer. They stayed to hear two other pieces of music, and then passed into the other room, where they remained till near ten. The Grand Duchess was elegantly dressed, and looked exceedingly well: the Grand Duke wore a plain coat with superb diamond buttons. I sat by the lady who accompanies the Duchess, and found her very agreeable; she is a German. The music lasted till after eleven, and was very fine. The palace, and the street in front of it, with the orchestra opposite, were as light as day. The Academy of France was also lighted up, and had an orchestra in the same manner. On the Sunday before, all the money sent by the King of France to pay for this fête was given away by the Cardinal in dowries — fifty crowns each to one hundred and fifty brides in Rome, and twenty-five crowns each to two hundred at Albano. The Bishop of Apollonia administered the sacrament, and handed the orders to them to receive the money at once, instead of waiting till they were married, as is usually the case. At a little after six on the next day we went to pay our respects to the Grand Duke and Duchess, and found there the Princess Doria, the Princess Santa Croce, and another lady, with the German lady, the friend of the Duchess. The Cardinal de Bernis and several other gentlemen were also there. We went immediately into the next room, where the Grand Duchess received us at the door, the Grand Duke standing behind her. She told my mother that she had saluted her the night before, and had courtesied twice, adding, very politely, that as her husband had made our acquaintance, she also much wished to do so. She then had chairs placed round, and desired us all to be seated. She

chatted much about Rome, and told Cardinal de Bernis that she would never leave it were it not for her children. The Grand Duke came and talked to us for some time with the greatest good humor and affability. The Duchess was very desirous that the gentlemen likewise should sit down, and told a gentleman who accompanies them, and whom she calls "Mon Général," to set them the example. When we took our leave, she assured my mother that she should be always very happy to see us; that her husband was so pleased with making our acquaintance, that she was likewise very anxious for it, etc., etc. In short, nothing could be more flattering and attentive than their reception of us. They appear very much attached to one another.[1] The Duchess's figure is certainly very fine, and improves upon one, while the Grand Duke is so genteel and pleasing in his manners, that his person seems to me at present far from disagreeable.

On the 14th March we went to take leave of the Count and Countess of the North. They received us with the greatest goodness. The Count told me he regretted infinitely that we had not met oftener; that our visit then, though it made him happy, was rather a pain than a pleasure; that it was not their fault they had not seen us every day, but as there were so many things to see they usually returned home too late to receive company, and could not make an exception to a general rule, or they would have received us at any time; that he had inquired whether we were at the concert at Princess

[1] At a later period, Paul was by no means remarkable for his conjugal fidelity. Of his personal appearance the following mention is made in Masson's *Memoires Secrètes*, quoted by Mr. Kelly in his *History of Russia*, vol. ii. p. 154: "It is said that the people of Paris, crowding to see Paul, then a youth, cried, 'My God, how ugly he is!' and that he had the good sense to laugh at it. He is not improved since he is grown old, bald, and wrinkled. The Empress appears by his side like one of those beautiful women who are painted with a little deformed blackamoor near them, as a contrast to their dignity and grace. The singularity which he affects in his dress, and the severity of his manners, add greatly to his deformity. Without excepting even the Kalmuks and the Kirghaz, Paul is the ugliest man in his extensive dominions; and he himself considers his countenance as so shocking that he dares not impress it upon his coin." Miss Knight herself describes the Grand Duke, in one place, as "the ugliest man I ever saw;" but this was before he had spoken to her.

Doria's, and would have come to us, but the devil of etiquette prevented him. He pressed exceedingly that we should go to St. Petersburg, saying his house and the whole city should be at our disposal. I then ventured to say that, if we were not so happy as to travel so far, my mother hoped that the Count and Countess of the North would permit us to take the liberty of requesting their interest with the Grand Duke and Duchess for any of our English sea officers who, if there was a peace in our distracted country, might be ambitious of serving in Russia. He replied that they had some credit with those personages, and nothing would make him happier than to be of service to us, or to any of our friends; that my mother and I had only to write to him and mention how far they were in our esteem, and he would treat them accordingly, as he was sure my mother knew the navy too well, and was too nice to recommend any who were not deserving. "Believe me," he added, "*upon my honor* I wish nothing more than to be useful to you. I beg you will be assured of my sincerity, and I hope you will soon put it to the proof. But if it should be ten or twenty years, hence, you may be equally sure of it, for I could not forget you even if I were inclined to do so; and I am certain that if I were not in the world, the Countess would do the same. I think power is never so agreeable as when it can make one useful to one's friends, and, as such, I desire you will ever consider us." He repeatedly urged us to go to St. Petersburg; and upon my remarking how difficult it was to travel in time of war, he said war had nothing to do with our going there, because even if there was a war in Russia, it could not be one disagreeable to us. He added, that when he was master of himself there was nothing he would not do for us, but, as it was, he could be of some use to us in St. Petersburg. The Countess was also excessively kind to us, and pressed us strongly to go to Russia, and, indeed, said the most obliging and flattering things. She bade me draw everything at Rome as fast as possible, and meet them at St. Petersburg — with many more of the kindest expressions. She said it gave her great pain to go away just

as she was beginning to make acquaintances, and that she should have wished to have cultivated a friendship with Cardinal de Bernis and with us ; that she had but small hopes of meeting him again, but would always retain a regard for him. As for us, she said she would not give up the idea of again seeing us, and that she should quit us with tears in her eyes, adding the most affectionate expressions of kindness. The persons who accompany the Count and Countess are all perfectly well chosen. The maids of honor are both well behaved and good-natured, and the General's lady is very amiable.

The Count and Countess of the North (Grand Duke and Duchess of Russia), when they were at Naples, refused the Palace Giustiniani which the King had fitted up for their reception, but they dined at court, and went to the balls and theatre. The King got up a hunt for them, to which they promised to go, but afterwards sent word to decline it. The King, however, went, and did not return to Caserta till the day before their departure. On their journey to Pæstum, the King had engaged them to stop at one of his country-houses, to which he himself went the day before so as to be ready to receive them. After he was gone, they sent him word that they could not stop there. The Queen called for them in her carriage to take them to a balcony to see a horse-race, that had been got up on purpose for them, and to which they had agreed to go — and, after all, they would not. Whenever her Majesty called for them, she had to wait half an hour at their door. When they went away, the people hissed them. They were very affable, however, and good-natured with artists. They called on Mr. Jenkins, to choose statues for the Empress, went all over his house, and stayed near two hours. The Duchess bought a beautiful Faun, a Faustina, in the shape of Venus, and a Genius. They were also at the studio of Mr. Hewetson, where they saw a fine monument which he is going to send to Ireland. They were much pleased with a small statue of Cleopatra in marble, which they purchased, and the Duchess sat to him for her bust.

As they passed through Milan, the Archduke and Duchess made a "Festino" for them. As there was not nobility enough in the town, and as the lower sort of people had never been admitted to their entertainments, they made experiment of a "Festino," and let the latter come, and they behaved themselves very becomingly. Amongst other masks were two nuns and two friars, who walked about and conducted themselves quietly and well. After they had stayed about two hours, to the great surprise of the company, an officer was sent to them to say, that if they had remained long enough for their own pleasure, their departure would be agreeable to the company. They immediately went down-stairs, followed by an infinite number of the curious, who saw them enter a carriage, the coachman and servants of which were masked, and who were ordered to drive to the Capuchin convent, outside such a gate. They drove off in a violent hurry, and in a moment were out of sight, leaving the spectators in as much astonishment as uncertainty. It is generally supposed that it was a plan concerted to test the feelings of the people with regard to the Emperor's projected abolition of convents.

JOSEPH II. AND GUSTAVUS III.

On the 23d of December, 1783, we met the Emperor Joseph II. at the Princess Santa Croce's conversazione. His Majesty was travelling incognito as Count Falkenstein. As we entered the grand apartment we saw him standing near the door with Cardinal de Bernis by his side, and surrounded by all the men in the room, which was very full. He was in a plain uniform, blue with red lappels, and had much the look of a military man. His figure was good, and his eyes very fine. We had not, however, a good opportunity of observing him, as the apartment was so crowded in the part where he stood. The Cardinal told him who we were, and he made us very polite bows, after which we went off in search of seats. The Emperor talked a good deal to those near him, and stayed about half an hour, but he had been there some time before we entered, and had made a previous visit to the Princess Doria.

His Majesty had arrived that morning from Florence a little before noon, without having given any notice to the Pope. About one, his Holiness was sitting with Don Luigi, his nephew, and the Bailli Antinori, his familiar friend, and finding that he had still some time to spare before his usual hour for going out, he went into his closet to write a letter. Just then a favorite *valet-de-chambre* ran into the room, and told Don Luigi that Cardinal Hertzan, the Emperor's representative, was ascending the staircase, and demanded an immediate audience. Greatly agitated by this announcement, Don Luigi knocked at the door, and informed Pius VI., who was not less disconcerted. Presently, the valet again hurried in, and said that the Emperor also was there. Don Luigi thereupon told his uncle, who threw open his closet door just as the Emperor and the Cardinal entered the apartment through the opposite door. When his imperial visitor rose to take leave, Pius VI. conducted him through the apartments of the Countess Matilda into St. Peter's. The Pope then proposed that they should offer up a prayer together, and invited the Emperor to kneel by his side on a prie-Dieu, with two cushions, but the latter flung aside the one intended for himself, and knelt down on the bare floor. "Then," said Pius, "I, too, must kneel on the floor: I cannot take this place." "You may do as you please," replied the Emperor, "but I always kneel so." He made a very short prayer, and wishing the Pope good-morning, went to see the Museum, and at four o'clock dined with Cardinal Hertzan, at whose house he had alighted.[1]

On the following day he dined with one of the generals who accompanied him, at a lodging-house in the Piazza di Spagna, and, according to his usual custom, sent down a large fish from the table to the mistress of the house. As he was going

[1] General Kinsky, who generally accompanied Joseph II. on his travels, was sent for the night before his Majesty set out for Italy, but could not be found. The next morning he waited as usual upon the Emperor, who told him he was going to make a tour. He then walked down-stairs, and desired the General to get into the carriage that was standing at the door. "Where is your Majesty going?" asked the General. "To Italy," replied the Emperor. "But I have nothing ready." "It does not signify: a few shirts can be got anywhere." — *Miss Knight's Journal.*

away, an immense number of the populace, who had collected round the door, began to cry aloud, "*Viva l'imperadore!*" "*Viva Cesare!*" His Majesty stopped a moment, and made them a sign to be quiet, and then jumped into his carriage and drove off. In the evening the Emperor was present at the Duchess Bracciano's, and afterwards at Princess Altieri's, who had lighted up her house, of which he complained, as he does not permit the slightest ceremony, not even torches on the staircase.

On Christmas Day, Joseph II. and Gustavus III., King of Sweden, who had arrived at a late hour of the previous evening, attended high mass at St. Peter's. The behavior of the Emperor was particularly decorous, without any affectation or hypocrisy. The King at first hesitated about kneeling, and asked the Emperor what he should do. "Do as I do," replied Joseph. "But I am not of your communion," rejoined the other. "Well," resumed the Emperor, "believe what you will, but as you came here of your own choice, you should act so as not to scandalize others." Gustavus took the hint and knelt down.

The next evening we went to Cardinal de Bernis's, who had illuminated his house, and was to give a concert in honor of the King of Sweden. The day before he invited the Emperor, who said that, if the concert were given as a compliment to the King, he would certainly come, as he had no objection to partake of fêtes, provided they were not offered to himself. But, he added, if his Eminence sent a single torch to him on the stairs, he should instantly retire. There was a vast deal of company assembled on the occasion, and it was remarked that it was like the East Indies — all heat and diamonds.

About seven o'clock the King of Sweden, who was travelling under the title of the Comte de Haga, came in, followed by two gentlemen. The Princess Santa Croce[1] took him by the hand,

[1] The Princess Croce was of a lively disposition. Being at St. Peter's on Good Friday, when the people were going up to kiss the relic of the cross, she said to the gentlemen who were with her, but loud enough to be heard by the whole congregation, "This is *my* fête, so you ought to kiss me." — *Miss Knight's Journal.*

and introduced him to everybody in the room. His Majesty was dressed in a satin coat, wearing his order, etc.; but there was nothing remarkable in his figure or address, except an air of levity and affectation. Very different in this from the Emperor, of the perfect ease and propriety of whose conduct too much cannot be said in praise. The latter talks to all around him with the utmost politeness, but carefully avoids giving any trouble to others, and never suffers any one to take liberties with himself. A Roman gentleman went up to him at Cardinal de Bernis's, and said that he had the honor of being acquainted with his Majesty. "What majesty?" asked the Emperor, looking around. "There is no majesty here." "Oh!" insisted the gentleman, "my family is too much attached to the House of Austria for me not to know that I must address you as your Majesty." "If you speak to the Comte de Falkenstein," said Joseph, "he will answer you. But if you speak to the Emperor, it is taking a great liberty to address him first." At this concert his Majesty stayed rather less than an hour, and heard Marchesi [1] sing one song, after which he ran off in great haste.

The King of Sweden, however, remained to supper, and did not leave till two in the morning. He had also dined at the Cardinal's, and professed himself wholly attached to the court of France. At supper his Majesty was seen to scratch his head with his fork, and also with his knife, and afterwards to go on eating with them. Before his departure from Rome for Naples, the Emperor had a very satisfactory interview with the Pope, who appeared more cheerful afterwards. It is said that his Holiness reminded his Majesty that his ancestors had more than once been indebted for their crown to the See of Rome. The Emperor's munificence was much spoken of. He gave five hundred sequins to the mistress of the lodging-house in the Piazza di Spagna where he used to sleep, and bestowed

[1] An English lady remarked of Marchesi's singing: "*Cela est fort joli, mais il ne va pas au cœur.*" To which the Emperor dryly replied: "*Ces choses doivent aller prémièrement à la tête, et ensuite au cœur,*" and turned on his heel and moved away. — *Miss Knight's Journal.*

upon her husband an employment in the Milan post-office. At the Museum he left fifty sequins, and a similar sum at the library, etc., and scattered a great deal of money among the populace. On one occasion the Emperor asked several questions of a footman, who answered him readily, in ignorance of his rank, and so much pleased his Majesty that, on leaving the man, he gave him three sequins for his company. At another time he sent for a dish of coffee from the coffee-house, and laid a baiócco [1] and a half on the saucer to pay for it, but gave a sequin to the boy who brought it. In this respect he was very different to the King of Sweden, of whom it was said : —

"Il Conte de Haga tutto vede, e niente paga." [2]

As he was returning from Naples, the postilions contrived to upset his imperial Majesty's carriage; whereupon he gave each of them three sequins to comfort them under their mishap. Everybody agreed that Joseph II. had conducted himself so as to win the hearts of all Rome, and this without the slightest derogation to his own dignity. Several anecdotes were told of his Majesty, illustrating his kindly disposition and dry humor. When he was attending mass at St. Peter's, some one remarked that Cardinal Orsini had so bad a voice that he could not intone the Gospel. "*Se non intona*," [3] replied the Emperor, "*non stuona*." Seeing the Pope's niece seated near the door, he asked her, "*Lei sta quà per mangiar il prossimo?*" [4] As she did not appear to understand him, he added, "*Perchè prende il fiato di tutti quelli che entrano.*" [5]

At the Duchess Bracciano's the Emperor was standing in the middle of the room, engaged in general conversation, when some ladies who had followed him and the King of Sweden about everywhere, again came up to him. He took a snuff-box out of the Venetian ambassador's hand, and showed them

[1] A small copper coin worth about three farthings.
[2] "Count Haga sees everything, and pays nothing."
[3] "If he does not intone he will not get out of tune."
[4] "Do you stand here to eat your neighbor?"
[5] "Because you catch the breath of all who come in."

the lid; on it was painted the portrait of the Grand Signor. At Vienna his Majesty used to dismiss all the soldiers from the palace at ten o'clock. Not a single sentinel was stationed in the imperial apartments. Even at the camp he had never more than two guards, and those he chiefly employed as messengers. In driving about the streets of his capital he was attended by only one servant, and not unfrequently he accompanied ladies in their private carriages. If he happened to be unwell, he would invite every evening four or five ladies of the first distinction to keep him company. A horse was always kept ready saddled, so that if he heard of a fire he was almost immediately upon the spot. While at Rome, his Majesty went to see the caves of the Capuchins, where human bones and skulls were arranged in a very fanciful manner. Looking round him, he asked: "What will these good people do at the day of judgment, now that you have mixed their bones so?" An old Capuchin, who was kneeling close by, and who, though at prayer, overheard the Emperor, made this reply: "*Ci pensa chi l'ha fatti.*" One day the Emperor, while walking about the Villa Medici, inquired of the guarda-roba what he meant to do with his children. The man answered, that he intended to bring two of them up as priests, if they would study. The Emperor then said that their studying was of no great consequence, for, if they could barely read and write, they might hope to become prelates, cardinals, the Pope himself.

His Majesty entertained a very poor opinion of the Roman clergy. On his return to Vienna, after his first journey into Italy, his mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, asked him to give her some account of Rome. "I can do it in a few words," he replied: "great luxury, little religion, and much ignorance." While visiting the hospital of Santo Spirito, the Emperor remarked that it was a great expense. "Yes," said a by-stander; "but your Majesty is at a still greater expense for the maintenance of three hundred thousand soldiers." "You may add sixty thousand to that number," replied Joseph; "but the money is all spent in the state, and, by keeping up so large an army, I save the lives of many of my subjects, who

would otherwise perish in the wars my powerful neighbors would raise up against me if I were not so well prepared." He was out hunting one day with the King of Naples, when the latter expressed a wish to see Count Falkenstein at the head of a hundred thousand men. "Well," answered the other, "if you like, I will send a hundred thousand of my troops here, and come and command them." Upon this the King exclaimed, in the lazzaroni dialect, which he generally used: "*Malora, ci vuoi assassinar.*"

When the Emperor Joseph was at Florence, he thought to give the fourth son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany the colonelcy of a regiment that was just then vacant, and called to him to approach, in the presence of his father and mother. Taking a paper out of his pocket, he said that he had just returned from Rome, and brought him a brief from the Pope for a cardinal's hat. The boy, who was not eleven years of age, reddened with indignation, and presently burst into tears. The Emperor then embraced him, and told him it was a colonel's commission, whereupon the little prince danced about the room with the greatest delight, much to the satisfaction of his uncle.

At Milan, a poor woman petitioned the Emperor on behalf of her husband, who had been kept in prison seventeen months by order of Count Belgiojoso, for having killed a hare on his estate. The same evening his Majesty happened to meet the Count in company, and telling him he was sorry to hear that he preferred his game to the good of his fellow-creatures, ordered him to set the man at liberty immediately, and make his family amends for the sufferings they had sustained through his absence, by giving them a florin a day for the time the poor fellow was in prison. "And," continued the Emperor, "to avoid all temptation to play the tyrant, do away with your game preserves."

The King of Sweden remained in Rome till the middle of April, 1784. The night before he set out for Naples he presented the Cardinal de Bernis with a snuff-box, on which was his portrait, set in brilliants, valued at sixty thousand livres.

He also gave one to the Chevalier de Bernis, estimated at fifteen thousand livres, and a similar one to the major-domo, besides leaving five hundred sequins for the Cardinal's servants. A few days before his Majesty's departure, he was received at the Arcadia by the name of Anaxander, and verses were composed in his honor, after the fashion known as a corona, the last line of each piece being the first of the following one. Most of these effusions referred chiefly to Queen Christina, the great patroness of the Arcadia, but some of them also eulogized the King, and alluded to his assumed name as King of Men. I don't think his Majesty understood these allusions, for he told me in the evening that his name was "Anaxamandre." He seemed, however, much gratified by the compliments paid to him, but remarked that he did not deserve them. What he had done, he added, might make some figure in *history*, but not in *poetry*.

The King of Sweden also presented to the Pope three caskets, containing Swedish medals, ninety of which were of gold and one hundred and fifty of silver. His Holiness made a handsome return by a present of two large mosaics and two pieces of tapestry, besides some prints by Piranesi. One of the mosaics alone was worth more than the whole of the Swedish medals, but the King set down on a piece of paper the cost of his own and the Pope's presents, and made out that the latter was not worth half as much as the former.

One night, at Monsignor de Bayane's, an air balloon [1] was sent up to gratify his Swedish Majesty, whose arms were painted upon it, with the motto: "*Ce n'est pas un conte.*" The King amused himself with making all kinds of ridiculous experiments with Naples biscuits, in concert with the Princess Santa Croce.

Being at supper once with the King and Queen of Naples, the latter asked Gustavus a number of questions about his

[1] The King of Sweden appears to have been partial to this kind of entertainment, if we may judge from an interesting letter, descriptive of an ascent in his presence, dated from Naples, February 19, which appeared in the *European Magazine* for April, 1784. Gustavus III. was mortally wounded March 16, 1792, at a masked ball, by Ankerstroem, an officer dismissed from the Guards.

revolution (in 1772), which he answered in monosyllables, with evident reluctance. At last she inquired what the Queen of Sweden was doing all that time. "Why," said he, "she remained shut up in her own room, awaiting the event. What have women to do with political affairs?" However, he kissed the Queen one evening as he was taking leave of her, in the presence of the King, her husband, who exclaimed: "*Malora! in faccia mia!*"

Countess of Albany.

There was much ill-natured gossiping this year (1783) on the subject of the Countess of Albany[1] and Count Alfieri. The moment the Countess heard that the Pretender was lying at the point of death, she forwarded the news to Cardinal York,[2] at Frascati, who instantly hastened to Florence to see his brother. On his return to Rome, he spoke only a few cold words to the Countess, but informed the Pope that it was his brother's wish that his wife should either dismiss Count Alfieri and return to him, or go into a convent. The Countess thereupon wrote a letter to the Pope, in which she cleared her own character, and declared that if Count Alfieri's visiting her gave his Holiness any displeasure, she was quite sure she could prevail upon that gentleman to leave Rome. The Pope replied that he approved of her conduct, and had no doubt of its correctness, but as the Cardinal disapproved of the Count's

[1] The Princess Louisa Maximiliana of Stolberg-Gœdern married Charles Edward Stuart, commonly called the Young Pretender. At his death, in 1788, she removed to Paris, accompanied by Count Alfieri, the famous poet, to whom she is said to have been subsequently united by marriage. Miss Knight takes a more favorable view of the Countess's conduct and character than was altogether justified by the real facts of the case.

[2] Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart, brother of Prince Charles Edward, born in 1725, was made a cardinal in 1747 by Pope Benedict XIV. His valuable collection of paintings and antiques was plundered by the French in 1788, and his property confiscated. He then removed to Venice, where he endured considerable privations, until George III., hearing of his distress, generously bestowed upon him a pension of 4,000*l.* a year. The Cardinal returned to Rome in 1801, and continued to reside there until his death, in 1807. His learning, piety, and virtues commanded the esteem of his contemporaries, with the exception, apparently, of his sister-in-law and her immediate circle of friends.

visit to her house, it might be as well to request his absence, taking care, however, to do it in such a manner as not to offend him, or any other gentleman who visited her. The Cardinal, it is said, told every postilion on the road from Florence to Rome the bad opinion he had of his sister-in-law and Count Alfieri, and he held the same discourse with all the shabby people about Frascati. It was generally believed that the Grand Duchess of Tuscany was the originator of all this disturbance, from jealousy of her husband, who was partial to the cause of the unfortunate lady. The Count informed the Countess de Château-Dauphin that he had good reason to believe that the Pretender meant to have him assassinated. He afterwards consented to quit Rome for a time, and travelled through France to England.

The Countess's mother, the Princess de Stolberg, arrived in Rome soon after this with her youngest daughter, a chanoinesse. The Cardinal offered them apartments in his house at Frascati, which they declined, but they consented to dine with him one day when he came into the town. In April, 1784, through the mediation of the King of Sweden and Baron Sparr, articles of separation were agreed upon and signed by the Count and Countess, the former fully vindicating his wife's reputation. She entered very fully with us into the details of the sufferings she had undergone during the twelve years of her married life. The Count, she said, was constantly and madly drunk, and seldom had a moment of reason. He was ever talking about his restoration, or abusing the French and the Pope. He was equally coveteous and extravagant. His own table was always sumptuously provided, but he would grudge the Countess a little mutton broth in the morning. She acknowledged that he had one good quality — he never betrayed a secret, and never disclosed who had belonged to his party until after their death ; nor would he ever listen to any ill-natured things said of people. He once crossed over into England after the rebellion, and was in London, but he never would mention in what year ; [1] the Countess, however,

[1] The Pretender himself told the Commander D'Olomieu that he was in England

was pretty sure that it was in the year after the rebellion. She spoke of him with great calmness and compassion, and thought, drinking apart, that he was a less despicable character than Cardinal York.

Missionary Preachers.

About this time I gathered some anecdotes about preachers. The Marquis de Montreuil told me of a preacher who, in the year of the Jubilee (1775), exhorted the people to repentance in such forcible terms, that a woman stood up on a chair and confessed publicly all her sins. A moment afterwards, a man got up and declared that she was his wife, and a very good woman, but she was a little mad, so they must not believe what she had said. Several other women at the same time made public confession, and were sent by the Cardinal-vicar to religious houses, where they were clothed and fed for some months.

The Cardinal de Bernis gave me two anecdotes of missionary preachers in Languedoc. One of them said to his hearers that they were not ashamed to live in the mud of their sins, but were ashamed to confess them publicly. If it were not so, why did they not hide their heads in the mud in token of repentance? It so happened that they were just then standing in a very muddy place, and in obedience to the preacher they all plunged their heads into the mire, standing with begrimed faces to hear the remainder of his discourse. The other missionary used to carry a death's head about with him, which he dressed up in the cap and ornaments then in fashion among ladies of rank. This skull he would throw down on the floor of the pulpit, and talk to it, answering himself in a low voice, to imitate that of a woman. "Qui êtes-vous?" "Je suis une marquise." "Etes-vous dame de la cour?" "Oui, Monsieur,

in the year 1752, at the invitation of the minister, and that he saw many people and was well received, though the person at whose house he lodged knew not who he was. At Dover he went to the house of a gentleman who belonged to the opposite party, but who treated him with great respect and civility. — *Miss Knight's Journal.*

je suis dame de la reine." "Où êtes-vous?" "Dans l'enfer, Monsieur." "Et pourquoi cela?" To this last question he used to give answers that embodied satirical allusions to the doings of the most celebrated women of fashion.

One of the missionaries, at that time preaching at Santa Maria, in Trastevere, also took a death's head about with him, which he tossed up and down like a ball. When the Duke de Bracciano opened the box which he had held for the missions, in the garb of a penitent, he found scarcely any money in it, but plenty of bits of wood, buttons, etc., etc. At first he flew into a violent passion, thinking it to be an impertinence leveled at himself personally, but he was soon pacified on discovering that all the other gentlemen employed in the same business had been treated in a similar manner.

The Duke of Parma used frequently to clothe himself in a friar's robe and live ascetically. One day he remarked to the Duchess that her head-dress was not becoming. "Oh!" said she, "*è bello e buono per un frate.*" For her part she spent much of her time in hunting, and loved to wear man's attire. The Emperor of Austria told the Duchess, his sister, if she would come to Rome while he and the King of Sweden were there, they might have great luck at a game much played at Vienna, in which the best hand consists of two kings and a card called "*la matta*" (the fool).

General Elliott.

About this time I made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Koehler, General Elliott's aide-de-camp during the siege of Gibraltar. He said that the General used to rise every morning at four, but scarcely ever went to bed before twelve or one, and even then was continually awakened to hear the reports from the different batteries of every circumstance that happened in the enemy's camp. While the floating batteries were burning, he exclaimed: "They will make us pay for them; for they have a hundred thousand witnesses to prove that it was we who set them on fire." As he walked up and down, watching the conflagration, he caught himself humming one of his favorite airs: "*Le matelot brûle au milieu des flots.*"

While General Elliott was planning the great sortie that destroyed the Spanish works, he did not speak of it to any one. But when he had arranged and decided upon every part of the manœuvre, he sent for the commanding officers, and explained his intentions to them, appointing each to a particular duty. He then ordered all the suttling-houses to be closed, in order that the men might be quite sober, and even when they were under arms he kept them waiting for four hours, so that if any of them should happen to have been drinking they might have time to recover from the effects. He then said he should accompany them to the gate, but no one knew that he meant to go any farther, though his aide-de-camp had observed that his great-coat — which he wore with a belt, and called his "kitchen fire" — stuck out more than was usual over his ordinary small sword. But when he arrived at the gate he threw off his coat, and ordered some one to carry it home, and it was then seen that he had his fighting sword on, slung by a belt over his shoulder. As the path was exceedingly difficult, many of the soldiers offered their arm to steady him, but he told them that they would have enough to do to take care of themselves, and so contented himself with leaning on his aide-de-camp's shoulder. When they reached the Spanish lines he exclaimed: "We have had a run for it, but it has been the right way."

After having completely destroyed the enemy's works, he walked with the slowest pace and most majestic demeanor. If any man happened to be wounded, the General always inquired closely into the circumstances of the case, and severely rebuked any officer who did not take good care of the lives of his men. If any man was killed, he always asked if he had left a wife and family, and made it his business that they should be provided for. Every morning he visited the hospital, to see that it was kept perfectly clean, and the patients properly attended to. The first lemons in his garden were always sent there, and whatever else was likely to contribute to the comfort of the sick and wounded.

Whenever he wanted to propose some new scheme which he had designed in his own mind, General Elliott used to go

to the persons to whose department it belonged, and mention the matter to them as if asking their opinion. By degrees he would insinuate his own idea into their heads, and then applaud them for it, as if it were their own, and invite them to carry it out immediately. They would thus set about the performance with greater alacrity, and the General never claimed any merit for his original idea, but generously relinquished the credit to others. He likewise banished all libertinism and dissipation from the garrison, setting himself a good moral example, as he did of activity and industry. At the same time, he was particularly attentive to procure for his officers every comfort in his power, and his own table [1] was remarkably elegant and agreeable. At dessert he always had vast quantities of natural flowers, and in the spring, when he gave the grand dinners after reviewing the regiments, he used to raise columns of hoops covered with canvas, all wreathed round with natural flowers. He had a good library, and passed a portion of every evening in reading the works of ancient authors, particularly Cæsar's Commentaries.

In the early part of the siege there was a great dearth of firewood, until a violent storm drove towards them almost an entire forest, which the Spaniards had cut down. The garrison was occupied for three days in getting it in, and when this supply was nearly exhausted, some old fire-ships sent against them by the enemy were secured, which lasted them for the rest of the time.

An officer was walking one day in his garden, which was a very beautiful one, and had been of great service to the men, and he thought with sorrow how soon everything in it must perish from want of water. He was a remarkably devout man, and began praying for rain. Suddenly a shell from the enemy flew over his head, and struck the rock at a few yards' distance. Instantly a plentiful stream of water gushed forth, which sufficed for the entire garrison, and never failed them.

At another time, General Elliott was walking in his own

[1] General Elliott was himself the most abstemious man in the garrison, his diet being exclusively confined to vegetables, milk, puddings, and farinaceous food.

garden with two of his aides-de-camp. It was a few nights before the affair of the floating batteries, and a little after midnight. He was conversing with his companions about these expected ships, wondering where they would be moored, and calculating the means of destroying them, when a ball of fire sprang from behind a certain part of the rock and fell into the sea. Raising his hand with characteristic vivacity, he exclaimed, like a Roman of the ancient times, "I accept the omen." It was afterwards ascertained that the spot where the meteor first appeared was the site of the batteries that destroyed the ships, and that the spot where it fell was the exact part of the bay in which those ships were moored.

The General encouraged the country people to bring in provisions, by telling them to sell their things as dear as they could. In consequence of which, they would run any risk to supply the garrison. He used to say that it made his heart ache to see the great dinners that were carried to the batteries for the officers, while the children were dying of hunger in the streets. To set an example of abstinence, he himself lived for several days on six ounces of rice per diem.

The Prince of Solms.

The Prince of Solms was exceedingly pleased with a young lady who was in the year of her novitiate and about to become a nun. He fancied that his attentions were beginning to shake her resolution, and though the day of profession was near at hand, he fancied that she would prefer him to a cloister. One day, after he had paid her a long visit at the grate, and had no great reason to complain of her cruelty, she begged of him, as a particular favor, a lock of his hair. The Prince, confirmed in his flattering illusions by this request, immediately cut one off for her. At his next visit he found her particularly lively and agreeable. "May I presume," he said, "to hope that you have given up all idea of a convent life, and have cast a favorable look upon myself?" "So great is my affection for you," replied the lady, "that I have just finished making a wig for the Infant Jesus out of your

hair, and if you come to my profession to-morrow you will see it on the altar."

Miracles.

One day in April, 1783, a Frenchman, who had subsisted on charity, died in his thirty-third year, and was carried to the Madonna de' Monte to be buried. His corpse was exposed there for several days before interment, and many miracles are told and believed as having been performed by him both before and after his death. His limbs were flexible, and he appeared asleep. Some say they smelt a perfume ; others, a stink ; others, again, nothing whatever. As they were lowering the body into the grave it nearly fell, when it put out one hand and supported itself on the bier, and this more than once — as the story runs. A dumb person recovered his speech, a lame person the use of his limbs, etc. The Abbé Marotti says that he has dined with a gentleman who was cured of a toothache by the touch of a rosary that had been near the body ; that the young Duke de Rignano was so frightened at hearing the dumb man speak, that he ran out of the church ; and much more nonsense to the same effect. It is certain that the church has since been constantly crowded with people, and amongst them some persons of distinction, in whose presence a vein was opened, but no blood appeared. The man used to spend his whole time in praying, and was so dirty that millions of vermin crawled about him, none of which he would suffer to be killed, saying they had as much right to live as himself. There was found upon him a certificate from La Trappe, saying that he had been there, but that the discipline was so severe he had been obliged to quit it — adding, that his sanctity was so exemplary he would edify any place he went to. The stories told of him, such as his predicting the hour of his death, the cure of the butcher's wife in whose house he died, etc., are too tedious and ridiculous to repeat.

The Hamiltons and Nelson.

On the 4th of June (1798), the birthday of our good and gracious sovereign George III., Sir William Hamilton[1] gave a grand dinner to which he invited all the English then residing at Naples. As soon as the dessert was placed upon the table he rose to propose the King's health, after which he announced what, he said, was certain to afford the greatest satisfaction to the assembled company — the speedy arrival of a British squadron in the Mediterranean. This intelligence, he added, had been communicated to him in a letter from the Earl of St. Vincent, off Gibraltar, informing Sir William that he would immediately dispatch this squadron, under the command of Sir Horatio Nelson, to oppose the French fleets and protect the states of our allies.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the sensation produced by this speech. Week after week, month after month, had our eyes been directed towards the sea without ever discovering a friendly sail, unless it were some little privateer with a still smaller prize. I remembered the praises and civilities bestowed upon a Ragusan commanding a "letter of mark," who had displayed considerable bravery and seamanship in capturing a French vessel. But now we considered ourselves perfectly safe under the protecting shield of a British admiral, and that admiral a Nelson, with a Troubridge for second in command, and under his orders a Saumarez, a Hood, and others who had so gallantly distinguished themselves as to be commonly called "the fire-eaters." Daily did we look out for our destined protectors, and an excellent telescope we possessed was placed at the window every morning, and never removed till after sunset.

At length we perceived a group of lofty masts and sails between the island of Capri and the farthest point of the coast beyond Posilippo. A sloop was sent forward in advance,

[1] Sir William Hamilton, who was at that time sixty-eight years of age, had been for nearly half that period British Minister at the court of Naples. He had then been married to Lady Hamilton nearly seven years.

bringing the Commodore, to obtain, if possible, intelligence of the French fleet under Admiral Brueys, conveying General Bonaparte and his army. Malta had already surrendered to the enemy, but whither they had since directed their course could not be positively ascertained. Many and various were the conjectures hazarded on the subject, but Sir William Hamilton had entirely failed to gain any reliable information as to their movements. The sloop then returned to the squadron, and before morning not a mast was in sight.

Our conversation by day and our dreams by night had for their sole and only subject the expected meeting of the hostile fleets. The court of Naples had not publicly renounced its neutrality,[1] though its dislike of the common enemy, and its wishes for the success of the allies, on which, indeed, its own safety depended, were well known to all parties. The common people generally agreed with the court, but many of the young nobles were infected with the revolutionary spirit. Endowed with more imagination than judgment, and greatly addicted to dissipation, they were anxious to throw off all inconvenient trammels ; or if led by their genius to nobler pursuits, they were captivated by the false theories of the philosophers then in fashion, and who had been among the first victims to the revolution they had evoked.

It must also be borne in mind, that at that time there existed two opposite national parties. Although the war of 1745 had placed the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon on the throne, the Queen herself was an Austrian, and was supposed to be partial to her native country.[2] The Spanish

[1] There was at that time a treaty between Naples and France, by which the former bound herself not to admit more than two English ships of war at a time into any Neapolitan or Sicilian port.

[2] Maria Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria. She was married, in 1768, to Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, son of Charles III. of Spain. A woman of great feminine beauty, but of a masculine understanding, she has earned for herself an unhappy notoriety in history as a princess of a cruel and ferocious nature, pitiless and unscrupulous in the attainment of her ends. But it may be doubted whether her vices have not been exaggerated both by English and French historians. At all events, it should be borne in mind that she was mated to a very weak prince, and that his feebleness rendered necessary, in the troublous times in which their lot was cast, an assertion of her masculine strength.

families established in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the adherents of Spain, were secretly, if not avowedly, her enemies. Spain had taken part with France, and many Neapolitans and Sicilians of high rank were in the Spanish service. It is but just, however, to remark, that amongst those who were warmly attached to this party, there were many who, disgusted by the system of cruelty and irreligion then prevailing in France, felt a natural horror in the presence of the revolutionary agents, and heartily wished for their expulsion from the country. The Italians in general were at that time well affected towards the English, and certainly the majority of the inhabitants of Naples anticipated with pleasure the arrival of a British fleet.

The impatience of our naval heroes to discover the French fleet was scarcely greater than that which we felt to hear of their success. We knew that they had touched at Syracuse, and we hoped that they might follow the directions they would probably receive there, for the Sicilians, an acute people and sworn enemies of the French, were the most likely to obtain correct information as to the movements of the latter.

Our telescope was constantly directed towards the entrance of the beautiful bay, the prospect of which we so perfectly enjoyed from our windows. At length, one morning, while I was reading to my mother, I happened to turn my eyes towards the sea, and thought I discerned a sloop of war in the offing. I consulted the glass, and found that I was not mistaken. I also plainly saw that a blue ensign was hoisted, but this was no proof that the vessel belonged to the squadron of Sir Horatio Nelson, for blue was also the color of Lord St. Vincent's flag. My attention was instantly distracted from my book, and my dear mother was rather displeased with my evident preoccupation, for I did not venture to confess my hopes lest I should raise hers too high, and cause her the pain of disappointment.

I forget what I was reading, but it was something that peculiarly interested my mother, and she began at last to think that I could not be so negligent without a cause of some

importance. She rose from her seat, and went to the telescope. The sloop was now approaching nearer and nearer to the land. The book was laid aside, and we alternately kept an eye at the glass. Presently we saw a boat put off from the shore, and pull out to the ship. Two officers were on deck, and drew near to the side. We clearly distinguished a gold epaulet on the shoulder, and this was quite sufficient to convince us that one was the commander of the sloop and the other a captain going home with dispatches. News of a victory, no doubt. We observed the gestures of the officers while they were conversing with the persons in the boat, Englishmen resident at Naples. We fancied we could see them, with the commotion natural to sailors, and particularly on such an occasion, depict by their action the blowing up of some ships and the sinking of others.

Our conjectures were soon happily realized. The vessel was the *Mutine*, to which Captain Hoste,[1] who had distinguished himself as lieutenant on board the flag-ship, had been appointed in the room of Captain Hardy, who had been posted to succeed Captain Berry, sent home with the news by another route. Captain Hoste had been sent by Sir Horatio to Naples with dispatches for Sir William Hamilton, and to convey Captain Capel,[2] who was to proceed to England.[3] The battle of the Nile had been fought and won. Never, perhaps, was a victory more complete. What a deliverance for Italy! What a glory for England! The cause of religion, of justice, of humanity, had triumphed!

[1] Afterwards Sir W. Hoste, K. C. B. His Memoirs and Correspondence were published by Lady Hoste in 1833.

[2] Afterwards Admiral the Honorable Sir Bladen Capel, K. C. B. Hoste and Capel brought a letter of introduction from Nelson to Lady Hamilton, in which he says: "I beg leave to introduce Captain Capel, who is going home with my dispatches, to your notice. He is a son of Lord Essex, and a very good young man. And I also beg your notice of Captain Hoste, who to the gentlest manners joins the most undaunted courage. He was brought up by me, and I love him dearly."

[3] There is some error in these statements. Captain Capel, not Captain Hoste was appointed to the *Mutine* on the promotion of Captain Hardy. Hoste was appointed to her afterwards. The battle of the Nile was fought on the 1st of August. The dispatches were not received in London till the 2d of October.

Old General di Pietra, one of the few survivors of the gallant band who had assisted in the conquest of Naples during the war between Spain and Austria, lived in a house adjoining our hotel, and there was a door of communication between them. He had been very attentive to us, and we met excellent society at his table, for he delighted in giving dinner parties. We knew his anxiety to receive the earliest accounts of the meeting of the two fleets, and my mother desired me to give him the first intelligence. I ran to the door, and the servant who opened it, and to whom I delivered my message, uttered exclamations of joy, which were heard in the dining-room, where the General was entertaining a large party of officers. The secretary was instantly sent to me, and I was obliged to go in and tell my story. Never shall I forget the shouts, the bursts of applause, the toasts drank, the glasses broken one after another by the secretary in token of exultation, till the General, laughing heartily, stopped him by saying that he should not have a glass left to drink Nelson's health in on his arrival.

The first care of Sir William Hamilton was to take Captain Capel to the palace. The King and Queen were at dinner with their children, as was their custom, for they dined very early. As soon as the King heard the good news, he started up, embraced the Queen, the princes, and the princesses, and exclaimed, "O my children, you are now safe!"

Cardinal York was then at Naples, having fled from Rome to avoid falling into the hands of the French. Sir William Hamilton, on his return from the palace, met him in his carriage, called to the Cardinal's coachman to stop, and, getting out of his own carriage, he went up to the Cardinal's, and said: "I beg pardon of your Eminence for stopping your carriage, but I am sure you will be glad to hear the good news which I have to communicate."

The Cardinal, rather surprised, asked, "Pray, sir, to whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"To Sir William Hamilton."

"Oh! to the British Minister," rejoined the Cardinal. "I am much obliged to you, sir; and what is the news?"

Sir William then gave an account of the victory as succinctly as he could. The Cardinal, agitated and rejoiced, said, "But may we depend on the truth of this great affair? There are so many false reports." Sir William then introduced Captain Capel, saying, "This gentleman, a brother of Lord Essex, was in the action, and is going home immediately with the dispatches."

"In that case, sir," said the Cardinal to Captain Capel, "when you arrive in England, do me the favor to say that no man rejoices more sincerely than I do in the success and glory of the British navy."

The effect produced by this event was instantaneously perceptible. The French consul, M. de Sieyès, brother of the celebrated Abbé Sieyès, did not venture to show himself on his balcony, and even Madame Sieyès and her pug were seldom visible. The joy was universal, and the impatience for the arrival of the victors daily increased in intensity. Two ships of the line at length appeared in sight. The weather was particularly calm, and a great number of boats went out to meet them, conveying not only English residents, but many of the natives likewise. The King himself went in his barge, followed by a part of his band of music in another, and several of the foreign ministers and others joined in the glad procession. I was with Sir William and Lady Hamilton in their barge, which also was followed by another with a band of musicians on board. The shore was lined with spectators, who rent the air with joyous acclamations, while the bands played "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia."

As we approached the two ships we made them out to be the *Culloden*, Commodore Troubridge; and the *Alexander*, Captain Ball.[1] We first rowed up to the *Culloden*, which had suffered considerably from running aground in the Nile, and

[1] This is the Captain, afterwards Sir Alexander Ball, of whom Coleridge has given an interesting account in one of the numbers of the *Friend*. There was an early coldness between him and Nelson, but the great storm of the 20th of May, 1798, had brought them together, under very interesting circumstances, and a close friendship was cemented between them. Captain Ball was created a baronet in 1801, and was for some time governor of Malta, where he died in 1809.

was going to Castellane to be repaired. Commodore Troubridge came into our barge, and we then pulled on to the *Alexander*, on board of which we found several French prisoners, and among others Admiral Blanquet du Cayla, a man of good family, but an enthusiastic republican. He had fought his ship, the *Franklin*, most bravely, for there was scarcely a gun left undismounted when he consented to surrender, and he himself was wounded. Captain Ball, one of the most gentlemanly men breathing, was very courteous to his prisoners; and as his ship was nearest, and chiefly instrumental to the blowing up of *L'Orient*, the flag-ship of Admiral Brueys, he and his officers and men were peculiarly anxious to save as many of the enemy's people as possible, and at the hazard of their own lives rescued a great number from the flames and from the sea.

The King of Naples did not go on board either of the ships, but from his barge saluted the officers on deck. His Majesty had expressed his desire to be incognito, so as not to give the trouble of paying him the usual honors. Sir William Hamilton, observing some of the seamen looking earnestly out of the portholes, said to them, "My lads! that is the King, whom you have saved, with his family and kingdom." Several of the men answered, "Very glad of it, sir — very glad of it."

Two or three days later (September 22) the *Vanguard*, with the flag of Sir Horatio Nelson, came in sight; and this time the concourse of barges, boats, and spectators, was greater than before. The *Vanguard* was followed by two or three ships of the line, which had been in the engagement. It would be impossible to imagine a more beautiful and animated scene than the bay of Naples then presented. Bands of music played our national airs. With "God save the King" they had long been familiar, but for the present occasion they had learned "Rule Britannia" and "See the Conquering Hero comes." No Englishman or Englishwoman can hear those airs without emotion in a foreign land, however trifling may

be the effect they produce in our own country; but under such circumstances as these they create a powerful excitement.

We rowed out to a considerable distance, following the King, who was anxious to greet his deliverers, as he did not scruple to call them.[1] Sir Horatio Nelson received his Majesty with respect, but without embarrassment, and conducted him over every part of the vessel, with which he seemed much pleased, and particularly so with the kindness and attention shown to the wounded seamen, of whom there were several on board. The King afterwards sat down with us to a handsome breakfast, at which I remarked a little bird hopping about on the table. This bird had come on board the *Vanguard* the evening before the action, and had remained in her ever since. The Admiral's cabin was its chief residence, but it was fed and petted by all who came near it, for sailors regard the arrival of a bird as a promise of victory, or at least as an excellent omen. It flew away, I believe, soon after the ship reached Naples.

Just before we sat down to breakfast the Bailli Caraccioli [2]

[1] In Nelson's published correspondence there is a letter to his wife descriptive of his reception at Naples. The following passage will be read with interest: "I must endeavor to convey to you something of what passed; but if it were so affecting to those who were only united to me by bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything which is most dear to me in this world? Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea, attended by numerous boats, with emblems, etc. They, my most respectable friends, had nearly been laid up and seriously ill; first from anxiety, then from joy. It was imprudently told Lady Hamilton in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead, and is not yet recovered from severe bruises. Alongside came my honored friends; the scene in the boat was terribly affecting; up flew her ladyship, and exclaiming, 'O God! is it possible?' she fell into my arm more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights, when alongside came the King. The scene was, in its way, as interesting; he took me by the hand, called me his deliverer, his preserver, with every other expression of kindness. I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Hamilton; she is one of the very best women in the world; she is an honor to her sex." The hero was then drifting to his destiny. It may be stated here that Nelson — then Captain Nelson — had first made the acquaintance of the Hamiltons at Naples in 1793. He had made a strong impression on them both. Sir William had predicted that, though only a little fellow, and not very handsome, he would live to become the greatest man that England had ever produced.

This was the unfortunate Prince Caraccioli, whose execution has thrown so deep

made his appearance, and congratulated Sir Horatio on his victory with seemingly genuine sincerity. That unfortunate man, however, had before this conceived a jealous resentment against the hero of the Nile. We had been in the habit of meeting him at General di Pietra's, and some days before the arrival of the *Vanguard* he told me that in the engagement off Corsica, in which he as commander of a Neopolitan frigate had joined the squadron under Admiral Hotham, Nelson had passed before him, contrary to the directions previously issued. This he thought very unfair, because British officers had frequent opportunities of distinguishing themselves, which was not the case with his own service. He was a man of noble family, about fifty years of age, a bailli of the Order of Malta, and a great favorite at court, being charged with the nautical education of Prince Leopold, the King's second son, then nearly nine years old.

After the King had taken his leave, Sir William Hamilton asked the Admiral to make his house his head-quarters, and accordingly Sir Horatio accompanied us ashore. In the evening the minister's house was illuminated in the most splendid manner, and many of the English residents followed the example. Every imaginable honor was paid by the court to Admiral Nelson. General Sir John Acton, who was commander-in-chief, prime minister, etc., was very zealous in the cause of the allies, and at a dinner-party which he gave, the young Prince Leopold was sent by the Queen, accompanied by the bailli, with a very gracious message from her Majesty to Sir Horatio, regretting that she had not yet been able to see him, as for some days she had been very unwell.

A grand ball was also given in honor of the British Admiral by Count Francis Esterhazy, and on the 29th of September Sir William Hamilton celebrated Nelson's birthday by a splendid fête. At the extremity of the saloon where we danced was a rostral column, on which were inscribed the names of the heroes of the Nile, while a profusion of flowers

a shadow over the history of the connection between Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and the Queen of Naples.

and a magnificent illumination added to the brilliancy of the entertainment. Nothing could be more gay than Naples at that period. All anxiety and fears were forgotten. Nor was the homage paid to our Admiral confined to the higher classes. It was impossible for him to appear in the streets without being surrounded and followed by crowds of people, shouting out "*Viva Nelson!*" Indeed, our officers and men were invariably treated with the utmost respect and cordiality, and were hailed as the deliverers of the country. Not a dissentient voice was ever heard. It was also very gratifying to hear the praises bestowed in society upon the firmness of our excellent sovereign, and on the sagacity of his ministers.

The French being in possession of Rome were masters of the post-office, and thus in a great measure enabled to prevent the communication of any exact intelligence as to the progress of the war. The Romans, however, are a people not easily duped. So, when they were commanded to illuminate their houses for a pretended victory gained by the French navy at the Nile, they guessed the truth, and hung out lanterns, representing St. Michael subduing the enemy of mankind. The authorities at Paris were rather more modest than their subordinates at Rome, and contented themselves with describing the affair as a drawn battle. I remember that one day when we were rowing round some of the ships that had been taken in the engagement, Sir William Hamilton remarked, "Look at these, and ask how they can call it a drawn battle." Nelson answered: "They are quite right; only they drew the blanks and we the prizes."

The foreigners who were obliged to remain at Rome were naturally anxious to obtain correct accounts of what was passing elsewhere. Of this number was the excellent Angelica Kauffman, who was civilly treated, however, by the French, as they rather paid court to artists, though one of their generals and his aide-de-camp made her paint their portraits gratuitously,[1] and all the pictures they found in her house belonging

[1] Miss Knight is somewhat unjust to the French general, Lespinasse, whose portrait Angelica painted gratuitously. It was done by her own desire, as an acknowl-

to Austrians, Russians, or English, were carried off by them. These were tolerably numerous, as there had been for some time past no means of forwarding them to their respective destinations. I used to send her the news in terms of art, calling the French "landscape painters," and the English "historical painters." Nelson was Don Raffaell; but I recollect being puzzled how to inform her that our fleet was gone to Malta, until I thought of referring her for the subject of "the picture" to a chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, well knowing that the book in which that island was mentioned was not likely to be opened by the inspectors of the post. To another lady I was in the habit of writing in the millinery style, giving descriptions of gimps and ribbons; and to Monsignor Maretti, who was with the Pope in his confinement at Valence,[1] I conveyed intelligence, as fragments of ancient Greek tragedies found amongst the MSS. in the library of Capo di Monte. He had lately translated into Italian verse the "Seven against Thebes," and the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus; and these were subjects that had very little interest for our enemies.

It is with pleasure that I reflect upon the comfort which these pretended fragments afforded to our friend and his venerable master, who bore his captivity with wonderful fortitude. Lord St. Vincent had issued orders to all his cruisers that in case they fell in with the Pope at sea — for it was reported that he was to be sent to Spain or elsewhere — they were at once to set him at liberty, and escort him whithersoever he pleased to go, deferring the performance of every other duty to the accomplishment of this one. I communicated this order to Monsignor Maretti in the manner above described, and it excited the most lively gratitude in the breast of the aged sovereign. His last brief, as I afterwards learned from Monsignor Maretti, was addressed to the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy then in England, exhorting them so to

edgment of the kind and courteous treatment she had experienced at his hands, her house being specially exempted from having soldiers billeted on it.

[1] Pius VI. was removed to Valence, notwithstanding his ill health and advanced age, on the 14th July, 1798, and died there on the 29th August, 1799, in his eighty-second year.

conduct themselves as to show their gratitude to the King and people of that country for the protection and hospitality they enjoyed.

"God save the King" was, of course, often sung amongst the English at Naples, and the following stanza was added to the national anthem: —

> Join we great Nelson's name,
> First on the roll of fame,
> Him let us sing;
> Spread we his fame around,
> Honor of British ground,
> Who made Nile's shores resound —
> "God save our king!" [1]

The French officers of rank who had been made prisoners were permitted to return to France on their "parole." When Admiral Blanquet du Cayla [2] left the *Alexander*, he called on the French consul, whose apartments adjoined ours. As he entered the room, we heard M. Sieyès exclaim, "Oh! how delighted I am to see you, my dear Admiral, out of the hands of those abominable Englishmen!" Du Cayla instantly replied: "Say nothing against the English, consul. They fight like lions, and they have treated me and my officers and men most kindly." Without any intention to listen, it was impossible to avoid hearing much that was said in the adjoining room. I have no doubt our neighbors listened when Sir William Hamilton brought the officers to give us an account of the victory, for their child made a prodigious noise with his drum at the door which communicated with both apartments. It was natural enough they should be grieved, but it was an odd way of showing their vexation.

In the midst of all this festivity, however, the Neapolitan government soon became aware of the necessity of raising an army to check the farther progress of the French arms in Italy. With this object in view, they applied to Austria for a

[1] Sir Harris Nicolas says that this verse is attributed to a Mr. Davenport. It was, in reality, written by Miss Knight herself.

[2] Admiral Blanquet, whose flag was on the *Franklin* (80), was taken with his ship in the battle of the Nile. He was a brave and an honest man, distinguished for his candor and ingenuousness.

general to organize and command their troops. Mack was the general solicited for this purpose, and the King invited Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson — for he had been created a peer in honor of his victory of the 1st of August — to be present at the review, which was to take place at a short distance from the capital. They went, and on their return reported favorably of the appearance of the soldiers, though they seemed surprised that General Mack should have said that he only regretted such a fine army would not have to encounter an enemy more worthy of its prowess. This boastful security appeared to them very extraordinary, for there was no doubt that the French were still just as formidable as in their more chivalrous times.

It was during the absence of our fleet and of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who had accompanied the King, that my mother's lengthened sufferings came to an end, and that I was deprived of her enlightened judgment for my protection and guidance, and of her animated and instructive conversation for my comfort and delight. She had sustained many trials with fortitude and dignity. Her mind was clear and penetrating, and her heart warm and generous.

When Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson came to take leave of her before their departure for Naples, she had particularly commended me to their care, and, previous to their embarkation, Sir William and Lady Hamilton had left directions with Mrs. Cadogan [1] that, in case I should lose my mother before their return, she was to take me to their house. That

[1] Mrs. Cadogan was mother of Lady Hamilton. In one of the supplementary chapters of Mr. Pettigrew's Life of Nelson, it is stated that Lady Hamilton, "by her connection with Mr. Greville, is reputed to have had three children, named Eliza, Anne, and Charles. She always passed for their aunt, and took upon herself the name of Harte. In the splendid misery in which she lived, she hastened to call to her her mother, to whom she was through life most affectionate and attentive, *and she passed by the name of Cadogan.*" There is a little confusion in this. It does not appear very plainly whether Emma or her mother, at that time, passed by the name of Cadogan. Mr. Cadogan and Alderman Smith paid the last expenses ever incurred in the name of Lady Hamilton, and the former gentleman brought Nelson's daughter from Boulogne, and handed her over to the motherly care of that hero's sister, Mrs. Matchan.

lady came for me, and I went with her to our minister's, knowing that it was my mother's wish that I should be under his protection; and I must say that there was certainly at that time no impropriety in living under Lady Hamilton's roof. Her house was the resort of the best company of all nations, and the attentions paid to Lord Nelson appeared perfectly natural. He himself always spoke of his wife with the greatest affection and respect; and I remember that, shortly after the battle of the Nile, when my mother said to him that no doubt he considered the day of that victory as the happiest in his life, he answered, "No; the happiest was that on which I married Lady Nelson."

The *Généreux*, a French ship of the line, which had escaped from the battle of the Nile, and taken refuge in the port of La Valetta, in Malta, was captured by our cruisers while endeavoring to gain Toulon. When Lord Nelson heard the good news, he exclaimed, "Ah! she knew that she belonged to us, and her conscience would not let her stay away any longer." This affair was also the occasion of another additional stanza being inserted in the national anthem.[1]

While thus we chant his praise,
See what new fires blaze!
New laurels spring!
Nelson! thy task's complete;
All their Egyptian fleet
Bows at thy conqu'ring feet
To George our King!

The *William Tell* was also taken, after a sharp conflict, and the sea was cleared of the enemy.

[1] This stanza was written by Miss Knight, whom the officers of the fleet called Nelson's "charming poet-laureate." Mr. Pettigrew, in his Life of Nelson, says that it was written on the occasion of the capture of the *Guillaume Tell*, the following having been previously written to celebrate the capture of the *Généreux*: —

"Lord, thou hast heard our vows!
Fresh laurels deck the brows
Of him we sing.
Nelson has laid full low
Once more the Gallic foe;
Come, let our bumpers flow
To George our King."

Sir Charles Stuart, having been sent into Sicily with a few troops under his command, drew up a plan for the defense of the island in case of attack. This paper, at the request of Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson, I translated into Italian, as I did many papers in that language into English. As they were confidential, I have, of course, kept no copies.

Previous to the French invasion, Sir William Hamilton had applied for leave of absence to visit his property in Wales, adding that if he could not obtain this favor, for which he had asked more than once, he should be obliged to tender his resignation. No notice whatever was taken of this application at the time, but, at a moment when he least expected it, he received a letter from the Foreign Office, informing him that his request was granted, and that Sir Arthur Paget was to succeed him as minister. He was, I believe, very sorry, but made no complaints, candidly admitting that he did once say he must give up his post.

When Sir Arthur[1] arrived, nothing could be more amiable than his conduct towards Sir William, who, on his part, showed him every attention, and gave him much confidential information likely to be of great service to him in his new situation. Sir William also took care to inform the court of Naples, and all persons of influence, of the family, connections, and political principles of the new minister, so that proper respect should be paid to him. I am convinced, however, that Sir William himself felt great regret at leaving the Two Sicilies. Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii, the antiquities of all descriptions which he had made his study, the climate, the mode of life, all this was hard to leave. He was truly beloved by the people of the country, and I heard a sensible Neapolitan nobleman make the remark, that during the thirty years Sir William Hamilton had resided at that court, he had never injured any one, but had always employed his influence to benefit the deserving.

[1] The Queen of Naples was in despair about the supersession of Sir William Hamilton, and used to write, at this time, about the "fatal Paget," the "inevitable Paget," in terms of pitiable distress.

Sir William had a well selected, though not large, collection of paintings, vases, and other works of art. He was fond of music, and had an excellent taste. His first wife was an admirable performer on the pianoforte. The second one, not having enjoyed the same advantages of education, had no scientific knowledge of music, but an ear and a voice that left nothing to be desired. She was possessed, indeed, of great natural genius, which, added to her beauty, had completely fascinated Sir William. She made herself very useful in public affairs during the distressing circumstances which took place in consequence of the French Revolution. Altogether, she was a singular mixture of right and wrong.

Lord Nelson's presence being much needed at Malta to direct the operations of the blockading squadron, Sir William and Lady Hamilton decided on accompanying him. At first I declined being one of the party, but when I heard that it was the Admiral's intention to visit Syracuse, and perhaps other parts of the island, I could not resist the temptation, nor was I disappointed in my expectations.

We sailed from Palermo on the 23d of April, 1800, on board the *Foudroyant*, of eighty guns, with the flag of Lord Nelson, and commanded by Sir Edward Berry. The party consisted of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, another English lady and gentleman, an old Maltese nobleman, and myself. The officers of the ship were in their turns invited to dinner: the table was good, but unostentatious. In the great cabin were many new publications, sent from England by Lady Nelson to the Admiral. A carving in wood of an immense three colored plume of feathers, which ornamented the cap of the figure of William Tell, when the ship so named struck to the *Foudroyant;* four muskets, taken on board the *San Josef*, by Nelson, in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, and the flag-staff of *L'Orient*,[1] saved from the flames when that ship was blown up in the battle of the Nile, formed the chief ornaments of the cabin, and gave occasion

[1] Lord Nelson also kept in his cabin a coffin made out of the mainmast of *L'Orient*, presented to him by Captain Hallowell of the *Swiftsure*. See Southey's Life of Nelson.

to the following lines, which were sung by one of the company, to the old tune of "Hearts of Oak." They were addressed to a lady who was leaving Sicily with great reluctance.

Come, cheer up, fair Delia![1] forget all thy grief;
For thy shipmates are brave, and a Hero 's their chief.
Look round on these trophies, the pride of the Main;
They were snatched by their valor from Gallia and Spain.

Behold yonder fragment: 't is sacred to fame;
'Midst the waves of old Nile it was saved from the flame —
The flame that destroyed the new glories of France,
When Providence vanquished the friends of blind Chance.

Those arms the *San Josef* once claimed as her own,
Ere Nelson and Britons her pride had o'erthrown.
That plume, too, evinces that still they excel —
It was torn from the cap of the famed *William Tell.*

Then cheer up, fair Delia! remember thou 'rt free;
And ploughing Britannia's old empire, the sea,
How many in Albion each sorrow would check,
Could they kiss but one plank of this conqu'ring deck.

Owing to the contrary winds, we experienced some difficulty in threading the Straits of Messina, but on the 1st of May we landed at Syracuse, and spent two days in seeing all that is interesting in that ancient city.

Late in the evening of the 3d we joined the blockading squadron off Malta, on which island we remained till the 20th, occasionally dining at the Governor's, Captain Sir Alexander Ball's, and sometimes at the quarters of General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch.

On the last day of May we were again in the harbor of Palermo, but on the 8th of June we sailed for Leghorn, having on board the Queen of Naples, her three unmarried daughters, and the young Prince Leopold. The Duc de Berri accompanied the royal party on board, and shed tears as he took leave

[1] The passion, in those days, for Delias and Celias was unconquerable, else "Emma" would have been quite as metrical and much less pedantic. Mr. Pettigrew has printed these lines with the substitution, or perhaps restoration, of Emma for Delia, as "A song addressed to Lady Hamilton on her birthday, April the 26th, 1800, on board the *Foudroyant*, in a gale of wind."

of them. It was said that he had come to Palermo in the hope of marrying the eldest princess, but I know not how the affair came to be broken off. On the anchor being weighed, her Majesty exclaimed with delight, "Leghorn! Leghorn!" no doubt as being on the way to her native land (Austria). But, for my part, I left Sicily with great pain, for it was also severing myself from Italy, where I had spent so many years of happiness.

Before landing at Leghorn the Queen presented Lord Nelson with a medallion, on one side of which was a fine miniature of the King, and on the other her own cipher, round which ran a wreath of laurel, and two anchors were represented supporting the crown of the Two Sicilies, designed by her Majesty herself. This device was executed in large diamonds, and was therefore of great pecuniary value. The Queen also gave a very handsome snuff-box, set with diamonds, to Sir Edward Berry, and was always very liberal in her presents to our officers.

While the Queen was yet undecided as to the route she was to take, news arrived of the battle of Marengo, and of the consequent surrender of Genoa. Our situation soon became very alarming, for the French army, under General Bonaparte, kept steadily advancing, and at last occupied Lucca, whence one night's march might have brought them to Leghorn. It must be owned, to the credit of the inhabitants of that city, and especially of the common people, that they were most anxious to take up arms against the French, and repeatedly solicited the Austrian governor to allow them to do so. They also pressed him to permit the disembarkation of General Abercrombie and the English troops from Minorca, but he would not give his consent, as the Austrians had concluded a truce with the French after their defeat at Marengo. The enemy, however, did not scruple to pass the limits assigned to him; but the Emperor of Austria was at that time very ill served, and the consequences were fatal to Italy.

The people after a while became infuriated at not being suffered to defend their city, and, breaking into the arsenal, got

possession of a quantity of muskets and other arms. They also called upon Lord Nelson to place himself at their head, but at length he succeeded in pacifying them, and then caused the Queen's jewels and other valuables to be carried on board the *Alexander*, to which he had transferred his flag on the departure of the *Foudroyant*.[1] Our whole party soon afterwards embarked, with the intention of sailing round the peninsula to Trieste ; but this plan was given up, and it was resolved that we should travel by land to Ancona, and thence proceed in an Austrian vessel to that port.

My dismay was now great, for we had to pass within a mile of the advanced posts of the French army ; and even the officers and crew of the *Alexander* were shocked at the idea of the danger to which their Admiral was going to expose himself. However, we again landed, and pushed on through the heat and dust of the day to Florence, which we reached in the afternoon of the 12th of July. The following day I passed in the company of the Countess of Albany and Count Alfieri.

The latter showed me some of his unpublished manuscripts. It was only within the last few years that he had studied the ancient Greek literature, and his style was, in consequence, wonderfully improved. He also showed me his "Miso-Gallo," a satire on the French, which he was desirous of publishing in England, and asked me to take it thither for that purpose. But when I asked for it next morning he appeared greatly agitated, and said he could scarcely forgive himself for having proposed such a thing. If we happened to be stopped by the French, and this MS. were found among my baggage, nothing, he was certain, could save me from being imprisoned, if not guillotined. He further declared that he had not been able to

[1] Nelson shifted his flag to the *Alexander* on the 28th of June. On the 24th, Lord Keith, commander-in-chief, had arrived at Leghorn. He thought that Nelson was too much disposed to employ his Majesty's ships in the service of the Queen of Naples, and the *Foudroyant* was ordered off to Minorca to be refitted. Lord Keith, however, authorized Nelson to receive the Queen and her family on board the *Alexander*, and to convey her to Palermo or any other desirable port. Her Majesty, alarmed by the attitude of the populace of Leghorn, embarked on board the *Alexander* on the 9th of July, but landed again on the following day, and started for Florence. Nelson, the Hamiltons, and Miss Knight followed.

sleep all night through the reproaches of his conscience, and he positively refused to give it to me.

After a tedious, fatiguing, and somewhat hazardous journey, we at length reached Ancona in safety, and found there a Russian squadron on the point of sailing to Corfu. The commanding officer, however, consented to take the Queen and all her party to Trieste, and on the 2d of August (1800) we landed at that port.

Great curiosity was expressed to behold the hero of the Nile at every place on the road to Vienna. I cannot say that I enjoyed the journey, for I was dreadfully fatigued, far from well, and uneasy on many accounts, besides being a good deal injured by the carriage being overturned in which I was travelling. At Vienna, whenever Lord Nelson appeared in public, a crowd was collected, and his portrait was hung up as a sign over many shops — even the milliners giving his name to particular dresses — but it did not appear to me that the English nation was at all popular. The people generally were opposed to the war with France, which had proved so unfavorable to them, for, although the troops were brave and loyal, they were not well commanded.

We had often music, as the best composers and performers were happy to be introduced to Sir William and Lady Hamilton. I was much pleased with Haydn. He dined with us, and his conversation was modest and sensible. He set to music some English verses, and, amongst others, part of an ode I had composed after the battle of the Nile, and which was descriptive of the blowing up of *L'Orient*.

> Britannia's leader gives the dread command;
> Obedient to his summons flames arise:
> The fierce explosion rends the skies,
> And high in air the pond'rous mass is thrown.
> The dire concussion shakes the land:
> Earth, air, and sea, united groan.
> The solid Pyramids confess the shock,
> And their firm bases to their centre rock.

Haydn accompanied Lady Hamilton on the piano when she sang this piece, and the effect was grand. He was staying at

that time with Prince Esterhazy, and presided over the famous concerts given by that nobleman at his magnificent palace in Hungary. At one time the Prince had an intention of giving up these concerts, and told Haydn that the next one would be the last. It was a very fine one. Towards the conclusion, Haydn composed a finale so melancholy, so touching, that it drew tears from many of the audience, and he had given orders that while it was playing the lights should be gradually extinguished. All of which made such an impression upon the mind of the Prince, that he abandoned his intention of discontinuing these concerts.

Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski, whom I had known at Rome, and who quitted that city when the French took possession of it in 1798, was then living at the Château of Lichtenstein, near Vienna, and came to see me. He invited us all to dine with him, and he received us with great cordiality, and showed us his magnificent collection of jewels, with some of the largest pearls ever seen. This prince possessed every advantage which nature and fortune could bestow. A fine person, an immense fortune, the faculty of speaking every language, and a distinguished rank in life. He declared himself an enemy to all melancholy, and yet I never saw a person whom I thought less happy. It was said that he had been disappointed with regard to the crown of Poland, a hope of obtaining which had been held out to him by the Empress Catherine.

On the 27th of September we proceeded on our travels,[1] and on the morrow arrived at Prague, where the hotel at which we alighted was splendidly illuminated in honor of Lord Nelson — the host, however, not forgetting to charge for the lights in his bill. On the 1st of October we embarked on the *Elbe* at Lowositz, and reached Dresden the following evening. Mr. Elliot, brother of Lord Minto, was at that time British Minister in Saxony. He was very fond of Dresden, and said it was a

[1] Harrison, quoted by Sir H. Nicolas, says the 26th. It is stated, too, that on the 29th (Nelson's forty-second birthday) a grand fête was given to him by the Archduke Charles. It is strange that it should not have been recorded by Miss Knight if it actually occurred.

good sofa to repose upon, for, of course, there was not much diplomatic business to be done. We dined with him at a very pretty villa, where he and his family were passing the summer months, and where his beautiful children were running about the garden like so many Cupids and Psyches. He was much beloved at Dresden, and I believe all strangers who were willing to be sociable were sure of being kindly treated in that capital.

We again embarked on the *Elbe* on the 10th for Hamburg. The fine bridge was crowded with spectators to see Lord Nelson depart, as was the shore, and every window that commanded a view of the river. As we stopped every night, we were eleven days in reaching our destination, and latterly we were sometimes rather short of provisions, as our caterer — our "jackal," as we called him — was not always able to procure sufficient supplies for the party.

At Hamburg we found many remarkable persons of different nations, all of whom seemed anxious to become acquainted with the hero of the Nile. The Baron de Breteuil,[1] so well known in the annals of French diplomacy, was living in an elegantly furnished villa, with his grandson-in-law, M. de Montmorency. He invited us to breakfast, and we there met the Duc de Guignes, who was ambassador in England when my father commanded as senior officer at Plymouth, and whom the latter had entertained on board his ship, the *Ocean*. All these were men of the highest rank, and of the most elegant manners of the *vieille cour*. After breakfast came General Dumouriez, who had been very curious to see Lord Nelson, though he did not wish to show too much *empressement*. However, these two distinguished men took a great fancy to one another, and we saw much of the General during our stay at Hamburg.

Dumouriez was in person short, and far from handsome, though his appearance was prepossessing and his manners very natural. There was an apparent frankness in his con-

[1] Baron de Breteuil returned to France in 1802, but never again took part in public affairs.

versation, which could not fail to please, and he possessed the art of saying agreeable things without descending to flattery, and seemed perfectly to understand the character of those with whom he associated, after a very short acquaintance. He had been both a lawyer [1] and a soldier, and I used to fancy that I could trace in him the distinctive features of both professions. He was at that time regarded as a decided Royalist, and was said to be in correspondence with Louis XVIII. He had, however, no objection to talk of the battle of Jemmapes, and showed us a box, with the portrait of a lady on it, which he said was presented to him, just after the victory, by an officer who came with dispatches, and who, after congratulating him upon his success, produced this box, and added, "*General, voilà votre récompense.*" With this lady [2] he was then living at a little village near Altona. She was a widow, and had a son in the Danish service. Dumouriez, at that time, maintained himself by his writings, and Lord Nelson forced him to accept a hundred pounds, telling him that he had used his sword too well to live only by his pen. He was said to be very poor, and his poverty did him honor, as it proved that he had not abandoned the revolutionary party from motives of private interest.

The celebrated German poet Klopstock was also settled at Hamburg. We went to visit him, which seemed to give him great pleasure. While there, the door opened, and a grave-looking personage,[3] in canonicals, entered the room with a Bible in his hand. He walked up to Lord Nelson, and asked him to write his name on a blank page of the book. With this request Lord Nelson willingly complied, and the clergyman gave him his blessing and withdrew. Mrs. Cadogan and I

[1] This is an error. At the age of eighteen, young Dumouriez distinguished himself at an affair of the advanced posts, under Marshal d'Estrées, and in the following year he obtained a cornetcy of horse.

[2] Sister of the famous *émigré*, Count de Rivarol.

[3] Southey tells this anecdote with more point. "A German pastor," he says, "between seventy and eighty years of age, travelled forty miles with the Bible of his parish church, to request that Nelson would write his name on the first leaf of it. He called him the Saviour of the Christian world. The old man's hope deceived him." — *Southey's Life of Nelson*, chap. vi.

supped one evening with Klopstock [1] and his wife, a pleasing-featured, fat, fair woman, much younger than himself, and a good musician. He read to me some passages of his "Messiah," and his room was hung with drawings by Füger,[2] of subjects taken from that poem. At that time Klopstock was chiefly engaged in writing odes, very sublime, but too metaphysical to be easily understood.

The magistrates of Hamburg must have exercised great vigilance and good sense to keep their city in such good order, for it was filled with such strange characters that I could compare it to nothing but the banks of Lethe.

On the 31st of October we went on board the *King George* mail-packet, and, after a stormy passage, landed at Great Yarmouth on the 6th of November, having crossed the bar just in time to avoid a tremendous gale, which must at least have driven us out to sea again for several days. Lord Nelson was received with all due honors, which were rendered still more interesting to the good people of the town from his being a native of Norfolk. He was drawn in his carriage to the hotel [3] by the populace, and the Mayor and Corporation came to present him with the freedom of the city.

At his own request public service was performed in the church, to return thanks for his safe return to his native country, and for the many blessings which he had experienced. As he entered the church the organ struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes."

When we arrived in town, Sir William and Lady Hamilton went with Lord Nelson to dine with his father and Lady Nelson, and I, with Mrs. Cadogan, to a hotel in Albemarle Street. In the evening Sir Thomas Troubridge called upon me. He was at the point of starting for Torbay, being ap-

[1] Klopstock lost his first wife, Margaret Müller, in 1758, and regretted her loss until his own death, and his remains were laid in the same tomb. His second wife, Madame de Winthem, whom he married in 1791, was a lady of excellent character and rare merit: she was a widow at the time of her marriage with Klopstock.

[2] A German portrait painter, patronised by the Empress Maria Theresa. He is best known, however, by his illustrations of Klopstock's *Messiah*.

[3] The Wrestlers' Arms.

pointed captain of the Channel fleet, under Lord St. Vincent. He advised me to go to my friend Mrs. Nepean, whose husband was secretary to the Admiralty, and who, on the following day, made me take possession of a room in her house till her children came home for the holidays. Sir William and Lady Hamilton also left the hotel to occupy a house in Grosvenor Square, which had been lent to them by Mr. Beckford, whose wife, Lady Margaret, had been a relative of Sir William.

I dined one day with Sir William and Lady Hamilton in Grosvenor Square. Lord and Lady Nelson were of the party, and the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray [1] came in the evening. Lord Nelson was to make his appearance at the theatre next day, but I declined to go with the party. I afterwards heard that Lady Nelson fainted in the box. Most of my friends were very urgent with me to drop the acquaintance, but, circumstanced as I had been, I feared the charge of ingratitude, though greatly embarrassed as to what to do, for things became very unpleasant. So much was said about the attachment of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, that it made the matter still worse. He felt irritated, and took it up in an unfortunate manner by devoting himself more and more to her, for the purpose of what he called supporting her. Mischief was made on all sides, till at last, when he was appointed to the command of the squadron in the Downs, which was to sail for Copenhagen — his brother [2] and sister-in-law, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, being with him at Deal — he wrote to Lady Nelson, giving her credit for perfectly moral conduct, but announcing his intention of not living with her any more. This was certainly not in his thoughts before he returned to England, for I remember his saying, while we were

[1] Daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. Lady Augusta was married to Prince Augustus (Duke of Sussex) at Rome, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and afterwards at St. George's, Hanover Square. She had two children by the Prince, but after her marriage was declared illegal, she refused to have further intercourse with him.

[2] The Rev. William Nelson, who succeeded to the earldom on Nelson's death, but left no issue.

at Leghorn, that he hoped Lady Nelson and himself would be much with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and that they would all very often dine together, and that when the latter couple went to their musical parties, he and Lady Nelson would go to bed. Even at Hamburg, just before we embarked, he purchased a magnificent lace trimming for a court dress for Lady Nelson, and a black lace cloak for another lady who, he said, had been very attentive to his wife during his absence.

Elizabeth Carter.

In the course of the following winter I frequently called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the translator of "Epictetus." She was a person of excellent principles and solid good sense. She used to say, "There are two men of great talent who now govern the world: the one, Bonaparte, with his sword; and the other, Mr. Pitt, with his money." With respect to women, she once remarked: "It is thought that men have all the advantage over us in this world, but I think we have one invaluable advantage over them — we are not obliged to be politicians." She used to dine out every day with different friends while in London, though far advanced in years, and I often met her at Lady Charlotte Finch's.

Miss Knight summoned to Windsor.

One morning in March, 1805, Lady Aylesbury communicated to me the Queen's wishes with regard to myself. Her Majesty had been pleased to express a desire that I should be attached to her person without any particular employment, but that I should be lodged at Windsor, in a house belonging to her Majesty, and with a maid in her service to do the work of the house. Her Majesty added, that she would allow me three hundred pounds a year, and that I should be present at her evening parties, when invited, and always on Sundays and red-letter days, and be ready to attend upon her in the morning when required to do so; but that I should have leave to visit my friends, particularly when their Majesties were at Weymouth, where my services would not be wanted. This pro-

posal I accepted gratefully, and the more so that it was quite unsolicited on my part.

A short time before it had been reported, and even in the public prints, that Lady Aylesbury was to be governess to the Princess Charlotte, who was then nine years of age, and that I was to be sub-governess, but nothing of the kind was ever mentioned to me. Since then, indeed, I have had reason to believe that Mr. Pitt wished it should be so, but Lady Aylesbury declined, on account of the employments she held about the Queen, as she was one of the senior ladies of her bed-chamber. Lady Aylesbury and the Dowager Lady Ilchester shared this service between them, while the King and Queen were stationary at Windsor, but both accompanied their Majesties to Weymouth. The former, as I have already said, was a most agreeable and amiable person. She was the eldest sister of Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, and was perfectly well-bred and natural in her manners, and to myself the kindest of friends. She took me one morning to the Queen, after the arrangement had been made, and in June I received my first summons to Windsor. I stayed there for a fortnight before their Majesties and the princesses removed to Weymouth, where they had been in the habit of passing two or three months every summer. But this was their last visit to that watering-place, for the King was now losing his eyesight very fast.

In December I became a resident at Windsor. The unmarried princesses, who were still at home, were very kind and gracious to me. The Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge were often at the Castle in the evening, but the Dukes of York and Clarence seldom, if ever, slept there. The Queen had her ladies and those of the princesses to dine with her, and the King came in at the dessert, for he dined at an early hour. The aides-de-camp, and other gentlemen on service, dined at the Upper Lodge. It is difficult to form an idea of a more domestic family in any rank of life, or a house in which the visitors — for those on duty were considered as such — were treated with greater attention.

The Queen used often to call for me between ten and eleven on her way to Frogmore, where she liked to spend her mornings. She was fond of reading aloud, either in French or English, and I had my work. Her library there was well furnished with books in those languages and in German, and she was so good as to give me a key, with permission to take home any that I liked. Sometimes we walked in the gardens of that pleasant place, Princess Elizabeth being usually of our party, and not unfrequently Princess Mary. The Princesses Augusta and Sophia rode with the King. The Princess Elizabeth had a pretty cottage and garden at Old Windsor, where she would sometimes in summer give little fêtes. It was at Frogmore that the Queen generally celebrated the birthdays of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, as they were both in August, while Princess Elizabeth did the same for the Duke of Clarence's birthday, which was also in that month. And in November the Queen gave a fête for those of the Princesses Augusta and Sophia.

Assassination of Duke of Cumberland.

The year 1810 was a very melancholy one at Windsor. The attempt to assassinate the Duke of Cumberland caused great disquietude. Then followed the afflicting illness which ended in the death of the amiable Princess Amelia. And, lastly, the malady that overwhelmed our excellent sovereign cast a gloom over the Castle, which was never removed during the remainder of my stay in its neighborhood.

It was only a few days [1] previous to the King's birthday that

[1] On the 31st of May the Duke of Cumberland returned to town from a dinner at Greenwich, in order to be present at a concert for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. He retired to rest about one o'clock, and awoke a little after two, in consequence, as he thought, of a bat flying about the room. He had actually, however, received a severe sword-cut on the head, which was quickly followed up by a second. As His Royal Highness sprang out of bed the assassin cut him across the arm, and, in all, inflicted some half dozen wounds before the Duke could make his escape from the room. His cries quickly brought an English valet (Neale) to the spot, when a sabre belonging to the Duke was found on the floor of the bed-room. Sellis, his Corsican or Italian valet, was then discovered stretched on his bed, partly undressed, and with his throat cut from ear to ear. The circumstantial evidence in

the Duke of Cumberland was awakened by an assassin. He defended himself, but received several wounds. One of his people, a Piedmontese, named Sellis, was found with his throat cut in his bedroom, which was not far from the Duke's. Another page, an Irishman, who used to sleep in a closet adjoining the room of His Royal Highness, was not forthcoming at the moment, though it was the Duke's orders that every one should be at home by eleven o'clock. His excuse was, that he had gone to sup with his wife on some dainty that had been sent to her. A pair of slippers, with the name of Sellis inside, was found in a closet within the Duke's room, and the result of the inquest was a verdict that Sellis had been the assassin, and had afterwards committed suicide. Still there were some circumstances that threw a doubt upon his guilt. The slippers were old, and the name written in them appeared to be in French, whereas Sellis was a Piedmontese, and there were reasons for supposing that it was a greater person who had counseled the crime. Sellis was left-handed, but one of the physicians who examined the body said that a left-handed man could not have cut his throat in the manner indicated by the wound; another surgeon, however, said that he could. The Duke gave a pension to his Irish page, and dismissed him. This man had a brother who had a good appointment in Windsor Castle, and a family, but he resigned, and went away. The Duke was removed to Carlton House by the orders of the Prince of Wales, who watched over him with great tenderness until he was perfectly recovered, although from difference of political views they had not been on the best terms previous to this sad affair. It was the fashion to go and see the Duke's apartments, which for several days were left in the same state as when he was removed. The visitors discovered traces of blood upon the walls, etc., etc., but, for my part, I did not join the crowd whose curiosity led them to this horrid scene.

proof of his guilt was conclusive, though many calumnious stories were afterwards circulated tending to criminate the Duke himself, who had stood god-father to Sellis's last child. At the coroner's inquest the jury brought in a verdict of "*felo de se*," and the body of the wretched man was accordingly buried in "the high road" in Scotland Yard.

Death of the Princess Amelia.

I come now to a most melancholy time. Dear Princess Amelia,[1] who had derived no benefit from a lengthened visit to Weymouth, was removed to Windsor, and inhabited a lodge near the Castle. Day by day she sank more and more under her great sufferings. Though pale and emaciated, she still retained her beauty. She wished to live, but was thoroughly resigned when she found there was no hope of her remaining long upon earth. Her sentiments of piety were pure, enlightened, and fervent. I saw her a few days before her death, when, taking off her glove, she showed me her hand — it was perfectly transparent.

She was particularly fond of music, but latterly could not bear the sound of a pianoforte even in another room. The Princess Augusta thereupon gave her a bird which sang very sweetly, and with a very soft note, and she took pleasure in listening to it. When the King saw his beloved daughter for the last time, she said to him, "Remember me, but do not grieve for me." Alas! the King was soon no longer himself. Her illness and the loss of Hanover preyed sadly upon his mind.

I shall never forget the last evening of my seeing him. It was the anniversary of his accession. The whole family, except the Queen of Würtemberg[2] and dear Princess Amelia, were present when he entered the room, the Queen holding his arm. As he went round the circle as usual, it was easy to perceive the dreadful excitement in his countenance. As he could not distinguish persons, it was the custom to speak to him as he approached, that he might recognize by the voice

[1] The Princess Amelia was born on the 7th of August, 1782, and died on the 2d of November, 1810. From her earliest infancy she was extremely delicate, and perhaps for that reason was the especial favorite of the King. His malady was greatly aggravated by the shock which he sustained one day when he visited her during her last illness. The Princess slipped upon his finger a ring, containing a lock of her hair under a crystal, and beneath the hair were inscribed her name and the words "Remember me."

[2] Previously Princess Royal of England.

whom he was about to address. I forget what it was I said to him, but shall ever remember what he said to me: "You are not uneasy, I am sure, about Amelia. You are not to be deceived, but you know that she is in no danger." At the same time he squeezed my hand with such force that I could scarcely help crying out.[1] The Queen, however, dragged him away. When tea was served, I perceived how much alarmed I had been, for my hand shook so that I could hardly take the cup.

When the King was seated he called to him each of his sons separately, and said things to them equally sublime and instructive, but very unlike what he would have said before so many people had he been conscious of the circumstance. I never did and never will repeat what I then heard, and I sincerely believe that all present felt as I did on that occasion. His Majesty had a long conversation with Count Munster on the affairs of Hanover, so that it could only be understood by those who were acquainted with the German language. I was then convinced of the very deep impression made on him by the fate of that country. On the following evening I was not at the Castle, and it was the last on which he appeared in society.

Princess Amelia expired on the birthday of the Duke of Kent, who had had some dispute with the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief. I was told, however, by Lady Aylesbury, who was in waiting, and had dined quietly with the melancholy party of the royal family, that the Duke of York said to her, in a whisper: "Though this is a sad day, I must drink the health of poor Edward."

Two days afterwards Princess Augusta sent for me, and as I was sitting with her, one of her dressers entered the room

[1] This would have been a gross breach of etiquette. In Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs there are some good-naturedly satirical directions given as to the conduct to be observed in the presence of royalty. "You must not upon any account stir either hand or foot. If, by chance, a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter," etc. etc. Vol. ii. p. 407.

with a bird-cage in her hand, and her fingers in her eyes. "Princess Amelia," she said, "gave orders before her death that this bird should be returned to your Royal Highness; but not on the day she died, nor the day after, that it might not afflict you too much in the first hours of your grief. But she wished you to know how much she was obliged to you for giving it to her, and what a comfort its sweet voice had been."

Two ladies sat up with the corpse every night until the time of the funeral. I was directed to perform this duty one night with Lady George Murray. We were in a room adjoining that in which was the coffin, with the doors open. On the table was a book, which had been a favorite with Princess Amelia. It was Tillikeper's "Thoughts on Religious Subjects," and many of them had a pencil mark. The passages thus distinguished testified to the feelings and judgment of the Princess, and I asked leave to transcribe them into the copy of that work which she herself had given to me.

The King recovered sufficiently to be told of her death, and he arranged everything relating to the ceremony of the funeral. It appeared, indeed, that before his late serious attack he had made some preparations for this event, although, in the wanderings of his imagination, he could not think her in danger. However this might be, the matter was settled very properly. One of the Queen's ladies was to go as chief mourner, followed, of course, by others belonging to the princesses; but, although I had no engagement of that kind, the King chose that I should have a place in the procession, knowing how sincerely I was attached to the Princess. I also heard that when lying on her death-bed, that the two persons whom the Princess most warmly recommended to her father, were Mrs. Williams — who had been her nurse, and was then attending her — and myself. I was also named amongst the few persons to whom she desired that remembrances should be given.

For the anthem the King had selected a passage from the sixteenth Psalm, which used to be often sung by the Princess

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

(*From Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight.*)

and her father. The conclusion,[1] "In thy presence is gladness, and fullness of joy," raised my spirits from the depression into which they had fallen; and, when I returned home, gave me a better night's rest than I had enjoyed for some time.

Princess Charlotte.

Princess Charlotte was now (1812) in her seventeenth year, and was for some time a visitor at the Castle. Her governess,[2] Lady de Clifford, having gone to town on account of illness, the Queen commanded me to be present at her Royal Highness's lessons; or, I should rather say, asked me to be present when her sub-preceptor, Dr. Short, read to her. She was at that time allowed to dine once a fortnight with the Princess of Wales, her mother, at Kensington Palace. I was appointed to accompany her, and received my instructions accordingly. I was not to leave Princess Charlotte one moment alone with her mother, nor prolong our stay beyond a certain hour. When we arrived, the Princess of Wales proposed our seeing the state apartments in Kensington Palace, which occupied our time till dinner was served; after which, Lady Charlotte Campbell,[3] who was in waiting on the Princess of Wales, played and sang to Princess Charlotte. The Princess of Wales made me sit by her side on the sofa, and was very gracious.

I must say that I neither saw nor heard anything extraordinary during this visit. Her Royal Highness desired me to give her duty to the Queen, with her thanks for having allowed her daughter to come that day. Of course I executed this commission when I attended Princess Charlotte to the Castle, where we arrived before the party was over. On our

[1] The words of the concluding verse of the sixteenth Psalm: "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

[2] The Princess's governesses were the Countess Elgin and Baroness de Clifford. In 1809, Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, was appointed her Royal Highness's preceptor, with Drs. Nott and Short as his assistants.

[3] Afterwards Lady Charlotte Bury, authoress of *A Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*, and of many now forgotten novels, such as *The Disinherited*, *The Devoted*, *Flirtation*, *Fortune Hunting*, etc.

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way from Kensington to Windsor the carriage stopped, and Lord Yarmouth, who was at that time the most intimate friend of the Prince Regent, came up to the door to speak to the Princess. He, no doubt, afterwards informed the Prince that all was right.

Towards the end of this year I had leave from the Queen to go to town in consequence of a message from Lady Charlotte Rawdon, who wished me to assist her in watching over the sick-bed of her excellent sister, Lady Aylesbury, who had long been in a sad state of health, and was now extremely ill. Lady Aylesbury had been to me more than a sister, and her death was a heavy blow to me. I was standing with Lord Hastings beside her bed when she expired, with a calmness that had never forsaken her during all her sufferings.

During the time I was tending Lady Aylesbury's sick-bed I had frequent letters from the royal family, and wrote daily accounts to her Majesty. She came to town one day, and sent for me. I think it was the day before Lady Aylesbury died. Her Majesty, after inquiring whether any hope remained, told me that a change was about to take place in Princess Charlotte's establishment, that Lady de Clifford had resigned, and that the Duchess Dowager of Leeds was to be governess; besides whom, there must be a lady or two. She asked me whether I thought Lady Charlotte Rawdon would be a proper person; but desired I would not say a word to her on the subject. I stated some difficulties which I thought would render this choice inconvenient, and, at the same time, hinted what Lady Aylesbury, I knew, wished, and what I thought might do very well, namely, that Miss Rawdon [1] should be about the Princess Charlotte. The Queen seemed rather embarrassed: and dismissed me, as she was going out. I had some hours before received a letter from Princess Mary, hinting to me the same question about Lady C. Rawdon, which I had communicated to Lady Aylesbury, whose sentiments on the subject I therefore knew.

In my other letters from the Castle I had learned the scene

[1] Lady Aylesbury's niece.

which had taken place. Princess Charlotte, having nearly attained her seventeenth birthday (which took place on the 7th January, 1813), had written a letter to Lord Liverpool, expressing a desire that, as she understood Lady de Clifford had resigned, she might have no other governess, but an establishment of her own, and ladies in waiting. As I did not hear this from Princess Charlotte herself, or see the letter, I cannot exactly say how it was worded, but I believe she wrote it by the advice of Miss Mercer Elphinstone,[1] her old and intimate friend, with whom she was not at that time allowed any communication, on account of opposition principles, which, since the change of the Prince's politics, he had forbidden. The resignation of Lady de Clifford, and the consequent arrangements, had been studiously kept from her Royal Highness, and she was terrified as to what was to be her lot when she discovered these circumstances. How she found means to write to Miss Elphinstone, or hear from her, I know not, but imagine it was through the Princess of Wales. I have always thought that the advice was suggested to Miss Elphinstone chiefly by Lord Erskine. However this may be, the Prince was violently angry when he heard of the letter, and took Lord Eldon (the Chancellor) down with him to Windsor, where, in the Queen's room, before her Majesty, Princess Mary, and Lady de Clifford, in a very rough manner the learned lord explained the law of England as not allowing her Royal Highness what she demanded; and on the Prince's asking what he would have done as a father, he is said to have answered, "If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up." Princess Charlotte heard all this with great dignity, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "What would the King say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier?"[2]

[1] Daughter of Lord Keith; afterwards Baroness Keith (1823) — married in 1817 the Count de Flahault, the present (1860–61) French Ambassador at our court.

[2] Lord Eldon's grandfather, William Scott, of Sandgate, was "said to have been

Warwick House,[1] in which Princess Charlotte and I, with an excellent family of old servants, were now the only residents, was an old moderate-sized dwelling, at that time miserably out of repair, and almost falling to ruins. It was situated at the extremity of a narrow lane with a small court-yard and gates, at which two sentinels were placed. On the ground floor was a hall, dining-room, library, comptroller's-room, and two very small rooms, with a good staircase, and two back staircases much the reverse. Above was what was called the waiting-room, of very moderate dimensions, where Princess Charlotte took her lessons in the morning; a good drawing-room, her Royal Highness's bed-room and dressing-room, or closet off it for a maid; my sitting-room adjoining, and my bedroom, both small, the latter particularly so. Yet, for a private family, it was far from being uncomfortable, though anything rather than royal. The drawing-room and Princess Charlotte's bedroom, with bay-windows, looked on a small garden with a wall, and a road which divided it from the gardens of Carlton House, to which there was a door of communication.

Nothing could more perfectly resemble a convent than this residence; but it was a seat of happiness to Princess Charlotte compared with the Lower Lodge at Windsor, and she was anxiously desirous to remain in town as much as possible. It was announced to us that we were to be one week in town and one at Windsor; that when in town we were to dine at Carlton House, to go to the play and opera, and to have a party at Warwick House, besides balls and great parties at

clerk to a 'fitter,' and who, in the latter part of his life, himself became the owner of several 'keels' — a 'fitter' being the person who buys and sells coals between the owner of the mine and the shipper, and who conveys them in 'keels,' or barges, from the higher parts of the Tyne to Newcastle or Shields, where they are loaded for exportation." — *Lord Campbell's Life of Lord Eldon.*

[1] Warwick House stood at the end of Warwick Street, which stretches from Cockspur Street towards Carlton House Terrace, but terminates in a *cul-de-sac*. The site of the house itself, between which and the gardens of Carlton House there appears to have been a private communication, is now occupied by some livery stables. Warwick House was formerly the residence of Sir Philip Warwick, the well known Royalist writer, who was born there in 1609. The street, which was built at a later date, was called after the Warwick family, and still retains the name.

Carlton House. Invitations were already sent out for a ball, which was to take place on the 9th of February, previous to which there was to be a drawing-room.

The lower apartments of Carlton House, in which we dined, were close, and too warm. They were fitted up with great splendor and elegance, and contained some good pictures, and much ornamental decoration of bronze and china. The Prince's table was well served in every sense of the word, and he did the honors of his house well, though not with sufficient ease, and rather with assumed than real self-possession. He talked but little to Princess Charlotte, and not with the manner or voice of affection. His greatest attentions were for Miss Goldsworthy, which, in one point of view, was amiable, but which, from subsequent circumstances and conduct, proves what were the ideas and intentions of the Prince at that early period of the new arrangements. Every consideration was to be sacrificed to the plan of keeping the Princess Charlotte as long as possible *a child;* and, consequently, whoever belonged to her was to be thought a nurse or a preceptress, inferior, of course, to the nurses and preceptresses of the princesses, her aunts.

It was necessary that I should be presented to the Queen in my new capacity, but the Duchess of Leeds was ill. Lady Harcourt, the Queen's lady in waiting, was also not well, and it was not till Sunday the 31st that it was decided Lady Isabella Thynne, in waiting on the princesses, should present me. This was necessary, as we were to dine next day with the Princess of Wales on our way to town, and it was right I should first pay that respect to the Queen.

Nothing could be more disagreeable. Her Majesty, however, spoke to me, for she inquired after Princess Charlotte, but added, she did not believe she was very ill. I was soon dismissed, and went round to all the princesses, who received me very kindly, and lamented the coldness with which I was treated.

Soon after I returned to the Lodge, the Queen and princesses came to visit Princess Charlotte. The Duchess being

in her room, not ready, I received them at the door, and followed them up-stairs. The Queen did not command me to be seated, and as soon as the Duchess made her appearance I left the room. Princess Elizabeth afterwards said, that when Miss Goldsworthy was their sub-governess the Queen never let her sit down when talking to them as children. I said that that was not a case in point, for that I was not a sub-governess, nor was Princess Charlotte a child ; that as I was always accustomed to sit in her Majesty's presence, it was evident she resented my leaving her, but that whatever the Queen chose to do I should never lose the respect and attachment I had for her. I found, however, from general conversation, that the object was to consider me as a sub-governess, and a paragraph of that nature was put in the papers,[1] which I insisted on Sir H. Halford mentioning to the Prince, and getting it contradicted in the same paper, which was done — the Prince remarking they might as well call me lord chancellor.[2]

On the 3d of February, Princess Charlotte was invited to dine at the Duke of York's, to meet the Queen and princesses, and I was asked for the evening, with the very fair excuse that the dining-room was so small that it would not hold even the princesses' or Duchess's ladies. I dined at Lord Moira's, who, with Lady Loudon, was also asked to the even-

[1] "Miss Knight is appointed sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales in the room of Mrs. Udney, who retired with Lady de Clifford." — *Morning Chronicle*, January 30.

"Miss Knight, who succeeds Mrs. Udney as sub-governess to the Princess Charlotte, is the daughter of the late admiral who died in the Mediteranean, and who, when in Italy with her father, may be remembered by her verses on the transactions then occurring there. Since her return she has been in attendance on the Queen." — *Morning Chronicle*, February 1.

[2] "Miss Knight is not appointed sub-governess to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte. Miss Knight is one of the *ladies companions* to her Royal Highness, and is the daughter of the late Sir Joseph Knight." — *Morning Chronicle*, February 4.

This contradiction, however, did not remove the impression that Miss Knight was the governess of the Princess. Sir Harris Nicolas, in his edition of the "Correspondence of Lord Nelson," speaks of her as "preceptress" and "sub-governess," and Lord Colchester, in his journal, does the same.

ing party. The apartments were, indeed, all very small, and very unfit for a royal duke or commander-in-chief. Lady Anne Cullen Smith (sister of Lord Wellesley, and formerly married to a brother of Lord Southampton, by whom she has two daughters, the Miss Fitzroys) was the Duchess's only lady in waiting. Her manners were elegant, and her daughters accomplished and agreeable. I had seen them one morning at Warwick House, for they had formed an intimacy with Princess Charlotte at Oatlands.[1] The Prince, when he came up to shake hands with me, whispered to me that he supposed Mary had said something to me which I would remember. I asked Princess Mary, in the course of the evening, what the Prince meant, and she answered, "Oh, nothing; he is only afraid lest Charlotte should like the Duke of Gloucester; and there is no danger. He wanted me to set you on your guard." [2]

While I was talking to the Miss Fitzroys and others, the Chancellor [3] came up to me, and began to shake me violently by the hand, which rather surprised me, as we had never been introduced to each other. He was not quite sober. He said he hoped I did not believe all the nonsense about his ill-treatment of Princess Charlotte, of which no doubt I had heard a lamentable story; and was going on, when I stopped him by saying that Princess Charlotte had not conversed with me at all on the subject, and that if any one had mentioned it to me it was the Queen. Not content with this, he came up to me in the same manner after the royal family had gone down to supper, and entered again on the subject, in a very confused tone. I put him off by saying that really it was not my business to interfere in the Princess Charlotte's concerns, that I

[1] The Duke of York's country residence.

[2] The Duke of Gloucester was first cousin of the Regent. He died on the 20th of November, 1834, at Bagshot, after a painful illness of fifteen days, aged fifty-nine. He married in 1816 the Princess Mary, his cousin, sister of the Regent. "He was not a man of talent, as may be inferred from his nickname of *Silly Billy*, but he was a quiet, inoffensive character, rather tenacious of the respect due to his rank, and strongly attached to the ultra-Tory party. His father, the late Duke, married Lady Waldegrave; thus he was uncle to Mrs. Damer." — *Raikes's Journal*, vol. i.

[3] Lord Eldon.

had only the honor of attending her, and that the Duchess of Leeds was the person who had the responsibility. This I said in a good-humored way, and got rid of him at last.

On the 4th I went with Princess Charlotte to the Duke of Cumberland's apartments at St. James's, where she was to meet the Queen and princesses, previous to the drawing-room, to which she was not to go. I left her there, and went to the drawing-room. As soon as I had been *seen* by the Queen, for I was not spoken to, I returned to her Royal Highness, who in the mean while was left with the Duchess of Leeds, and she took her turn of going into the drawing-room. Princess Charlotte was greatly hurt by being thus treated as a child, but made no complaints, and was good-natured with her family.

She met them that day at dinner at the Duke of Cambridge's, and I was asked for the evening party there. His house,[1] though not very large, is handsome and comfortable. There was a little music in the evening, and everything passed in tolerable good humor. Next day, the 5th, we dined quietly *tête-à-tête* to prepare for the ball in the evening. Princess Charlotte's spirits were worn out with anxiety respecting her mother. She had heard that her visits at Kensington were to be less frequent in future, and her mind was harassed by various things. She felt nervous when the hour of dressing approached, but came out looking beautiful, and with proper self-possession. Her dress was white and silver, and she wore feathers for the first time. The Duchess and I were in white and gold. When we arrived at Carlton House, her Royal Highness, with the Duchess of Leeds, went into the room where the royal family were assembled, and I joined the Princess's and Princess Sophia of Gloucester's ladies till the company was assembled, when we all entered the ball-room.

The state apartments at Carlton House were certainly magnificent, and everything well regulated. They were well lighted, and were superior to anything I had seen in England; but the classical taste and sober dignity of Italy, with the grandeur of its spacious habitations, eclipse in my mind all I

[1] Cambridge House, South Audley Street.

have seen elsewhere, and render Carlton House nothing more than a nobleman's dwelling expensively furnished. The best part of the fête appeared to me the respect paid to the royal family of France. Indeed, the Regent, ever since he came into power, has invariably shown the most independent and honorable feeling. Princess Mary opened the ball, and danced with the Duke d'Angoulême. Princess Charlotte stood next her with the Duke of Clarence.[1] The dresses were splendid, and the supper, in the apartments below, all that it should be. The Queen seemed to enjoy it, and retired, apparently unfatigued, at five or six in the morning.

That day Princess Charlotte dined at Carlton House, and I went in the evening. I found her looking very unhappy, and she told me there was something going on to vex her — that she had overheard a conversation about the Duchess of York, who had invited herself to dine with her on the following day — and that she was sure something had gone wrong. I comforted her as well as I could; but I soon found from Princess Mary that she was blamed for "having invited" the Duchess, and asked whether she chose to have Lady Anne and the Miss Fitzroys to meet her. Princess Mary said that it was wrong to do this without consulting the Duchess of Leeds, and also that the Duchess of York did not wish to meet Lady Anne, for that, though she was her lady, she did not like her, and that it would be better to get rid of this dinner party.

The Prince took me aside this evening, and talked to me for a long while against the Princess of Wales, and the little regard she had shown for Princess Charlotte when a child, and how by her negligence there was a mark of the small-pox on Princess Charlotte's nose, having left her hands at liberty; whereas *he* used continually to watch beside her cradle. He said very severe things of the Princess of Wales in every way, and even accused her of threatening to declare that Princess Charlotte was not his daughter. I really had not remarked this little blemish on the smooth and beautiful skin of my young Princess, and should have had great difficulty in for-

[1] Afterwards William the Fourth.

bearing to smile at the seriousness with which that important misfortune was mentioned, if I had not been horrified by the rest of the conversation. The Prince also warned me against Lady Jersey, whom he had observed talking to Princess Charlotte the night before at the ball, and said he did not choose she should be too intimate at Warwick House, but did not give any particular reasons for it.

All this appeared to me the more extraordinary, as really the Regent can speak well, rationally, and with eloquence — or, at least, with great plausibility. What could I think of such a mixture of serious and frivolous complaint, when I might have expected discrimination of character to guide me in what advice I was to give the Princess — views for the future and regulations for the present, which the important station she was one day to fill, and the very delicate situation in which she was placed for the time present, seemed to render essentially requisite? I really knew not what to answer, and could only assent to his wishes or remarks in general terms.

When we returned home, Princess Charlotte was greatly agitated, and insisted on knowing the whole of Princess Mary's conversation with me. She had heard most of it, and I concealed nothing from her in that respect; but I was less communicative with respect to my lesson from the Regent. I told her what he said about Lady Jersey, and I hinted that he had expressed his regard for her in preference to her mother, because he had insisted on my so doing. Princess Charlotte said she had of late received much more kindness from her mother than from the Prince, but that their unfortunate quarrels with each other rendered their testimonies of affection to her at all times very precarious. As to Lady Jersey, she said she knew not what the Prince had against her. He had been the first to urge her visiting his daughter, and Lady Jersey declared she would come unless she heard from his own lips a positive revocation of the order. Lady Jersey was now going out of town, so that all difficulties on that subject were suspended.

A very few days after this first fête, at which Princess

Charlotte made her appearance, the "Morning Chronicle" exhibited a letter[1] from the Princess of Wales to the Regent, complaining of her daughter not being allowed to join in society, to acquire knowledge of the world, etc. Another complaint was her not being permitted to see her oftener; and the most serious one, that she was not *confirmed*. This letter had been sent to the Prince a month before, and a copy of it to Lord Liverpool. That to the Prince had been returned unopened, and had it rested there it would have been very well, but it was injudicious to print it in the papers, and more particularly at a time when Princess Charlotte had just appeared in public, and had been allowed to visit her mother twice in the space of eleven days, instead of once a fortnight, which had been the rule for some time past. I have no doubt that these two last visits had been so contrived on account of the

[1] This letter occupied a column and a half of the *Morning Chronicle* of the 10th of February, and is dated from Montague House, January 14, 1813. On the 11th of February that journal gave the following account of the mode by which the letter in question had come into its possession: "It was transmitted on the 14th ult. to Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon, sealed by Lady Charlotte Campbell as lady in waiting for the month, expressing her Royal Highness's pleasure that it should be presented to the Prince Regent; and there was an open copy for their perusal. On the 15th, the Earl of Liverpool presented his compliments to Lady Charlotte Campbell, and returned the letter unopened. On the 16th it was returned by Lady Charlotte, intimating that as it contained matter of importance to the state, she relied on their laying it before his Royal Highness. It was again returned unopened, with the Earl of Liverpool's compliments to Lady Charlotte, saying that the Prince saw no reason to depart from his determination. On the 17th it was returned in the same way by command of her Royal Highness, expressing her confidence that the two noble lords would not take upon themselves the responsibility of not communicating the letter to his Royal Highness, and that she should not be the only subject in the empire whose petition was not to be permitted to reach the throne. To this an answer was given that the *contents* of it had been made known to the Prince. On the 19th her Royal Highness directed a letter to be addressed to the two noble lords, desiring to know whether it had been made known to his Royal Highness by being read to him, and to know his pleasure thereon. No answer was given to this letter, and therefore, on the 26th, she directed a letter to be written expressing her surprise that no answer had been given to her application for a whole week. To this an answer was received addressed to the Princess, stating that in consequence of her Royal Highness's demand, her letter had been read to the Prince Regent on the 20th, but that he had not been pleased to express his pleasure thereon. Here the correspondence was closed, and some days after this copies of the letter were in circulation, but we know not from what quarter they originated."

letter; but *that* the world could not know, and with many people it put the Princess of Wales in the wrong. It produced a visit to me from Colonel MacMahon, with a command from the Prince to write a note to the lady in waiting of the Princess of Wales, to say that, "in the absence of the Duchess of Leeds, I was commanded to inform her that Princess Charlotte could not dine at Kensington that day, as had been intended." [1]

Poor Princess Charlotte was thrown into agonies of grief by all these discussions, and always remarked that she could not have three days' peace, and trembled continually for what was to come next.

The Prince Regent had, I think, made one or two visits to Warwick House since I came into office; but soon after that message through Colonel MacMahon, he called one morning with Lord Liverpool, and desired I would go down to the latter while he spoke to Princess Charlotte, as Lord Liverpool [2] would explain to me on what business they were come.

I found Lord Liverpool, as I thought, very uncomfortable. He seemed too much embarrassed to begin the conversation, and I said the Prince Regent had told me his lordship would explain to me the business on which they were come, which, as far as I could comprehend, related to the Princess of Wales. Lord Liverpool said it did, and that it gave him great pain, that it was altogether a most unfortunate business, and that no one could feel it more unpleasantly than he did. He did not appear willing to say more, and I had no desire to ask questions. Our conversation, therefore, turned on Lady Liverpool for a few minutes, when the page came in to say that the Prince Regent desired we would both walk upstairs.

I found the Regent and Princess Charlotte standing near the chimney. She looked penetrated with grief, and spoke not a word. The Prince said he wished Lord Liverpool, as

[1] The Princess of Wales then resided at Brandenburg House, at Kensington.

[2] Lord Liverpool was, at that time, prime minister. His premiership commenced in 1812, and ended in 1827.

his confidential servant, and me, as Princess Charlotte's friend, to hear him repeat what he had been saying to her, namely, that an investigation was being made with respect to the conduct of her mother, on the result of which depended her ever being allowed to visit her again, and that in the mean while her usual visits must be suspended. He added, that it was a very serious investigation, and most probably would end in a manner most painful; but that, whatever way it ended, his treatment of Princess Charlotte would be equally kind and considerate, as he should not consider her accountable for the faults of her mother.

Princess Charlotte was dreadfully overcome when he addressed this to Lord Liverpool and me, and her behavior sufficiently indicated how painful it was to her that family dissensions of so delicate a nature should be brought before a minister and an attendant. The Prince dismissed Lord Liverpool, saying that he would not detain him, as he knew he had much to do; and I saw Princess Charlotte in such distress, that I ventured to say I hoped the Prince would allow her to lie down. On this she roused herself, and with great dignity said she was not ill. However, the Prince soon after took his leave, and desired I would come with him.

I followed him into the library, where he told me that he was surprised at Charlotte's behavior; for that she had taken everything he had said to her, while they were alone, perfectly well. I answered, that the Prince's own feelings would suggest to him that, what her Royal Highness could bear from him, she could not support to hear mentioned before subjects and persons unconnected with the family; that I was sure of her attachment to him, but that if she did not feel for her mother (however faulty), she could not have the proper sentiments of a daughter for him. He took this remarkably well, and said he certainly felt for her; but it was better not to deceive her, and that the business would end very seriously. He added, that he had promised to communicate to her the result of the investigation, and would call on her the next day, or the day after.

Many days passed, and no visit from the Prince. He sent one or two messages to excuse himself, and we heard that every one talked of this unhappy affair. Sir John and Lady Douglass [1] had lodgings in Pall Mall, or St. Alban's Street, and were constantly with the inhabitants of Carlton House, as we were told. At length Princess Charlotte grew so very anxious that she wrote an affectionate note to the Prince, requesting to see him, which he answered very kindly, but said it was better they should not meet for the present, as when all was settled they might afterwards meet constantly with pleasure. Many more days elapsed, during all which time Princess Charlotte never went out. Lady Liverpool came one day, and was very anxious she should be amused by little parties at Carlton House, or asked to go to the play or opera. But Princess Charlotte constantly replied, that it would ill become her to appear in public while her mother was under a cloud of so tremendous a nature. At length the Miss Herveys, daughters of Mrs. Freemantle, and very intimate at Windsor Castle, called one morning and told her that if she did not appear in public her character would be lost, for that the most injurious stories were circulated about her and Captain Fitzclarence.[2] *This* had its effect with Princess Charlotte, and she resolved to take an airing in the Park.

This was on the 22d of February, and we afterwards went almost every day for an hour or two up and down the road where only royal carriages are allowed to go. What mischief was intended by this story of Captain Fitzclarence it is impossible to learn ; but it is certain that he neither came to Warwick House, nor sent a letter, during all the time I was with Princess Charlotte, nor do I believe he ever had, or that she

[1] Major-general Sir John Douglass had declared that the Princess of Wales was delivered of a child in 1802. This vile calumny was refuted by the evidence adduced before Lords Grenville, Spencer, Erskine, and Ellenborough, sitting in commission, in 1806. After Sir John's revival of this disproved slander, he was suspended from employment about the Duke of Sussex, expelled from a masonic lodge, and spoken of with contempt by Lord Castlereagh in the Upper House, and by Mr. Whitbread in the House of Commons.

[2] One of the sons of the Duke of Clarence (by Mrs. Jordan), and, therefore, first cousin of the Princess.

had ever entertained a partiality for him. He left his name at the door, as others did, before he went abroad, and when he returned.

But Sir Henry Halford had, before Miss Hervey's visit, taken great pains to persuade Princess Charlotte to go out, on the score of her health ; and it was evident to me that the great anxiety was to prevent the world from thinking that she took much interest in her mother's concerns.

At length, one day, the Duchess of Leeds remained at Warwick House while we went for our drive in the Park, and at our return we learned that she had been sent for to Carlton House. When she came back, she told me that the Princess's affair had finished dreadfully, and that the paper would be sent at eight o'clock to be read to Princess Charlotte, before her and me. Princess Charlotte wished we should be alone, and appointed the Duchess to return at eight, declaring that if Lord Liverpool or the Chancellor came to read the paper she would not listen to it, for that *in her eyes* her mother *must* be innocent.

At eight the paper came, sealed and directed to the Duchess of Leeds, who arrived a moment after, and who, with great delicacy, put it into the hands of Princess Charlotte. This conduct on her part had great weight with Princess Charlotte, and from that moment she always treated her with more cordiality than she had before done, though she was never uncivil to her, and very kind to Lady Catherine.

Her Royal Highness ran over the paper, and then said, "I have no objection to any one hearing this." She read it then aloud, and it implied nothing more than the result of the former investigation in 1806, and the consequent advice that Princess Charlotte should only be allowed to see her mother with the same restrictions as before. This very extraordinary termination of the business, after all that had been said, was a great comfort to Princess Charlotte, but did not increase her affection for the Prince. Addresses were now pouring in on all sides to the Princess of Wales, congratulating her on "having escaped a conspiracy against her life and honor."

Mr. Whitbread spoke in the House as her champion, and she became exceedingly popular.

On the 23d of March the Duchess of Brunswick[1] died. Sir Henry Halford brought the news to me at eleven at night. Princess Charlotte was much affected, and lamented not having lately visited her. But she had kept away from delicacy, on account of the painful affairs relative to the Princess of Wales. She wrote immediately to the Prince, to the Princess, and to the Duke of Brunswick. Next day she wrote to Princess Sophia of Gloucester, who was particularly attached to the Duchess; and the Duke of Gloucester sent a gentleman to me to inquire after Princess Charlotte. It was wonderful to see the kindness and energy with which this young person of seventeen acted on this occasion. She wished to have gone to see the Duchess, her grandmother, after her death, for her mind was not easy at having kept away from her during the last month or two; but Lady Anne Smith and the Duchess of Leeds — particularly Lady Anne — persuaded her not to go.

I must own that I had rather encouraged this idea when she started it, for I thought it proceeded from the best of motives, and I considered that royal personages are in general less prepared for the troubles of this life, because they are spared almost all painful and disagreeable scenes. Everybody, however, chose to interfere with respect to Princess Charlotte, under pretense of excessive anxiety for her happiness and welfare.

On the 25th the Prince called, and offered to Princess Charlotte that she should visit her mother at Blackheath.[2] She went, attended by the Duchess and myself, on the 26th, and we passed a very quiet and comfortable day. The Princess of Wales looked better than I ever saw her. She appeared to be affected and subdued, and was particularly so when

[1] Mother of Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness died at her lodgings in Hanover Square.

[2] The Princess of Wales had, at this time, taken up her residence in the village of Charlton, near Blackheath.

we came away, saying how uncertain it was when she should be allowed to see her daughter again. Lady Charlotte Lindsay was in waiting.

About this time Miss Mercer Elphinstone came to town, and Princess Charlotte wrote to ask the Regent's permission for seeing her; which was granted. It was evident that this had been arranged beforehand, and that the conditions were that Miss Mercer, who had more influence than any one with Princess Charlotte, should open her eyes to her mother's imprudence, and break the confidential intimacy between them. That this intimacy must in some degree be prejudicial to Princess Charlotte there were reasons enough to prove; but great delicacy was requisite on this subject, and perhaps not quite sufficient was observed, which gave room for false rumors amongst some opposition people (particularly the violent ones) that Princess Charlotte was won over by fêtes and balls, and had given up her mother. These rumors were, I believe, underhand, seconded by the agents of Carlton House, who had before spread the most infamous falsehoods about Captain Fitzclarence, etc.

I soon perceived the change, and also some difference of conduct towards myself. Princess Charlotte left off shaking hands with me when we met in the morning and parted at night — a circumstance trifling in itself, and unnecessary where people live in the same house together; but it was accompanied by hints that when she had an establishment her ladies should be kept at a distance, and a short time after that her ladies ought to be peeresses, or of the highest connections. I could easily guess whence all this was derived, but I said nothing.

One evening, however, Lady Anne Smith speaking very kindly of the advantage she thought Princess Charlotte had reaped from my being with her, her Royal Highness seemed embarrassed, which upset me; I burst into tears, and was obliged to remain in my room that evening. Next day Princess Charlotte hinted something about jealousy, of which I took no notice; but I perceived her mind had been poisoned.

I resolved, however, to go on doing my duty, and could not blame her for preferring the advice of a person whom she had known intimately for many years, who was shrewd, had talents, and a decision of character often very useful. It appeared to me an amiable trait in Princess Charlotte's character, and, as she did not treat me ill, I could not bring myself to be angry with her, though it necessarily changed my mode of proceeding. I could no longer be as open as I had been; and though I did not deceive her, and, when necessary, told her exactly what I thought, I was obliged to be on my guard, and to wait sometimes for days before I could hint anything which I was anxious for her to know. Miss Mercer appeared shy of me; and things were in this state when we were asked one day to dinner at Carlton House. It was just after the discovery of the body of Charles I. in the subterranean chapel at Windsor, and the Prince was acting the manner of decapitation on my shoulders. He was in good humor, and had given to Princess Charlotte the centre sapphire of Charles's crown, which he had received with the papers of the Stuart family from Rome.

The life we led at Warwick House was exactly that of a child and her nurse. Dr. Short, her Royal Highness's subpreceptor, a good sort of Devonshire man, with some classical knowledge, very little taste, an honest heart, but over-cautious temper, fearful of offending, used to come every morning and read English to her Royal Highness from eleven to twelve, at which hour he was succeeded by Mr. Sterkey, minister of the Swiss church, who read French to her; a man of good manners for his station, and of a pliant disposition, ready to do anything not actually wicked, and, I believe, an excellent husband and father. As to Küper, the German preceptor, I could not get her to let him give his usual lessons. She thought him a spy, and perhaps not entirely without reason; but he might have been useful with respect to information, for he was a learned man, and did not want judgment with regard to Greek and Latin, as well as the German language. Mrs. Miles, her music mistress, used frequently to give her lessons in the

evening; and she had instructions on the guitar, first from Ventura, a Venetian, who sang prettily, and had practical facility, and afterwards from Vaccari, a scientific professor of music, and an excellent player on the violin, who had left the band of the King of Spain, and whose wife was a Spaniard, and taught Princess Charlotte the wild Spanish manner of playing, which the Miss Fitzroys also imitated very happily.

The Bishop of Salisbury used to come three or four times a week, and "do the important" as her Royal Highness's preceptor. He had expressed great satisfaction at my coming into her service, and had, I know, wished it many years before; but however willing I was to be on the best terms with the Bishop, and to induce Princess Charlotte to treat him with attention, I could not but see how narrow his views, how strong his prejudices, and how unequal his talents were to the charge with which he had been intrusted by the good old king, much against the Prince's inclination. The Bishop's great points were to arm Princess Charlotte against the encouragement of Popery and Whig principles (two evils which he seemed to think equally great), and to appear himself a man of consequence. His best accomplishment was a taste for drawing, and a love of the fine arts. I have often put him in a good humor by showing him a drawing, or forwarding his proposals of accompanying Princess Charlotte to exhibitions. Indeed, though she was not fond of the Bishop's company at any time, and more particularly after two o'clock, when it had been decided by the Prince that he had nothing more to do at Warwick House, she would good-naturedly allow him to be our cicerone on these occasions, and nothing could gratify him more, except a Garter ceremony, on which occasion he never failed to make his appearance at Warwick House in his dress as Chancellor of the Order.

The Bishop having been preceptor to the Duke of Kent, and living much at Windsor, where he was formerly a canon, had imbibed the bad style of manners belonging to that place, and as it was not grafted on any natural or acquired elegance, he was in that respect also unfit for his situation; added to

which, his temper was hasty, and his vanity easily alarmed. His disputes with Lady de Clifford had been terrible, and he seemed now to bless himself that things went on so well and so quietly. Indeed, I thought it important they should do so, and the good Duchess of Leeds had no inclination to quarrel with anybody. Provided that she might ride two or three times a week at Hall's — a second-rate riding-school — on an old quiet horse for exercise, get into her shower-bath, and take calomel when she pleased, dine out, and go to all parties when invited, shake hands with everybody, and touch her salary, she cared for nothing more, except when mischievous people to plague her, or curious gossips to find out what was going on, talked to her about Princess Charlotte's petticoats being too short, of her Royal Highness nodding instead of bowing, or talking to the maids of honor at chapel between the prayers and the sermon.

On these occasions the poor Duchess became bilious, cried in her sleep, and begged and prayed me next day to talk to Princess Charlotte, for she did not like to venture on anything herself, unless driven to the last extremity. The financial department being wholly in her keeping, this was a very sore subject. Princess Charlotte had been, until just before Lady de Clifford left her, allowed ten pounds a month for pocket money; more than which she lost at cards at Windsor, for her Royal Highness was not fond of play, and still less of the practice of having her hand made for her to the detriment of others; therefore she, of course, seldom won a pool at commerce, and Lady de Clifford was obliged to furnish her with money for her little charities out of the eight hundred pounds a year allotted for her wardrobe. Before she left her Royal Highness she increased the monthly allowance to fifteen pounds, saying they could not lessen it; and this was all Princess Charlotte had absolutely at her own disposal; and now that balls and birthdays necessarily took up so much money for dresses, which the Prince and royal family expected should be new and splendid, the difficulties were great.

The Prince had desired Princess Charlotte to make him a

present of her portrait, and she had for some time been sitting to Sanders for that purpose. He is an excellent painter, but uncommonly slow. She wished it should be finished against the 12th of August, as a present to her father on his birthday; and we used to go very often to his study for these sittings. Sanders is a very particular man, very correct, very religious. So far from taking the liberty of admitting any one when her Royal Highness was there, it was with great difficulty we could prevail on him to let in Miss Mercer, Lady Tavistock, Lady Jersey, or the Miss Fitzroys, when the Regent particularly desired it; and it certainly was an annoyance to a nervous man, peculiarly anxious for the success of this picture, to have a set of women come and give their opinions, and afterwards talk over the balls and parties of the night before. Princess Charlotte, however, could not sometimes resist letting in these tormentors of poor Sanders; and she had so little amusement in general, that anything of this kind was an object to her. She listened with avidity to all the accounts her friends gave of the assemblies and other amusements of which she could not partake; and they would sometimes come for a little while in the evening, before they went to their gayer parties. Our only other entertainment was driving in the Park, and when that was objected to, on the road.

On the 17th of May we had visited the Princess of Wales on her birthday, but were not allowed to dine there.

On the 30th of June there was a magnificent ball at Carlton House, and the evening before we had been at the Duke of York's. The Duke of Gloucester was there, sat down by Princess Charlotte, and talked to her. This displeased the Prince, and there was much conversation with Lady Liverpool, who walked up and down the room, and was at last sent to desire that her Royal Highness would change places with Lady Bathurst, who sat on the other side of her. This she would not do, but walked into the next room. The Duke was greatly offended, and his sister much hurt. After the Queen, Prince, and princesses were gone, Princess Charlotte apologized to the Duke and Princess Sophia of Gloucester for what

had passed. This gave occasion to the Duke, who had been only talking to her before on indifferent subjects, to say that he meant to take no liberty, but that she might consider him as devoted to her, and ready to come forward whenever she would cast her eyes on him. Princess Charlotte came home indignant and hurt at having been watched and worried, and the ball was not so pleasant to her as it otherwise would have been.

The Duke of Devonshire used alternately to dance with Princess Charlotte and Princess Mary, not less, and generally more, than two dances at every ball. The Prince encouraged this, on account of his rank, and also from a regard for him on his late mother's account; and ministers were supposed to encourage it, because they hoped the attractions of Princess Charlotte might attach him to Carlton House, and so to the Prince, and so on to their side of the House in Parliament.

The Duke was by no means insensible to the charms of his future queen. Followed by all the mothers and all the misses in London, because he was the yet unmarried Duke of Devonshire, it is probable that he might wish to be liked for himself alone, and this must be the case if Princess Charlotte liked him. His ambition, also, might be roused, and he might, and perhaps unfortunately did, feel really attached to her. A good young man, of a benevolent heart, moderate abilities, and romantic turn (which I understand was the case with him), might easily fall into such a snare. He was very attentive, and Princess Charlotte's friends were, almost all, very intimate with him. Miss Mercer Elphinstone was supposed to like him, to wish to marry him, and to be playing a deep game, so that when he was disappointed of Princess Charlotte, he might take her, out of gratitude for her good offices. This ill-natured story was too ridiculous to be believed; for if Miss Mercer wished to marry him, she could not at the same time wish to encourage his attachment to a beautiful young princess of seventeen, who was generally thought the handsomest woman in the ball-room (for dress became her particularly), and who must, at all events, eclipse a woman of twenty-eight, whose

great fortune would be no attraction to the Duke. I heard this story from every one, but did not believe it. The Duke of Devonshire paid great attention to all Princess Charlotte's friends, and also to the Duchess of Leeds. As to myself, I was not acquainted with him, and rather avoided being so, that I might not be suspected of carrying on any intercourse between him and Princess Charlotte.

We continued to visit Sanders, as the time approached for going into the country; and Princess Charlotte was anxious that the picture should be finished. We also took long airings before and after dinner, and everything that could divert her thoughts from the loss she had sustained was, I thought, necessary to be done, and her life was so monotonous, that any other young person must have felt it excessively dull.

About this time, the middle of July, her Royal Highness being really by no means well, wrote a letter to her father, to request that she might be allowed to go to the sea-side, which was recommended by Sir Henry Halford, and which all the medical people said she ought to visit every year till she was five-and-twenty, as she had been accustomed to do till she went to Windsor in 1812. She sent for Mr. Adam, Miss Mercer's uncle, and the Prince's chancellor,[1] on this business. The request was not granted; the Prince was much displeased, and said that she was quite well. He also sent Sir Henry to me, to complain of our having been seen driving twice one day on the Chiswick Road, when the Duke of Devonshire was giving a great breakfast there. I said the fault was mine, as I had proposed to drive that way that Princess Charlotte might see the carriages; that her life had so little variety in it, and her health and spirits were at that time so indifferent, that I was anxious to do anything that could cheer her. The Prince scarcely called once in two months, and she saw none of her family except at the Carlton House parties.

Another heavy complaint was our going to the painter's. I agreed that it would have been better if he could have painted at Warwick House, but the light would not have suited him

[1] Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall.

for a large picture, and I desired Sir Henry to assure the Prince how scrupulously careful Mr. Sanders was as to quiet and privacy, insomuch that he would not let in his friend and patroness Lady Charlotte Campbell, and I added that the picture was for the Prince, as Lady Liverpool well knew, for she had discovered that such a picture was painting, had been to see it, and we had told her its destination. In the midst of all this sudden fit of ill humor we were ordered to Windsor, and arrived there on the 31st, to the great displeasure of Princess Charlotte.

The next day, 1st August, her Royal Highness and the Duchess of Leeds dined at the Castle, and the Duchess came home to me crying at night, having been severely reprimanded by the Queen and Prince Regent for her own conduct and mine.

The Prince Regent's birthday, 12th August, was kept at the new Military College at Sandhurst, where the Queen was to present new colors to the Cadet Battalion. All the royal family, the ministers and their wives, and a few others, were present. The Bishop of Salisbury had previously consecrated the chapel, and Sir Alexander Hope,[1] whose heart seemed quite devoted to this interesting colony, was all attention and propriety. His sister, the Dowager Lady Melville, lately appointed one of the ladies of the bed-chamber to the Queen, assisted Lady Hope in doing the honors ; as did the sister of the latter, Lady Hampden. The Prince did not speak to Princess Charlotte, the Duchess, or me, but looked as if he wished to annihilate us. However, the day in other respects passed very well, and the establishment was highly deserving of praise. The royal family dined in the house, the rest of the company under tents in the garden, and in the evening there was a little dance of five or six couples, promoted by the Duke of Clarence. The day had been remarkably hot, and the evening was a beautiful moonlight. When the Queen was about to depart, the Prince Regent was not to be found, and we afterwards learned that he, with the Duke of York, Prince

[1] The Governor of the Military College, Sandhurst.

of Orange (the father),[1] and many others, were under the table. The Duke of York hurt his head very seriously against a wine cellaret. In short, it was a sad business. We went home very quietly in an open carriage by the lovely moonlight.

On the 16th, the Duke of York's birthday, arrived the hereditary Prince of Orange with the account of a great victory gained by Lord Wellington over the French army commanded by Soult. A large party dined that day at Frogmore, of whom I was one, and we expected to see the hereditary Prince, but the Regent did not bring him. The Regent was in no better humor than on the 12th, but Lord Yarmouth paid great court to the Princess Charlotte, to the Duchess, and to me. The Prince Regent would not come to see the Princess Charlotte at the Lower Lodge, and gave, as an excuse, that he could not bear to see those d—— ladies, meaning the Duchess and myself — so, at least, we were told. Had I been the Duchess I think I should have resigned ; but perhaps not, as I thought this species of conduct, without any real ground, was possibly meant to force us to this step by making our lives disagreeable. I told Sir H. Halford so, and he asserted the contrary.

Sir H. Halford was at this time continually at the lodge, a great favorite of the Duchess, and constantly charged with messages from the Castle. One of his affairs there was to negotiate a marriage between the Duke of Brunswick and Princess Mary, of which it was to be understood the latter knew nothing. Poor Princess Charlotte was most willing to do all she could to persuade her uncle to this step, but it would not do, and, I dare say, was never forgiven by the Prince, if he knew it: which most probably he did. For neither Princess Mary nor Sir H. Halford would have ventured without being sure of his approbation, and the subsequent conduct of the Prince Regent to the Duke manifestly proved his displeasure. Hints were given with great caution of wishes in favor of the Prince of Orange, but Princess Charlotte had shown so great a dislike to that business, that nothing was said openly.

[1] Afterwards first King of the Netherlands.

At last, in consequence of a confidential conversation between Princess Charlotte and Princess Mary, I found the latter had warmly recommended marriage to the former, and next evening there was a long interview with Sir Henry; after which Princess Charlotte told me she had brought him round with respect to one person. I could not guess whom she meant, but thought it might be the Duke of Kent. She said, "No, it was the Duke of Gloucester;" and in the evening she told me that they all wanted her to marry, and that she saw they wished for the hereditary Prince of Orange, but that she would never marry him, and had told Sir Henry that the Duke of Gloucester was the most eligible person, and the one she would prefer.

I felt rather hurt that she should have committed herself in this manner, more particularly as I was sure she had no partiality whatever for the Duke; but I answered that it certainly was a marriage which in the eye of reason could not be disapproved, but that I was convinced neither the Regent nor any of the family would hear of it, the Duke's politics being a sufficient bar, added to the want of birth on his mother's side. Besides, I could not help reminding her of the difference of age, and, I added, I never saw anything to make me believe she liked him. Princess Charlotte answered that all this was perfectly true, but that she could never expect to marry from inclination, and that the Duke's character and temper were so good that she might reasonably look forward to being treated with kindness, and to see her husband esteemed by the nation.

In all this I heartily concurred, but still I felt exceedingly surprised at her having started it so suddenly, and augured nothing good from the proceeding. I expressed my astonishment to Sir Henry, and, at the same time, my total ignorance of the measure until it had taken place. When Sir Henry returned next time from town, he said that the Prince had taken it more calmly than he had expected, and that he would come very soon to Windsor and talk it over with Princess Charlotte, but that he could not give hope that the result

would be favorable. I begged only that the Prince would see his daughter at the Lower Lodge, as she always felt hurt at being only sent for to the Castle for the purpose of seeing him in her aunt's room.

The Prince came, and to the Lower Lodge. Princess Charlotte was desirous that I should see him first, and I met him on the stairs. He at first looked displeased, but I entered into an explanation with him on the former grievances, and cleared up the falsehoods. I heard what he chose to say on the present subject with proper respect, and he became very good-humored towards me; but when Princess Charlotte came in, although he did not raise his voice, and said he would be very calm and very affectionate, he was certainly as bitter as possible on the Duke of Gloucester, and not a little so to Princess Charlotte. He positively refused giving his consent to this union, but added, what I thought most important, that so far from ever wishing to control her inclinations, he would not even urge her to comply with any proposals by recommendatory means. He said he was himself too severe a sufferer to wish any other person, and especially a child of his own, to know the misery of an ill-assorted marriage; that he would invite over many of the princes of the Continent (for that a subject of England she could not marry), and she might then have her choice; that with respect to the hereditary Prince of Orange, whom she seemed to apprehend being forced on her, he would not bring him to Frogmore on the Duke of York's birthday, that she might not think he meant to recommend him (he took occasion, however, to praise him several times during this visit); and he ended by saying that her happiness and her honor were the wishes nearest to his heart.

When he took leave of her, and remained with me, he expressed great displeasure, and hinted a suspicion of her doing all this as a blind, and of her being attached to the Duke of Devonshire. I defended her on that point, but said that I regretted her having proposed the marriage with the Duke of Gloucester in the manner she had done, and that I wished to prevent her having such long conferences with Sir Henry,

farther than medical advice might render them necessary, as I was mindful of his Royal Highness's injunction of not leaving her alone with gentlemen; an injunction which my own sense of propriety rendered unnecessary. The Prince said that Sir Henry was the friend of the family, and that he had not the slightest objection to her being left alone with him; on the contrary, he had often sent messages by him.

After Princess Augusta's birthday, the 8th of November, we returned to town, and the Princess Charlotte seemed to feel happy and comfortable in being restored to the quiet life of Warwick House.

This quiet did not last long. Towards the end of the month Sir Henry Halford urged the business of the hereditary Prince of Orange, insomuch that Princess Charlotte came up much annoyed, after a long interview with him; but Lady Anne Smith was, I believe, more successful, and after a very long conference with her, on the 29th of November, I heard Princess Charlotte say that the Prince of Orange was certainly adored in the army, and that not only Lord Wellington, but all his brother officers, particularly John Fremantle, spoke most highly of him. I saw something was passing in her mind, but I never pressed to obtain her confidence.

Miss Mercer was still at Plymouth; the Miss Herveys, *i. e.*, Lady Knightley and Miss Hervey, daughters of Mrs. Fremantle, had, no doubt, worked hard, as far as their influence would go, in favor of the Prince of Orange, but the aversion of Princess Charlotte, till the evening I have been just mentioning, was so great, that nothing could persuade her even to speak of him with patience.

On the 1st and 2d of December, the Queen and two princesses being in town, we passed the evening at Carlton House. A print of the hereditary Prince was placed on a chair to be looked at, and Princess Charlotte thought it not ugly. The Prince was mighty busy and good-humored. He made Princess Charlotte a present of a belt sent him from Turkey, to which he had added a diamond clasp. The belt was studded with rose-diamonds. I heard him joke about a ring, and I saw

little Lord Arran hold up his hand in a mysterious way to one of the princesses, and heard him say, "It will do, it will do!" All this convinced me of what was going on, and I heard that dispatches had been received from Lord Wellington, stating that the Prince of Orange was to come over to see his father, who shortly before had returned to Holland, and was proclaimed Prince of the Netherlands.

On the 11th, after Princess Charlotte had seen Sir Henry Halford for a quarter of an hour, she told me she was to dine next day at Carlton House. I asked if the Queen and princesses were come back to town. She said, No; that she was to go attended by the Duchess, and to meet only a very small party. I said then I supposed the Prince of Orange was to be there. She said, Yes, he was just arrived. I was shocked at the suddenness and want of confidence in all this; but I felt I had no right to interfere. She was complying with the wishes of all her family; and I only said that I thought she did right to see the Prince of Orange, and to see him without prejudice; but that I also hoped she would take time for consideration in a case where the happiness of her life was concerned. She seemed agitated and unwilling to speak on the subject; in short, not daring to trust herself. She said she expected the Prince, and must write a note to say so. He came, and saw her alone; after which, I asked whether there were any orders for me the next day. She said, None. I then said that I should not go in the evening, as I was always ordered to do when she dined there; but that I begged, if I were missed, that her Royal Highness would tell the Prince that I would not intrude on what appeared to be so private a party.

Next morning, the 5th, we went to chapel, as usual, and I told the Duchess of Leeds that a print of the Duke of Devonshire, which had been hanging up with other portraits, for some time, in one of the rooms (a print which the Duchess of Leeds had herself brought from the Duke of Devonshire, as it was a private plate, and wanted, she thought, like many others, for the History of England which we were illustrating)

— that this print was taken down and given to Lady Anne Smith, and that of the Prince of Orange placed in its room. The Duchess rejoiced at this, as also that she was to meet the Prince of Orange at dinner.

When we came home, Princess Charlotte, contrary to custom, shut herself up in her own room, and only came out of it dressed for dinner. Her toilet was by no means *recherché*. She was dressed in violet satin, trimmed with black lace, and looked pale and agitated. I sat up for her return, which was about one in the morning, and she told me in confidence she was engaged to the Prince of Orange. I could only remark that she had gained a great victory over herself. She answered, "No, you would not say so if you were to see him; he is by no means as disagreeable as I expected." She mentioned his having spoken very handsomely at dinner of the old liberties of Holland, and said that in the evening the Regent took them both into a room, where they walked up and down together for some time; after which he took her apart, and said, "Well, it will not do, I suppose?" That she answered, "I do not say that. I like his manner very well, as much as I have seen of it." Upon which the Prince was overcome with joy, and joined their hands immediately. She told me the Prince of Orange had praised the Fitzroys very much at dinner, as also Colonel Hervey, Mrs. Fremantle's son, and had said that he had promised to ask for his being made aide-de-camp to the Regent.

Next day the Prince of Orange came to make his visit with Lord Bathurst, the Regent being busy. He shook hands with me very good-humoredly when I was introduced by Princess Charlotte. I thought him particularly plain and sickly in his look, his figure very slender, his manner rather hearty and boyish, but not unpleasant in a young soldier. The day after, the 7th, he came with the Regent, who left them together, and sat down with me by the fire in the adjoining room (with only a passage, at least, between us). He told me *in confidence* that the Princess Charlotte was engaged to the young Prince of Orange, but that he would not have her inform anybody,

not Miss Mercer, nor her uncles, till he should give her leave; that he should acquaint the Queen and princesses with it; that the marriage would not take place till spring, as the young Prince was now going to join his father for the settlement of the Dutch affairs, and that, as I remained now the friend of Princess Charlotte, no new arrangements being to be made until the marriage, he desired I would give her good advice, particularly against flirtation. He said she should go to Windsor for a week towards Christmas to be confirmed, and afterwards to take the sacrament with the family, and he should meet her there; but that he could not give her any dance on her approaching birthday, as no one would be in town, and he himself was going to the christening of the young Marquis of Granby at Belvoir Castle. I asked if it was his pleasure that I should go to Windsor with her Royal Highness, and he said, "*Most certainly.*"

While we were talking, we heard Princess Charlotte break forth into a violent fit of sobs and hysterical tears. The Prince started up, and I followed him to the door of the other room, where we found the Prince of Orange looking half-frightened, and Princess Charlotte in great distress. The Prince Regent said, "What! is he taking his leave?" She answered, "Not yet," and was going to her own room; but the Prince took him away, said it was time for him to go to the great City dinner, for which he had stayed, and they parted.

When they were gone she told me what was the cause of her sudden transport of grief. He had told her it was expected she should reside every year two or three months in Holland, and even, when necessary, follow him to the army; that the Prince and his ministers had not thought it advisable to tell her this, but that, as he always wished they should be open and fair with each other, he was resolved to tell her; that he was quite an Englishman himself, and hoped she would invite over what friends she liked, and that, with respect to her ladies, he only recommended one, which was one of the Fitzroys, and should himself prefer Georgiana. *This*

pleased poor Princess Charlotte, but she had never entertained the slightest suspicion that she should be obliged to leave England. I reminded her of a conversation I had related to her a few days before, when Mrs. T. told me she had heard "the Regent and his daughter were on bad terms because she would not marry the Prince of Orange," and I had answered that it was not true, as he had never been proposed to her. On which Mrs. T. said she should be sorry for one reason, as I should then probably go with her *to Holland*.

Poor Princess Charlotte was far from happy. On the 16th of this month (April, 1814) she wrote a letter to her father, humbly requesting to see the marriage contract, a sketch of which she heard from the Prince of Orange had been shown to him; she expressed her uneasiness at not hearing of a house or establishment, and begged that insertion might be made in the contract of an article to prevent her being taken or kept out of England against her inclinations. To this the Prince returned no answer, but on the 18th sent for me, and appeared greatly enraged, but promised forgiveness if she would withdraw her letter; otherwise, he said he must bring the matter before his Cabinet, declared that he had no intention to banish her, but that the duty of a wife was to follow her husband; that perhaps he might have to build a house for her, and that in the mean while, when she came to England, she might be at Carlton House. He said that neither her Royal Highness nor the hereditary Prince had any business to see the contract; that it had been sent to the sovereign of the Netherlands because it was a matter to be settled by fathers, but that the great provision of 50,000*l.* a year which was to be made, and the clause that her eldest son was, as the future sovereign of England, to be sent when between three and four years of age over for education here, proved that no harm was intended her; that the second would be sovereign of Holland, and educated there. He insisted on my repeating all this, and desired I would come back at twelve next day with her answer.

The answer which I took next day was not such a one as to

procure me a favorable reception, for Princess Charlotte adhered firmly, though respectfully and very affectionately, to the purport of her first letter. However, I found the Prince less violent than the day before, but very uneasy. He recapitulated all that, he said, had passed with respect to Princess Charlotte's engagement with the Prince of Orange, declared that he had not the slightest idea himself of the Prince of Orange being arrived, until Sir Henry brought him Princess Charlotte's message, desiring to meet him at dinner next day, etc., etc. I was kept a long while, and at length dismissed, with the arrangement that the Duke of York would be sent to talk to Princess Charlotte on the subject.

When I returned, her Royal Highness positively denied having given any such message to Sir Henry Halford. The Duke of York and Mr. Adam came on the following day, and the Duke wished me to leave the room, though Princess Charlotte was desirous I should stay. When they were gone she seemed hurt and agitated, and said the Duke was to come next day for her answer, but that she would write to prevent it, as it was very painful to her, from her affection for him, to disagree with him. Mr. Adam soon after came back, and asked for me. He told me the Prince did not mean I should leave the room ; that, on the contrary, he wished me to be present, and had now sent him to repeat to me all the arguments they had used with Princess Charlotte, that I might impress them on the mind of her Royal Highness, but that he could not stay now, as he was expected on business, and would return in the evening.

He came, and recapitulated what he had said in the morning with respect to Princess Mary, daughter of James the Second, and the Prince of Orange, etc., etc. He remarked, it was supposed Princess Charlotte must have legal advisers, as her letters were not those of a woman. I said that he must recollect, she had gone through a course of study on the laws of England, and by his own observation to me one evening at Carlton House, was allowed to be mistress of the subject. He smiled, and said her Royal Highness turned his arms against himself.

He was in the midst of this when Princess Charlotte entered the room with the letter which she had been writing, as she said she would, to the Duke of York, and put it into Mr. Adam's hand that he might read it; after which she sealed it and left the room. He conjured me to follow her and prevent its going; but before I arrived at the drawing-room it was gone. Miss Mercer was with her all the time. Her Royal Highness had been reading the passage in Burnet, where he mentions the provision made by the peers to prevent Queen Mary the First from being taken out of the kingdom by Philip of Spain, etc., etc.

Next day the Duke of York came and desired to speak with me. He repeated to me all the arguments before used, and added that Princess Charlotte labored under a great mistake, for that she seemed to consider herself as heir-apparent, whereas she could hardly be considered as presumptive heiress. He was very anxious to see her; but she refused it in the most peremptory manner, and was displeased with my pressing it, as she said I knew the pain it gave her.

After this, several letters passed between her Royal Highness and the Duke of York on the subject of their conversation, but without producing any change of sentiments on either side.

Shortly afterwards, I was called down-stairs early one morning to a Captain St. George, who said he was just arrived from Holland, and sent by Lord Bathurst. I found it was the hereditary Prince of Orange, and apologized for having made him wait, and for his having been shown into the comptroller's room. He asked to see Princess Charlotte, who was not up. She was not well, and greatly annoyed by this arrival. However, at last she consented to see him, and received him in a very friendly manner, assured him she had no complaint to make against him, and promised he should see copies of all her letters on the subject of residence, which were sent to him the same day at Lord Bathurst's. He said he had not seen the Prince Regent, and went from us to Carlton House. An hour or two afterwards he flew back, said the Prince desired they should both go over, and that all would be forgiven. To

this Princess Charlotte would not consent, as she was now fearful of being taken by surprise, and most earnestly entreated to be left quiet for the rest of the day. I prevailed with the young Prince to settle this with the Regent, and except a note in the evening to urge her to say what were her demands, that he might write them to his father, nothing more was done that day by the hereditary Prince. A correspondence now took place between them, and he used to come daily to see me in the library, and to talk over the letters and answers, as Princess Charlotte did not think proper to see him till it should be settled whether she should have security or not for remaining in England, save for temporary absences at her own choice. As soon, however, as he received an answer to a letter which he said he had written to his father on the subject, he asked leave to show it to Princess Charlotte, as it was favorable to her conditions, and from that time he came every evening. Lord Liverpool, after several fruitless attempts to persuade her Royal Highness to give up her demands, at length consented to the insertion of such an article as she wished,[1] and nothing was now required but the formal assent of the Prince of the Netherlands. In the mean while, the Princess of Wales, with whom Princess Charlotte had had very little communication this year, inclosed to her a note from the Queen, who was about to hold two drawing-rooms at Burlington House, excluding her from coming to them, on the plea that the Prince did not choose to meet her anywhere.[2] This hurt Princess Charlotte exceedingly; and she at first doubted whether she

[1] There was precedent for this — see following extract from preamble of the statute 1 Mary, sess. 3, chap. 2, relating to the proposed marriage of Philip and Mary: "That the said Lord Prince shall not lead away the foresaid most Noble Lady out of the borders of her Highness's realme, unless she herself desire it, nor carry the children that shall be borne of his matrimony out of the same realme of England; but to the hope of succession to come, shall there suffer them to be nourished and brought up, unless it shall be otherwise thought good by the consent and agreement of the nobilitie of England."

[2] "While every one in the three kingdoms was under the influence of excitement, it was not to be expected that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales would remain unmoved. The Queen was about holding two drawing-rooms, and as the Prince Regent intended to be present, his Royal Highness had requested her Majesty to intimate to the Princess of Wales his determination not to meet her, either

would go to the drawing-room in case it were intended she should; indeed, the order for her going to it did not arrive till two days before, and she had scarcely time to have a proper dress made up. She was not allowed to dress at home, lest it should be considered that she was going in state, and though she was then lame, having hurt her knee, it was proposed she should dress in Princess Elizabeth's apartments at the top of the Queen's house. To this the surgeons Keate and Clive objected; but we had to go at twelve, and a room on the second floor was given her to dress in. The day before this drawing-room arrived the answer of the Prince of the Netherlands, consenting to her remaining in England. The young Prince showed her his father's letter to that effect; but by that letter it plainly appeared that there had been instructions given him from England.

Soon afterwards arrived the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, with the hereditary princes of Prussia, Würtemberg, and Bavaria; Prince William, second son of the King of Prussia; his two brothers, Prince Henry and Prince William; Prince Augustus, cousin to the King and Lieutenant-general of the Artillery; Prince Anthony de Radzivil, the

in public or in private. The Queen was thus placed under the painful necessity of intimating to her Royal Highness that she could not be received at her drawing-rooms. This was quite sufficient provocation for the inflammable nature of the Princess, and the following day her Royal Highness addressed the Queen at considerable length, apparently acceding to the prohibition, but threatening to appeal to the public. Her Majesty answered with characteristic dignity, which elicited a rejoinder from her angry daughter-in-law, which produced only a simple acknowledgment from the Queen. She then addressed herself to the Prince Regent, referring, as usual, to the declaration of her entire innocence by the Government in 1807, and giving him to understand that they *must* meet at the approaching marriage of their daughter, and at their *coronation*; adding, that the prohibition was rendered intolerable, in consequence of the distinguished visitors then flocking into the country; one of whom, the illustrious heir of the House of Orange, had 'announced himself to me as my future son-in-law.'" — *The Duke of Buckingham's Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. ii.

Mr. Methuen, on the 4th of June, proposed in the House of Commons "that an humble address be presented to the Prince Regent, praying that he would be graciously pleased to acquaint the House *by whose advice he had been induced* to form the unalterable resolution of never meeting her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, on any occasion, either in public or private." After a brief and unimportant discussion, the motion was withdrawn.

husband of Princess Louisa of Prussia: the Prince of Oldenburg;[1] Prince Frederick, nephew of the King of Prussia, and many general officers; amongst the rest, Blücher and Platoff. London was out of its senses, and nothing but amusement was going on. Princess Charlotte was at one dinner at Carlton House to meet these royal personages; but at no other of the parties, either there or at Lord Stafford's, Lord Cholmondeley's, or any other house where they and the Regent were invited.

The Regent came one morning with the Bishop of Salisbury; seemed greatly out of humor, and wished Princess Charlotte to relinquish, as a mark of civility to the House of Orange, the insertion of the article. This she respectfully declined. The Queen bought her wedding clothes, and told her she need have only one court dress, as hoop petticoats were not worn in Holland. This, and a letter which she received from Princess Mary just before the sovereigns were about to leave England, saying that as soon as they should be gone it was the intention of the Prince to send for the Orange family, and to have the wedding immediately, threw her into great alarm, and induced her to resolve on having an explanation with the Prince of Orange. He amused himself very well all this time, danced at all the balls, went to Oxford, and everywhere. At his return from Oxford the explanation took place, and it finished by a rupture of the marriage.

All the princes visited Princess Charlotte, and I was particularly pleased with the manners of the Russians. There appeared to be great information, dignified affability, and no affectation amongst them. Their appearance was also highly in their favor, for most of them were handsome and fine figures. The Emperor of Russia came three or four times with his sister to Warwick House. They became violent advocates for the Prince of Orange, after the rupture of the marriage, and, I believe, in consequence of a long conversation the Regent had with the Grand Duchess, in which he is thought to have painted his daughter in no very pleasing

[1] Prince Alexander of Oldenburg was a child in the third year of his age.

colors. However that might be, when we went to take leave of these Russians, the day before their departure, at five o'clock, by the Grand Duchess's appointment, she took Princess Charlotte into a private room, and afterwards came out of it leaving her alone with the Emperor, having herself to receive the visits of the Duke d'Orleans, the Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Sophia Matilda. To this I respectfully objected, and requested I might be allowed to join Princess Charlotte. This she at first refused, and said she was very safe with the Emperor; but I said it was the Regent's order that she should not be left without the Duchess of Leeds or myself, even when her own uncles visited her.

She then unwillingly let me go, and I had some difficulty in getting past the Russian servants, who stood at the door of the room, where I found the Princess Charlotte with the Emperor. She seemed agitated, and he was persuading her to see the Prince of Orange, *who was in the house;* — I should rather say endeavoring to persuade her, for she had no inclination to give way. A newspaper lay on the table. He went up to it, and pointing to the name of Mr. Whitbread, he said she was giving up an excellent marriage, one essential to the interests of her country, and all to be praised by "a Mr. Whitbread." As he addressed this speech to me, I answered that his Majesty was much mistaken if he supposed that gentleman or any other had influenced Princess Charlotte's conduct. "Really?" he replied. I repeated the assertion, which Princess Charlotte herself confirmed, and the Emperor then asked me to persuade her Royal Highness to see the Prince of Orange, and renew the acquaintance. I answered that I had no right to interfere, and that a matter of such importance and delicacy could only be decided by her Royal Highness herself and the Regent. The Emperor, finding at last that he could gain nothing, took his leave on the entrance of his sister, and said he must join the Duke of Gloucester and the Prince of Orange. She did not renew her solicitations, but took an affectionate leave of Princess Charlotte, and kissed me.

After the sovereigns were gone, we heard that the King of

Prussia had insisted on the Prince of Orange (who had remained incognito) leaving the country, and had expressed himself with great moderation and propriety on the subject of the marriage being broken off. Prince Radzivil stayed some time longer, and we saw him twice or thrice. His friend, Prince Adam Czartorisky, a Pole of great influence in his own country, and who had been prime minister of Russia, had been introduced, and called to take leave. We heard nothing from Carlton House ; and Princess Charlotte's knee still suffering from the hurt it had received, increasing in pain from the sleepless nights she endured and the agitation of her mind, which also had an effect on her general health, Baillie, Clive, and Keate, who attended her, gave it in writing as their opinion that she ought to go to the sea-side for two or three months. About this time the Bishop, who often saw the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool, and was also, I believe, employed by the Regent, who formerly disliked and despised him, hinted to Princess Charlotte in a private conversation, and to me *on paper*, as I wrote to him on the subject, that unless Princess Charlotte would write a submissive letter to her father, and hold out a hope that in a few months she might be induced to give her hand to the Prince of Orange, arrangements would be made by no means agreeable to her inclinations. Her Royal Highness wrote to the Regent a most submissive and affectionate letter, but held out no hope of renewing the treaty of marriage.

This letter was sent on Saturday, the 9th of July. We heard various reports of the intentions of the Regent : it was said that I and the servants were to be dismissed, and that an apartment was being fitted up for Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a handsome young man, a general in the Russian service, brother-in-law to the Grand Duke Constantine, and a great favorite with the Emperor of Russia, told Miss Mercer Elphinstone many of these particulars. He had been once at Warwick House, the Duchess of Leeds and myself being present. Miss Mercer Elphinstone, who was intimately acquainted with him, came in

while he was there. He paid many compliments to Princess Charlotte, who was by no means partial to him, and only received him with civility. However, Miss Mercer evidently wished to recommend him, and when we drove in the Park, he would ride near the carriage, and endeavor to be noticed. There were reasons why this matter was by no means agreeable to Princess Charlotte. However, he certainly made proposals to the Regent, and, though rejected, found means to get into his favor. In the mean while, it was reported that he was frequently at Warwick House, and had even taken tea with us, which not one of the princes had done except Prince Radzivil, whom we invited to sing and accompany himself on the guitar. We heard that Lady Ilchester and Lady Rosslyn were talked of as being about Princess Charlotte, and I had hints from some of my friends, particularly from Lady Rolle, that a change was about to take place.

However, the letter of the 9th remained unanswered till the 11th, on which day the Bishop was detained almost the whole morning at Carlton House, and at five Princess Charlotte and I were ordered to go over. Her Royal Highness was too ill to obey; but I went, and found the Regent very cold, very bitter, and very silent. I, however, took the opportunity of contradicting any false reports he might have heard relative to the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and he answered that this prince was a most honorable young man, and had written him a letter which perfectly justified himself, and said that he was invited by Princess Charlotte; but that it was Prince Augustus of Prussia, and not he, who was in the habit of going to Warwick House. I justified Prince Augustus, as he well deserved; and apologized for Princess Charlotte's not coming over to Carlton House. The Prince said she must either come the next day, or Baillie must come to say she was not capable of walking over.

Next day, Baillie said she was quite capable of going over, and advised her so to do, but she was really so ill and so much affected, that it was impossible. Her Royal Highness, therefore, wrote to the Regent, entreating he would come to her.

The Duchess of Leeds, who, unfortunately, had been ordered to send in her resignation some time before, but still came as usual to Warwick House, called that morning, but I could not persuade her to stay till the Prince's arrival, as she said he might think it improper her being there. About six he came, attended by the Bishop only (as I supposed), but he came up alone, and desired I would leave him with Princess Charlotte. He was shut up with her three quarters of an hour, and afterwards a quarter more with the Bishop and her Royal Highness. The door then opened, and she came out in the greatest agony, saying she had but one instant to speak to me, for that the Prince asked for me. I followed her into her dressing-room, where she told me the new ladies were in possession of the house; that I and all the servants were to be dismissed; that she was to be confined at Carlton House for five days, after which she was to be taken to Cranbourne Lodge in the midst of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one but the Queen once a week, and that if she did not go immediately the Prince would sleep at Warwick House that night, as well as all the ladies. I begged her to be calm, and advised her to go over as soon as possible, assuring her that her friends would not forget her. She fell on her knees in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, "God Almighty, grant me patience!" I wished to stay and comfort her, but she urged me to go to the Prince, for fear of greater displeasure.

I went to him, and he shut the door; the Bishop was with him. He told me he was sorry to put a lady to inconvenience, but that he wanted my room that evening for the ladies, repeating what Princess Charlotte had already told me. I asked in what I had offended, but he said he made no complaint, and would make none; that he had a right to make any changes he pleased, and that he was blamed for having let things go on as they had done. He repeated his apology for putting a lady to the inconvenience of leaving the house at so short a notice, and I replied that, my father having served his Majesty for fifty years, and sacrificed his health and fortune to that service, it would be very strange if I could not put myself

to the temporary inconvenience of a few hours. He then said that in the arrangements at Carlton House there was a room which I might have for a night or two, if I had nowhere to go. This I declined, thanking him, but saying that I had lodgings, which fortunately were now vacant; and that Lord and Lady Rolle, who seemed to know much more of the business than I did, had, to my great surprise, offered me their house for the last fortnight. I then made a low courtesy to him, and left the room.

What was my astonishment when I could not find Princess Charlotte anywhere, and when at length Miss Mercer and her maid, who had come (as was often the case) to dress her before dinner, appeared from my bedroom, the latter crying, and Miss Mercer saying she supposed Princess Charlotte was gone to her mother!

The Prince came forward when I returned to the dressing-room, and I brought Miss Mercer, who desired I would do so, that she might not be suspected of anything clandestine. She told him, that as she was dressing herself in Princess Charlotte's bedroom, she heard her say she would go to her mother (Lewis, the dresser, thought when she took her bonnet she was going to Carlton House), and before they could prevent it she had disappeared. The Prince was very cool, and rather seemed pleased, saying he was glad that everybody would now see what she was, and that it would be known on the Continent, and no one would marry her. Miss Mercer cried, and said she hoped he did not think *her* to blame. I was indignant at the abuse cast upon Princess Charlotte. The Bishop and Miss Mercer offered to go and look for her, and proposed my accompanying them, which I refused, saying I should wait, for that I did not wish to be in *that house* — meaning the Princess of Wales's — but that if I went, and Princess Charlotte asked me to stay with her, I could not refuse remaining with her *there or in a prison*.

They went off, and I withdrew to my own room, whence I sent to Lady Salisbury, requesting she would lend me her carriage, which she promised to send me when it had taken

her to the opera at nine. About that hour the Bishop returned. He did not come to me, but I heard he was gone over to Carlton House ; that he had found Princess Charlotte, but had not brought her with him. I therefore went immediately to Connaught Place, and asked to see Princess Charlotte alone. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, in waiting on the Princess of Wales, came out to me and told me that her Royal Highness was with her mother, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, and Mr. Brougham, in the next room, and the Princess of Wales desired I would walk in. She added how much the Princess had been surprised when she heard by a messenger dispatched from the house to Blackheath (whither she had gone on business) that Princess Charlotte was there, and not finding Mr. Whitbread and another member — I forget whom [1] — to advise with, had sent for Mr. Brougham, and that before she got home Princess Charlotte had sent for the Duke of Sussex. I still begged to see Princess Charlotte alone, to which Lady Charlotte Lindsay seemed willing to consent ; but Miss Mercer, who came in, said she had promised the Regent not to leave her alone with any one. I said, rather stiffly, that she might with me, and her Royal Highness withdrew with me into the part of the room separated by columns, where I gave her her seals, to which was annexed a key, and a letter which had come during her absence. She met me with great joy, and told me I was to stay with her, for she had written offering to go to her father on that condition, and that she should retain her maid, and receive the visits of Miss Mercer.

We waited some time for the return of the Bishop with the answer to these proposals, and at length I offered to go to Carlton House, and endeavor to see the Prince. I did, but could not see him. I was told I might see the Chancellor or Lord Liverpool. I answered I was ready to see either of them, when I was ushered into a room where the Chancellor and Lord Ellenborough were seated at each end of a long table. The former informed me the Bishop was returned

[1] Mr. Tierney.

with the answer that her Royal Highness must submit unconditionally, on which I replied that I had nothing more to do, but return to her, and take her maid and night things, as she might be obliged to remain that night in Connaught Place. Lord Ellenborough said I should do better to remain, as it would be a comfort to her to find me there. I told him he was not aware of my dismissal, and of the order given me not to remain that night in the house, at which he seemed surprised, and I afterwards learned from one of his friends that he had been taught to believe all these coercive measures were only in consequence of Princess Charlotte's escape to her mother.

I went back to Princess Charlotte, taking with me Mrs. Lewis, her dresser; and when I arrived, I found the Bishop had stated she must submit to return to her father unconditionally, holding out the hope that Miss Mercer would be allowed to visit her. I saw the letter she had written. It was very flattering to me; but I did not wish to have been made an object of controversy between her and her father. It was two in the morning before the Duke of York arrived to take her away. I was too much affected to follow her down-stairs. I fell into hysterics; but when I went down to the Princess of Wales, Miss Mercer, the Duke of Sussex, and Mr. Brougham, who were assembled below, I learned it was with difficulty the Princess of Wales had persuaded the Duke to take Mrs. Lewis in the carriage. He had a paper in his hand when he came in, but did not unfold it; and I afterwards heard from the Duke of Sussex that a hackney-coach followed him with the Chancellor and two other lawyers in it, as also that when dear Princess Charlotte arrived at Carlton House, she was made to remain in the court-yard for more than half an hour, while they were debating within how they would receive her. The ladies appointed to be her attendants were, Lady Ilchester, Lady Rosslyn, Mrs. Campbell,[1] who had for-

[1] "Widow of a Colonel Campbell, who went out governor to Bermuda, or Bahama (I forget which), and died on his arrival there. Of this lady he (George the Third) had received a most favorable account from an authority he respected." — *Diaries of the Right Hon. G. Rose.*

merly been her sub-governess, and the two Miss Coates, nieces of Lady R. Miss Mercer took me home between three and four, and next day I called at the gate of Carlton House, and sent up a message to inquire after her Royal Highness's health. Lady Rosslyn sent down a very civil message to say she was well, and sent her love to me. A few days after, before she was taken to Cranbourne Lodge, which was on the Monday she found means, through Miss M., I believe, to send a letter written (on paper she had *stolen*) with a pencil, to be forwarded by me to the Duke of Sussex. His Royal Highness called and read it to me, and it contained a melancholy description of the manner in which she was confined and watched night and day. I wrote a note the day before her departure to Lady Ilchester, which was very civilly answered by Lady Rosslyn.[1] Mine only contained good wishes for her Royal Highness's recovery, and a request that she might be assured of them.

The Commander de Dolomieu.

The Commander de D. was a man of ability and warm feeling. He was the second son of a noble family in France, and, according to the custom of those times, belonged to the Order of Malta. His elder brother offended his father by his imprudence and impropriety of conduct. When the Marquis was in a state of health so precarious that little hope was entertained of his life, these two sons were sent for by their mother. The eldest was at Paris, but put off his journey from day to day. The second was with the Maltese galleys at Lisbon, but obtained leave of absence, and instantly hastened to the family château, near Lyons. On his arrival his father told him that he meant to make him his heir, and only leave to his elder brother an annual income, enough for his

[1] "My dear Madam, — I cannot think the request in your note can be inconsistent with my orders, and I will certainly communicate the contents of your note to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.

"I am, dear madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"Charlotte Rosslyn."

maintenance but not for the support of his extravagance. The Chevalier de D. did all he could to persuade his father not to disinherit his elder brother; but finding his efforts were fruitless, he went off to Lyons, and there, in a Chapter of his Order, pronounced the irrevocable vows which put it out of his power to receive the inheritance. After this noble, but what many will think romantic, act of liberality, he went back to Malta, where for some time he held one of the highest employments, and enjoyed the confidence of the Grand Master. He had reason to believe that about that time the Empress Catherine was endeavoring to make a secret treaty with the Neapolitan Government, for the purpose of becoming Patroness, or perhaps Mistress, of the island of Malta. When that island was given by the Emperor Charles V. to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, after the loss of Rhodes, he stipulated that he was to receive from them, as their liege lord, a falcon every year. That devolved to his descendants, the kings of Naples, and the Commander de D. was persuaded that it would be transferred to the Empress of Russia if the plot succeeded. That it did not was attributed to his influence with the Grand Master, and, consequently, he was not in good odor at Naples. He had also enemies among his brother knights, and as he was instrumental in the surrender of Malta to Bonaparte, though he is said to have acted from a good motive, this enmity was not a little increased. His chemical and mineralogical studies naturally threw him into the society of the philosophers, and at the beginning of the Revolution he belonged to the Constitutional party, but he was nevertheless one of those who joined the Swiss Guards in defense of Louis XV. at the Tuileries.

Victor Alfieri.

I ought before this to have mentioned the celebrated dramatist, Count Alfieri. One of his tragedies, the "Antigone," had been represented on a stage erected at the Spanish Ambassador's, where several plays were performed during the month of October, and where, notwithstanding its being the

season of "villeggiatura," there was much good company. The Prince and Princess Rospigliosi, her brother the Duke di Ciro, his young Duchess, and his secretary, were the principal actors; but in the "Antigone" Alfieri himself acted Creon; the Duke di Ciro, Hemon; the Duchess, Creusa; and Princess Rospigliosi, Antigone. They all played their parts with skill and propriety. The Duchess di Ciro had been taught by Princess Giustiniani, her mother, who had been very partial to this amusement, in which she also excelled.

In the "Barber of Seville," Prince Rospigliosi, who in society appeared to be rather a grave man, was a truly comic Figaro. The Countess of Albany was then at Rome, and lived at the Chancery, in the apartments of her brother-in-law, the Cardinal of York. This lady, as is well known, was a Princess of Stolberg, and great-granddaughter by the mother's side of Thomas Earl of Aylesbury,[1] who died at Brussels. She had been married to the Pretender eight or ten years, and lived with him at Florence, till one day she took refuge in a convent, on account, she said, of the ill-treatment she received from him when he was intoxicated. She afterwards came to Rome, where, as I have said, she was lodged at the Chancery. She had a lady residing with her, a chanoinesse. The Countess was present at the performance of the "Antigone," but she did not in general go out to parties. Morning visits, however, she paid, in which and in her walks she was always attended by the Countess de M. But the romantic attachment of Count Alfieri, of which no mystery was made — indeed, the verses he composed and the whole of his conduct sufficiently declared it — induced Cardinal York, on his return from a visit to his brother, who had been very ill at Florence, to apply to the Pope for the dismissal of the Count from Rome. Pius made answer that, according to the laws and customs of the state, he had no right to dismiss a stranger who was committing no offense against the country; and that all he could do would be to write to the Countess of Albany, and request her to persuade her friend, for the sake

[1] This is explained elsewhere.

of her own character, to leave Rome. He did so, and the Countess answered, that Count Alfieri never came to visit her but at the hour when her doors were open to all her acquaintance; she would beg of him, however, to comply with the request suggested by his Holiness. Count Alfieri remained a few days longer, and then went off at noon in a handsome equipage to visit Paris, London, etc. There was something very extraordinary, but very fine, in the character of Alfieri. He was introduced to us, and he asked my mother for letters to England, which she was happy to give him.

I think I never knew two persons more unlike than Alfieri and the Countess of Albany, in appearance, in manner, and even in sentiments. She must, no doubt, have been very pretty in early youth. She had fine eyes and teeth, but her figure was not graceful. There was nothing of the ideal beauty about her which one would have imagined as the object of Alfieri's dreams of bliss; but she must have been very much admired, for all travellers, as I have been told, used to call her the Queen of Hearts. Married at twenty to a man of fifty, and in a political, or rather, I should say, historical situation so peculiar, she was perhaps more noticed than she otherwise would have been. To us she was very kind and attentive, invited us to visit her, and never in any way neglected us. She wrote plain, sensible letters, and was not devoid of intelligence. Although I never heard her saying anything which could offend religious or moral principles, I have been told that she was very skeptical with respect to the former.

Princess of Stolberg Goedern.

At Frankfort, 1824, I called on the Princess of Stolberg Goedern, who was in her ninety-second year. She told me she could not conceive how the Countess of Albany, her eldest daughter, could have died so young, for she had lost her a few months before at the age of seventy. She was the daughter of a Prince of Horn, by Lady Bruce, daughter of

the Earl of Aylesbury, who, as a Roman Catholic, espoused the cause of the Stuarts, and died at Brussels. He was father of the first earl, who settled at Tottenham Park, and left the estate to his nephew, Thomas Brudenell, whom he intended for the husband of his only daughter, Lady Mary,[1] but she married the Duke of Richmond, and his widow afterwards married General Conway. The Princess of Stolberg was quite the great lady, but had been reduced to poverty. The late and present Lord Aylesbury allowed her an annuity, on which she chiefly subsisted; but she has lately obtained for herself and her unmarried daughter, who lives with her, a pension of 500*l.* a year from the King of England, for which they appeared to be very grateful. His portrait was in one of their bedrooms. The old lady is now able to indulge in the constant use of a carriage, and in going to the theatre, to balls, and great parties, from which she is the last to retire. The daughter, whom I had formerly seen at Rome with the Countess of Albany, with whom I was not then acquainted, appeared to be a sensible woman, and by no means so young in her ideas and pursuits as her mother.

The Landgrave and Landgravine.

After staying a few days at Frankfort I went on to Homburg, a small town situated on an eminence of one of the little hills on the ascent to the Feldberg. The castle is a large irregular building, and in the midst of the inner court is a very high insulated tower, which is said to be of Roman construction; but the upper part seems to be of the Middle Ages.

[1] Lady Mary was the only daughter of Charles, third Earl of Aylesbury, by his third wife, Caroline, daughter of John Campbell, Duke of Argyle, who survived him and married, not General Conway, but General Henry Seymour, brother of the first Marquis of Hertford. Lady Mary Bruce married Charles, third Duke of Richmond, and died without issue. Thomas Brudenell took the name and arms of Bruce in addition to his own, and in 1776 was created Earl of Aylesbury, the title having become extinct at the death of his uncle. The Count of Horn married Charlotte, daughter of Thomas, third Earl of Elgin and second of Aylesbury, by his second wife, Charlotte Countess of Samm, of the House of Argenteau in Brabant. It was Robert, second Earl of Elgin, who, for his devoted loyalty to Charles I. and Charles II., was created Earl of Aylesbury.

It stands at the highest extremity of the town, with a large garden and a terrace lined with orange-trees. I found the Landgravine (Princess Elizabeth) in a comfortable though not splendid apartment, and she introduced me to the Landgrave and to his sister, Princess Mary Anne, who is married to Prince William of Prussia, brother to the King. They have been staying here some time with their three children, the eldest of whom is a boy of thirteen, already in the service of the King of Prussia. Two of the Landgrave's brothers were living in the castle — Prince Gustavus, married to a Princess of Anhalt Dessau, and Prince Ferdinand. Besides these, the Landgrave had two other brothers, Prince Louis and Prince Philip, the former in the Prussian service. The Landgrave himself, a general officer in the Austrian army, commanded an Hungarian regiment. Princes Philip, Gustavus, and Ferdinand were likewise in the service of Austria, and all had distinguished themselves greatly during the war ; and their conduct, as well as that of their late father, had been highly honorable and disinterested. I was much pleased with the Landgrave. He had a noble frankness of character, and a patriarchal kindness for his family, which, added to his generous and humane care of his subjects, rendered him truly worthy of being beloved by all who knew him. There was a chapel in the castle in which service was performed twice a day every Sunday, alternately in the Calvinist and Lutheran manner. He had chaplains for each, who dined in turns with him ; and we went to both services. There were several Catholics in Homburg, who had a chapel of their own, to which the Landgrave had contributed. He not only found physicians for the sick, but paid for all their medicines, and usually visited them during their illness. He often, too, attended funerals, and was, indeed, the father of his people. He spoke and wrote French with great correctness, and without any unpleasant accent. He was well versed in history and geography, and had a good library of books of that description, and a great number of engravings, all of which he was most willing to lend me. He was remarkably neat in his per-

son, and never came into company without changing his dress if he had been smoking. He was then about fifty-four.

Princess William of Prussia was very handsome, and had a fine figure, with great dignity of manners. I believe she was well informed, and patronized literature at Berlin. Her sons, Prince Adalbert[1] and Prince Waldemar, were then very young, and her daughter, Princess Elizabeth, still younger. Princess Louisa, the wife of Prince Gustavus, had at that time only two daughters. She appeared to be gentle and pleasing, but unfortunately was very deaf. She mixed little in general society, being unwilling, as she said, to give trouble.

The Germans are very fond of gardens, and pass much of their time in them. Each of the princes had his own garden, and the Landgravine had two, to one or other of which she used to take me in the morning. We dined at two, except on Sunday, when the hour was three, on account of the two services at the chapel. On that day there were usually at least thirty at dinner. We supped at nine, and went to our rooms at ten. All these meals were announced by beat of drum.

The Landgravine had two maids of honor, and the Landgrave a master of the household, an aide-de-camp, and an officer who served as secretary, always in waiting, and who dined with us every day. There was also a widow lady, who had belonged to the Landgrave's mother, who dined daily at the castle, but only the maids of honor slept there. There were other gentlemen who belonged to the Landgrave, and often dined at his table, as did their ladies on the Sunday. A princess of Solms also dined there frequently, and she lived in a house in the town belonging to the Landgrave. There was a *maître d'hôtel*, eighty years of age, who, with his white wand, used to preside over the dinner and supper tables. The servants were very numerous.

The private apartments of the Landgravine consisted of

[1] Afterwards Lord High Admiral of Prussia. He distinguished himself in an attack on the Riff pirates. His brother, Prince Waldemar, travelled in India, and was present at the battle of Ferozeshuhur, under the incognito of Count Ravensburg.

several large rooms, well furnished, and a small boudoir, in which she usually sat. There was a very handsome suite of rooms, finely furnished, for princely visitors. The Landgrave's private rooms, however, were more simple, but he had in them some good pictures.

Prince and Princess William of Prussia did not remain many days after my arrival. When they were gone, the Landgrave and Landgravine took me to dine with the Landgrave of Hesse, at Rumpenheim, near Frankfort. He was the brother of the late elector, and son of the Princess Royal of England, daughter of George II. He had not long before lost his wife, a princess of Nassau, by whom he had had several children, one of whom is the Duchess of Cambridge. Her two eldest, Prince George and Princess Augusta, were then staying with him and his unmarried daughter, Princess Louisa, as was also his sister-in-law, a princess of Nassau, who had a house in Frankfort. Rumpenheim had been built by the Landgrave Frederick's mother, quite in the style of an old-fashioned English country-house, with a print-room, and furniture such as was in vogue ninety years ago. The garden was laid out after the same model. Everything was remarkably neat, and the dinner very good. The Landgrave had not forgotten his English, and talked much of his visit to London, and of "Aunt Emily." I believe he was at that time called "the handsome Prince of Hesse," and he had certainly great remains of beauty.

A violent thunder-storm accompanied us during the greater part of our journey back to Homburg. The Landgrave, with his aide-de-camp, M. Herman, led the way, according to his usual custom, in a drosky, and very prudently made us go as slowly as possible, in order not to attract the lightning. I have seen few countries in which the thunder-storms are so violent as in Germany.

Queen Dowager of Würtemberg.

On the 14th of August, 1824, I took leave of the Landgravine. The Landgrave gave me four of his horses to take

me to Frankfort, and put me into the carriage himself. On the 18th I left Frankfort, and passed through Darmstadt, Heidelberg, and Heilbrunn, to Louisburg, the residence of the Queen Dowager of Würtemberg. It was just noon when I arrived, and I was conducted to the Queen Dowager, who received me most graciously. Her countenance was delightful; her manners equally courteous and dignified. I felt as if I had long known her. We entered the drawing room at one o'clock, when she introduced me to the ladies of her court, and presented the gentlemen, after which we sat down to dinner in the adjoining room. Princess Pauline, her granddaughter, and daughter of Prince Paul of Würtemberg, was living in the castle with her governess, and dined always with the Queen. Prince Frederick and Prince Augustus came occasionally. Her eldest sister was already married to the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Emperor of Russia. The kindness of the Queen Dowager to these young people is not to be described. Indeed, she was continually occupied in doing good. I know not which was most to be praised, her devoted attachment to her own family, to the memory of her beloved father, and to the honor of her own country, or her kindness to the family and country of which she had become a member and an inhabitant.

[*5th Nov.*, 1824.] — The Queen Dowager tells me that the late King of England used often to mention a story which was traditional in his family. This was, that George I., not long before his last voyage to Hanover, where he died, dreamed that his divorced wife, the unfortunate Princess of Zell,[1] came to meet him dressed in green. He was alarmed at this dream, but fell asleep, and dreamed it a second time. He then made a knot in his handkerchief, and prayed that if it were meant as a warning he might find the knot untied in the morning; which, as the story goes, he did. He therefore told the Duchess of Kendall, his favorite, that if she had anything to

[1] Sophia Dorothea, daughter of the Duke of Zell. After the assassination of her paramour, Count Philip de Kœnigsmark, she was confined in the Castle of Dahlen. She died in 1727, only a few months before George I.

ask of him she had better make haste, for he did not think he should live long.

With respect to the mysterious death of the first wife of the late King of Würtemberg, a princess of Brunswick,[1] the Queen Dowager tells me her husband said that she was always imprudent; but that when she was in Russia with him the Empress Catherine gave her very bad advice, and had great power over her. One evening, instead of retiring with him and the Grand Duke and Duchess, as usual, she went out of the other door with Catherine. He never saw her again, but went off, and took away his children with him. The Queen Dowager says she died in a Russian fortress; but whether poisoned by order of the Empress, or in child-bed, cannot be known.

Miss Knight at Homburg.

Nov. 26, 1828. — This morning one of the Landgrave's officers, who is much employed by him, and dines at the table every day, was married to the daughter of the Landgrave's Master of the Horse. He had been ennobled by the Emperor of Austria at the request of the Landgravine, because if the young lady had not married an "edelman," or noble, she would have lost the portion given to her by a Chapter to which she belongs. The Emperor signed the letters of nobility, as a compliment, on the Landgravine's birthday. The wedding took place at the house of the lady's father. After the ceremony, her parents, according to the custom of the country, surrounded the bride, and tied a handkerchief over her eyes. They then took off her garland of myrtle and placed it on the head of the young lady nearest to her, who happened to be her own sister. This is supposed to prognosticate which is the young person who will be the soonest married.

One day very much resembles another. This is the ordinary routine. At seven the drum beats a *réveil:* a few min-

[1] His first wife was the Princess Augusta Carolina Frederica Louisa of Brunswick, married 1780, died 1787.

utes afterwards the stoves are lighted. At half-past eight the servant brings hot water, and at nine, coffee, boiled milk, a small white loaf, a piece of brown bread, a slice of butter, a salt-cellar, and in a saucer ten small lumps of sugar. At half-past eleven a message from the Landgravine to know how I have slept, and if I should like to go out with her at a quarter or half-past twelve. At which hour, if tolerably fine, we go out in a drosky, and afterwards walk, returning home by a quarter before two, when the trumpet sounds for dress. At two, it sounds again to serve up dinner. I then go through a long passage, down twenty-five steps and up twenty-five steps, which lead me to another long passage, and that to the drawing-room, where I find two or three or more guests. The door opens, and the gentleman esteemed the most considerable gives me his arm. We walk into the dining-room, and stand still till the other door is thrown open, when the *grand maître d'hôtel* with a white wand and hat in hand, enters, preceding the Landgrave and Landgravine, followed by the aide-de-camp of the former and the maids of honor of the latter. All sit down to table, the Landgrave having made me a sign to sit down beside him on his left hand. On his right is the Landgravine, and next to her one of his brothers — except when Princess Louise, their sister-in-law, dines at table, for then she sits between the Landgrave and Landgravine. Three or four times in the week the band plays during dinner, after which the brother gives his arm to the Landgravine, and the Landgrave his to me. During all these movements the ladies courtesy and the gentlemen bow down to the ground. We walk into the drawing-room; the Landgrave and his brother stand at one window; the Landgravine and the ladies sit near another; the gentlemen stand at the other end of the room, unless any one happens to be addressed by the Landgrave. Coffee is served; after which the Landgrave and Landgravine leave the room, making bows and courtesies, which are answered by profound bows from all present. A maid of honor throws a shawl over the Landgravine's shoulders and walks after her, first turning to salute the company.

The aide-de-camp does the same, and follows the Landgrave, after which everybody retires. The drum beats soon after as a salute to the Landgrave and Landgravine as they drive out in a drosky, returning before six. About half-past six the Landgravine sends for me. A servant with a lantern lights me down-stairs to her apartment, and I sit with her in her boudoir till eight o'clock strikes. The servant then lights me through the passages and up the twenty-five steps, and I arrive at the drawing-room, where I find a maid of honor at the tea-table, and, about a quarter of an hour later, the door flies open, and the Landgrave and Landgravine enter. The former takes his tea, and then desires the card parties to be formed; he playing at one table and the Landgravine at another. At a quarter before nine the other door opens, and Prince Ferdinand, the Landgrave's youngest brother, comes in, and bows to the company. He walks up and down and looks at the players, at a little distance; then sits down, and then walks again. I sit at the corner of the Landgravine's table. A few minutes after, the drum beats for some time. At half-past nine the aide-de-camp and a captain, who is always in waiting, come in with low bows, and almost immediately afterwards a servant enters, goes up to the *grand maître*, and announces supper. He is probably playing at the Landgrave's table, but, as soon as the game will permit, he rises, takes his white wand and hat from the chair on which he had deposited them, and comes up to the Landgravine's table, where he stands till he catches her eye. He then announces supper, makes a bow, and retires. As soon as the parties break up, all go to supper, as before to dinner. The Landgrave and Landgravine retire as soon as it is over; so do the company; and a crowd of servants and kitchen-maids rush in to put out the lights and carry away the plates and dishes. The guard is relieved every two hours: at one, three, five, etc. At eleven at night a man blows a horn eleven times, once at one, and three times at three. On Sundays we dine at three. The princes and officers all in full-dress uniforms, and company, to the number of thirty to

thirty-five, all full dressed. On Mondays and Thursdays, the days for hunting, we dine at half-past two.

Anecdotes.

[The following anecdotes are selected from a large number, recorded by Miss Knight mostly at the end of her journals. They were either written from her own personal knowledge, or picked up by her in society, and set down at the time in her note-books. They are of unequal interest, and if not all new, are, at all events, authentic.]

The following parody on the old song of "The Vicar of Bray" was a great favorite with General Elliott: —

"And this is law I will maintain,
My tune it ne'er shall alter,
That whosoe'er is King of Spain,
We will keep Gibraltar."[1]

In the course of this year I picked up also the following anecdotes. Captain Bonapace said that there was an old gentleman, seventy-five years of age, living at Venice, whose father still allowed him only a very small weekly sum for pocket money. One day a beggar asked him for alms. "*Come volete*," he exclaimed, "*che il figlio del padre eterno vi dia qualche cosa*?"[2]

A Turk, who had been converted to the Roman Catholic religion, being rebuked for eating fowl on a Friday, sprinkled a little water upon it, saying: "As a drop of water turned me into a Christian, why should not a drop of water turn that fowl into a fish?"

Sir James Hall told us, that when Sir Robert Keith in-

[1] This was not the only poetical effusion of the gallant general. He also composed the following lines on a young lady who died in consequence of dancing too much, and drinking too much lemonade, at a ball: —

"Do you know who's gone away?
Do you know who's gone away?
The masquerade and lemonade
Have done for Jenny Conaway."
Miss Knight, on the authority of Lieutenant Koehler

[2] "How can you expect that the son of the eternal father should give you anything?"

troduced Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Lemon to Count Kaunitz, the latter asked: "Ces messieurs parlent-ils Français?" "Fort bien, fort bien, monsieur," replied Mr. Lemon. "Pour moi," said the Count, "j'aimais mieux ces Anglais qui venaient autrefois, et qui parlaient mal le Français." "Dans ce cas-là," answered Sir Robert, "vous serez très content de ces messieurs-ci."

The Pope sent to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and asked him, as a favor, to change one hundred thousand crowns' worth of "cedules." The Grand Duke expressed his readiness to do so if his Holiness would allow him to buy as many oxen as he pleased in the Papal territories without paying the usual tax. To this the Pope agreed, and the Grand Duke bought up an immense quantity of cattle, for which he paid in the "cedules" he had just been changing.

April 19, 1831. — Prince de Talleyrand wrote the other day to Louis Philippe, who had been intriguing to get the throne of Belguim for his second son, the Duke de Nemours: "Il faut que votre Majesté se rappelle qu'avant de pouvoir mettre le pied en Brabant, il faut avoir le pied en Europe."

The Duke of Orleans was always making unjust complaints of Louis XVIII., and one day went so far as to say to M. de B. that it was very unwise to treat him in that manner, for, added he, "Je compte pour beaucoup en France." M. de B. answered: "Cela n'est pas possible, monseigneur, car vous n'êtes ni brave, ni généreux;" and, turning his back on him, left the room. The Duke from that time overwhelmed M. de B. with civilities and flatteries.

Charles X. says that his conscience acquits him of having had anything in view contrary to the good of his people, whose lives he wished to spare, and whom he was only anxious to save from the artifices of faction. He was made to believe that there would be twenty-nine thousand troops in Paris, and that all would pass over quietly. The Dauphiness still speaks with tender affection of her native country, notwithstanding all she has suffered there. She said the other day to a lady: "*On nous calomnie cruellement; mais croyez-vous que l'histoire nous rendra justice?*"

The Grand Duchess Helena is now (July) at Sidmouth, and her father, Prince Paul of Würtemberg, is with her. An Irish family were presented to her amongst others, when she said to them: "What are you doing here? You ought to be in your own country, and spending your money there."

Don Pedro, Duke of Braganza, ex-emperor of Brazil, told a lady of very high rank, who repeated it to me, that the misfortune of the present age was that none of the sovereigns had a head to manage affairs.

One of the French papers says, that in the recent elections M. B., a Royalist, has been chosen, at which it manifests great surprise, but adds, that the department for which he had been elected had not attained that degree of civilization which excludes the idea of legitimacy. From the well-known opinions professed by the journal in question, it cannot be suspected of jesting on the subject.

Somebody having said in conversation that ministers had advised his Majesty to dismiss his household troops, a gentleman answered: "In that case he should begin by dismissing the *Greys*."

It is said Prince Leopold has been *forced* to accept the crown of Belgium. The expression is, "a pistol has been held to his throat, and another to that of the King of Holland, to make the one accept and the other resign, to avoid bringing England and Holland into collision." We are not, however, obliged to believe this. Louis Philippe has long had great influence over Prince Leopold.

The King (William IV.) said the other day, in speaking of Don Pedro: "To be sure, we are both sovereigns — at least, he *was* one: but there is a great difference between us for all that; for I am an honest man, and he is a thief."

A Frenchman, lately arrived in London, was asked if he had caught the influenza: "*Ah! non*," he replied; "*je l'ai prise en grippe*."

Lady Talbot of Malahide is turned of ninety. She is of a very ancient and distinguished family in Ireland, and, in gratitude for certain favors bestowed, came over to the coronation,

and went also to the following drawing-room. I met one evening one of her sons, who is an admiral, with his niece, her granddaughter, and they said she was not in the least fatigued.

It has been discovered that four persons were sent from Paris to take the life of the Duke de Bordeaux. Three of them went in separate stage-coaches to Edinburgh, but they have been forced to return, and additional sentinels have been placed at Holyrood. The child now does not walk out with a servant as before, but only goes out in a carriage. The fourth assassin does not seem to have been found out.

A stranger happening to be in Paris soon after the Revolution of July, 1830, was stopped by a young chimney-sweeper, who asked him if he had seen the King of the French. The other replied in the negative. "Would you like to see him?" continued the chimney-sweeper. "Only give me a piece of five francs and you shall see him." The stranger agreed to do so, and they went away together to the Palais Royal. As soon as they were in sight of the balcony the boy began to call out, "Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe!" in which cry he was joined by the rabble near him. The King of the French came out to make his obeisance, and the gentleman gave a five-franc piece to the sweeper. "Now," said the boy, "if you have a mind to hear him sing, only promise me five more, and you shall be satisfied." The stranger assented, and his Majesty, at the command of the mob, joined in the Marseillaise Hymn, with all the appropriate grimaces.

At the time when Louis Philippe was shaking hands with everybody in the street, he held out his hand to a man, who said, "Stop a little." Thrusting both hands in the mud he offered them to the King, saying, "Now they are fit for you."

Thirty years ago Louis Philippe remarked: "*Je n'aurai de paix que quand je serai Roi de France.*"

Since the shameful business of the lawsuit respecting the late Duke of Bourbon's will, they call Louis Philippe "*Louis Filou.*'

"Le peuple! c'est le peuple qu'on loue et qu'on blâme:
Hélas! le bon peuple n'a ni raison ni tort:
Corps sain et vigoureux, dont un héros est l'âme,
Ou machine du traître agissant à ressort."

The young Duke de Bordeaux, while playing at ball, was accosted by a Frenchman with many compliments, who told him he would certainly be king. "*La place est prise*," answered the boy. The man kept teasing him, and at last said: "*Mais j'ai envie d'assassiner celui qui a pris cette place.*" "*Et moi*," replied the young Duke, "*je le défendrai.*" This was said with an air of noble contempt, and he would not listen to anything more the man had to say.

The Countess de N. says she knows from certain authority that Casimir Périer in his ravings, during the last few days of his life, fancied himself Charles X., and that he was constantly ordering to the block the traitor Périer.

1832. — The Duke of Richmond, great-uncle of the present one (recently deceased), was very fond of hares and rabbits, especially the latter, and used to have them constantly served at table, dressed in various ways. His chaplain in ordinary, who used to sit near the lower end, was not a little tired of them, more especially as by the time they came to him they were often quite cold. So, being asked to say grace, he recited: —

"Rabbits young, and rabbits old,
Rabbits hot, and rabbits cold,
Rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
Thanks to Heav'n, we've had rabbits enough."

Sir Herbert Taylor says that "The English are never so happy as when they are discontented; the Irish never in such good humor as when they are breaking heads; and the Scotch never so much at home as when they are living upon others."

Count de M., when Minister at Stockholm, was staying at the house of the Count d'Uglas, after the Countess and his young daughter, who was in a bad state of health, had left him on their way to Paris. One morning he told the Count and Countess d'Uglas that he had passed a very uncomfort-

able night, for that he had continually seen a kneeling figure, sometimes on one, sometimes on the other side of his bed, and that, though the back was turned to him, it perfectly resembled his daughter. The impression was so strong upon his mind that he sketched the figure, which, in fact, did resemble hers. On comparing dates, it afterwards appeared that his daughter had died at that very time.[1]

An old woman, who died a few years ago in Ireland, had a nephew, a lawyer, to whom she left by will all she possessed. She happened to have a favorite cat, who never left her, and even remained by the corpse after her death. After the will was read in the adjoining room, on opening the door the cat sprang at the lawyer, seized him by the throat, and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him. This man died about eighteen months after this scene, and on his death-bed confessed that he had murdered his aunt to get possession of her money.

Lord Nelson, writing to the Admiralty for supplies at a time when his squadron stood in great need of them (in the year 1799, I think), said: "We must have them from home, for Spain *would not*, Naples and Sicily *could not*, and Sardinia *ought not*, to supply them."

1835. — A man, who squints very much, was talking to M. de Talleyrand about public affairs, and wound up by saying: "*Enfin, Prince, tout va de travers.*" To which the other replied: "*Oui, monsieur, comme vous voyez.*"

It is said that in a late debate which terminated in the resignation of several of the ministers, Lord Stanley handed over to Sir James Graham a scrap of paper, on which he had written with a pencil: "Johnny will upset the coach" — meaning, of course, Lord John Russell.

Some one having remarked to Talleyrand, when he was living on his estate in banishment from the court during the later years of Bonaparte's reign, that he must find the life he led "*bien monotone*," the Prince replied: "*Monsieur, le monotone fut le berceau de la vie.*"

[1] This story is told on the authority of the Countess d'Uglas.

Sir Edward Sugden, a celebrated lawyer who has lately come into Parliament, having heard that he had been turned into ridicule for being the son of a hair-dresser, made answer: "So I am, and I am come into the House to give a dressing to the Whigs."

Sir Walter Scott told Mr. Howard, of Corby, that the only verses David Hume ever wrote were made at an inn in that neighborhood. They were as follows: —

> "Chickens in eggs at breakfast sprawl;
> Godless boys God's glory squall;
> Scotchmen's heads adorn the wall;
> Corby's walks atone for all."

These lines were probably written soon after the affair of '45, and I suppose the "Scotchmen's heads" were exposed on the walls of Carlisle.

Mr. Howard was one day at a great dinner party which the late Duke of Norfolk gave to several of his neighbors. He sat at the bottom of the table, the Duke being at the head, and one of the gentlemen who sat near the Duke called out to him and said: "Mr. Howard, will you drink a glass of wine with me? There was a connection between our families." "With a great deal of pleasure, sir," replied Mr. H., "though I don't know exactly what the connection is; but in this county there have been several marriages between neighbors." "Why, sir," resumed the gentleman, "your ancestor, Lord William Howard, hung up twenty-three out of twenty-seven of my family, and you must own that was *a tie*." This reminded me of an anecdote I heard at Brighton. General Dalrymple, who was between ninety and a hundred years of age, was introduced by the King to Lord Errol as an old friend. "Ah! my lord," said the General, "the last of your family I have seen was Lord Kilmarnock's head on Temple Bar."

An English lady at Paris, who was obliged to have an arm taken off, six months afterwards married the surgeon who performed the operation. On which a French gentleman remarked: "*Elle lui a donné la main pour lui avoir coupé le bras.*"

The King of Sardinia (Charles Albert) is very kind and obliging to the French Royalists who are at Turin. The Duke de F——, with whom he is connected, has an employment about the court — he had been severely wounded, and lost a leg in the affair of the Three Days. The King heard that the Duke was anxious to visit the King and royal family at Prague, but that his finances were not favorable to so long a journey. His Majesty, therefore, thought of an expedient which would enable the Duke to gratify his loyalty, without his feeings being wounded. "Duke," he said, "would you do me the favor to choose some horses for me (at such a place) in Bohemia; and as your best way will be through Prague, of course you will pay your respects to the royal family there." As the journey was on the King's service, the Duke could feel no reluctance about having his expenses paid.

The Countess de B. told me the other day that her mother was once remarking to Cardinal Costa, a very clever man, that she could not help feeling indignant at the conduct of certain ministers as being without good faith or probity. "Ah, ma chère dame," he replied, "quand il s'agit de la politique, il faut se rappeler que ce ne sont pas des gens baptisés."

Massena was a native of the county of Nice; when he was here after the Restoration he told a story of what happened to him once when he had the command of the French army in Spain. Early in the morning of an expected battle he walked through the camp, disguised by a soldier's cloak, that he might judge of the disposition of his men. He heard three of them talking together about the forthcoming engagement. One said: "Ah! I hope I shall get a pair or two of stockings, for mine are worn out." Another wished for the acquisition of a couple of shirts, as his own were in rags. Turning to the third, they said: "And what do you want? You say nothing." The young man answered: "What do I care about stockings and shirts? I want to do something that will get me the cross of the Legion of Honor, and then I may rise like our general to be an officer and a marshal of France, for he began like myself as a '*pauvre gredin*.'"

Many stories are told respecting the death of Ferdinand (of Spain) and his will. Some say that he had signed a codicil revoking his disposal of the crown, and restoring Don Carlos to his rights; but that the Queen, on her return from hunting, finding him dead, and having been told of the codicil, sought for it in his secrétaire and in the drawers of a table where he kept papers. Being unable to find the secret place in which it was deposited, she ordered the two pieces of furniture to be burned. Others go still farther, and pretend that, had she been brought to bed of a son, Ferdinand would have lived *a little longer*, etc., etc. It must, however, be remembered, that where great personages are concerned, and party spirit prevails, there are many inventions. The character of Don Carlos is certainly that of an honest man, even by the account of his enemies. I recollect hearing the late Duke of Gloucester say that Mina told him that, although he was not himself of the party of Don Carlos, he believed him to be the honestest man of the family.

I forget who told me the following anecdote of the Marquis of Wellesley, when Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was at table with a party of Irish gentlemen who were chiefly Orangemen, and in the dining-room hung a painting of the battle of the Boyne, which in that country is usually called the Victory of Boyne Waters. The company wishing him to pronounce an opinion, invited him to change his seat. "Surely, my lord," said one, "you would not turn your back on Boyne Waters?" Lord Wellesley answered, pointing to a bottle of claret that stood before him: "Oh, I never look at water when I can get wine."

Count Alfieri, one morning, as he was sitting with the Countess of Albany, was informed that Napoleon had just issued orders for several children of the first families of Florence, as of other great cities of Italy, to be sent to Paris to serve as his pages, and afterwards enter the army. One asked, "What could be done?" Another, "How could it be avoided?" A third remarked, "If they go, their principles will be perverted, and they will be estranged from their coun-

try; and if they are not sent, their parents will be persecuted, ruined, imprisoned. What *is* to be done with them?" Alfieri suddenly exclaimed, with great energy, "*Ammazzarli!*"[1]

1836. — At a ball given by Count M., at Vienna, the French Ambassador, M. de St. Aulaire, expressed to the Countess his great admiration of a coronet of diamonds she had on her head. "*Ah! quelle belle couronne, Madame la Comtesse!*" "*Au moins*," she replied, "*elle n'est pas volée.*"

It has been remarked that during the long series of princes of the House of Savoy, neither assassinations, nor family quarrels of any political consequence, nor acts of unjust usurpation, have stained the annals of their history; an observation that could not be justly applied to any other royal family now possessed of European thrones, or to any other list of European sovereigns. The far greater number of these princes of Savoy have been good monarchs, and many of them distinguished for their bravery and military talent.

It is said that Tasso conceived his beautiful idea of the Garden of Armida from the views in the neighborhood of Turin, and particularly from the spot where stands the "vigna," or villa, of Sir Augustus Foster. The garden which is said to have inspired him with the original conception is supposed to have been what is now called the Old Park. Tasso was on a visit to the Duke of Savoy.

A celebrated surgeon, named Livois, who was in the French army, took compassion on a dog whose leg had been fractured by a shot during the siege of some place or another. He set the bones, and cured him. Some time afterwards he found waiting at his door the same dog, with a companion who had a broken leg, and whom he evidently wished to introduce to him. The surgeon cured this second dog also, and mentioned the circumstance to the Countess du C., who repeated it to me.

Charles X., who expired at Goritz, in Styria, in the night between the 5th and 6th of November, 1836, had entered upon

[1] "Massacre them!"

the eightieth year of his age in the preceding month. He was active and cheerful to the moment at which he was seized by the fatal malady which closed his mortal existence in less than thirty hours. During this time he suffered greatly, but died tranquil and resigned, forgiving his enemies, those who had injured him, and those who had been misled. He had visited the Princess of B. and his nephews, the sons of Don Carlos, on his way to Goritz, where he was about to establish himself with his family. The 4th of November, St. Charles's day and his own fête, he had celebrated with a few friends, and he had been received with great cordiality by the inhabitants of Goritz.

It has always appeared to me that Charles X. was the true model of a gentleman. He was agreeable, unaffected, and amiable in the best sense of the word, and an affectionate and faithful friend. His look came from the heart, and what he said, however gratifying, could not be suspected of flattery. If in his youth he was gay, his conduct in mature age was respectable, without prejudice or ostentation. His piety was sincere and fervent; and, without presumption, I think we may venture to say that he has made a blessed exchange. The Duchess of Hamilton told me that he said to her at Holyrood, speaking of the Revolution of 1830: "I meant well; therefore I lay my head down peaceably to rest."

A banker having observed that one of the ladies whom we call "exclusives" always bowed most graciously to him when she took money at his bank, but did not return his bow when he passed her in the street, one day, when he met her, took out a gold piece of twenty francs, and presenting it to her, said: "*C'est un peu cher, mais je serais bien aise d'avoir un bon salut.*"

In the island of Sardinia there are many persons who live in the mountains, chiefly in the open air, for they have no habitations, but sometimes seek refuge in caves. They are remarkably brave, active, and revengeful, bearing animosity against those with whom they are at variance from father to son. They are called banditti, and are punishable by the laws

of the Piedmontese Government when they can be caught, but they do not attack travellers, nor commit any robberies. Some of them, it seems, lived not very far from the castle of the Marquis de B., and between eight and nine one evening, while he was at table, his butler whispered to him that one of their chiefs, whose name he knew, wished to speak to him. He ordered him to be shown into his own room, and then went to him. He was a man between forty and fifty years of age, but his hair, including a long beard, was already quite gray. He was armed with pistols, dagger, and musket, and had with him a dog, as had also each of his companions. These were four in number, and one of them, a young man of twenty-one, remarkably handsome. The chief pressed the hand of the Marquis, and said that he trusted to his honor, and was sure he would not betray him, but that he wished to ask him to obtain, if possible, their pardon. The Marquis could not promise this, but assured him he should not be betrayed. "If he were," cried one of his companions, "we would defend him to the last, and even die with him." The Marquis gave orders to his butler to invite them to supper, which they readily accepted. They sat down, each with his dog by his side, but, before they would touch anything, the chief said to the butler, "I must beg you to begin; not that I expect any treachery here, but some of our companions were poisoned at a supper. Pray excuse me." The butler complied; and when they had finished their meal they retired, with many thanks. At a short distance from the castle a large party of this tribe were posted on a slight eminence to protect their friends. When the Marquis left the castle he saw them there, and they cried out to him, "*Buon viaggio!*" This happened in June, 1836.

The Pope mentioned one night at supper that the "barcarole" that brought him from Venice had since gained three hundred crowns, at half a baioccho from each person, by letting people kiss the place where he was seated, adding: "*Quanto mi piace di vedere la fede di questi buoni Veneziani!*" He also said that one of his gloves having fallen from his hand was instantly cut into a thousand pieces for relics.

The Pope having lately found an obelisk, has had it removed to Monte Cavallo, where it is to be placed between the two statues. The expense and trouble were no slight matter. The other day the following inscription was placed on it: "*Fac ut lapides isti panes fiant.*" Infinite pains were taken to discover the author and have him punished, and on the following morning was written beneath the other: "The author is St. Luke, chap. iv. 3."

The Pope stayed two nights and a day at Cesena, and ordered his bed to be placed in the room in which he was born. His people were so little used to travelling, that they forgot the chocolate-cup, and, after much searching in the town where they happened to be, they told the Pope there was not one to be got fit for his use. "Well, then," said he, "give me the chocolate in a pipkin." When the Pope wanted to change his linen, the valise in which it was packed happened to be two hours behind on the road. The baggage-cart broke down, and, it seems, caused the oddest confusion ever beheld, mitres and chalices tumbling about amongst pots and pans. It resembled the furniture of a play-house, and a gentleman remarked that the Pope was a good actor, and was now removing his theatre to Vienna. He is a strolling player, then, said another. Some one expressing a certain curiosity as to the sort of honors the Emperor would show the Pope at Vienna, a by-stander replied: "He will probably dispense with Lent, and give his Holiness a masked ball."

Princess Dashkoff being with other strangers in the gallery of the Senate-house at Venice, where it is not permitted to open the door after the sitting commences, insisted upon going out, exclaiming aloud, "*Ces perruques m'ennuient.*" She made so much noise that the senators sent up to desire her to be quiet, but she only repeated that "she *would* go out." Upon this, one of the senators said: "Gentlemen, shall we have a ballot to see whether this mad woman shall go out or not?" It was then put to the vote and carried in the affirmative, and, the door being opened, the Princess went out by herself.

There is a negro woman at Rome much protected by the Queen of Portugal. She is dressed in red, and goes about with a Madonna in a box, asking alms for founding a monastery in Portugal for negro girls under the protection of the father and mother of St. Joachim. She went to the Pope to ask his permission, and mentioned the saints who were to be the patrons of her order. The Pope answered, that he had no doubt but what the father and mother of St. Joachim were good people, but they were not on his list.

A cardinal's cook in time of Lent having made up all his "*maigre*" dishes with the gravy and fat of meat, went to confession, and, among other sins, mentioned this one. The confessor, however, refused to give him absolution until he promised that he would no longer make his master violate Lent. Faithful to his promise, the cook changed his sauces, whereupon the Cardinal complained bitterly that his dinners were not so good as formerly, and the cook was called up, and obliged to tell his story. The Cardinal inquired the name of his confessor, and having sent for him, remonstrated with him for meddling with the private government of his family. The friar replied, that the cook's salvation was in danger if he had continued to give his master *gras* instead of *maigre*. "Well," exclaimed the Cardinal, "and do you think it reasonable that, to save the soul of such a low fellow as that, you should expose my Eminence to the discomfort of fasting!"

Mr. Boswell being asked by Burke why he put so many absurdities into his Life of Dr. Johnson, replied: "You, sir, have been guilty of greater absurdities." The other defied him to point them out. "Do you remember," asked Boswell, "when you said in Parliament, 'We have the best of kings and the most grateful people?'" Burke replied, "You have reason."

Boswell was asked by the King how he would ever get through his work on Dr. Johnson. "Sire," said he, "I have a more difficult task than that — how to call the unfortunate grandson of James II., whose adventures in Scotland I propose to narrate." "Why," replied the King, "call him the unfortunate grandson of James II."

Mrs. Piozzi says she has been punished, like a vagabond, by hard labor and a month's confinement; and nine times in her life she has suffered the same fate.

Lord Nelson says, that when he was seventeen years of age, he won 300*l.* at a gaming table; but he was so shocked on reflecting, that, had he lost them, he should not have known how to pay them, that from that time to this he has never played again.

When Admiral Nelson's arm was cut off, the surgeon asked if he should not embalm it, to send it to England to be buried; but he said, "Throw it into the hammock with the brave fellow that was killed beside me," — a common seaman.

The Queen of Naples desired to have a portrait of Nelson. Little Prince Leopold said he would get a copy, and stand continually opposite to it, saying, "Dear Nelson, teach me to become like you."

Captain Troubridge wrote to condole with Captain Darby, of the *Bellerophon*, for his wounds and the number of people killed in his ship; but added that had his sufferings been fifty times as much, *he* had rather have been in his place than have borne the anguish he felt from running aground and being kept out of the action; that he had found great difficulty in keeping from shooting himself; and that he even then frequently shed tears. Captain Darby and Captain Gould, who was present when he received the letter, both wept.

I remember a young officer of the French navy saying one day: "I should like to be an English peer until I reached thirty-five. I would then be a marshal of France till fifty, and afterwards come to Rome, be a cardinal, and never die." The same officer, looking at the fine picture of the "Magdalen," by Guido, exclaimed: "Oh, what a lovely picture! I have always liked Magdalens in every stage of their existence."

Signor Balbi was surprised to find that there was no Burgundy left in his cellar, when he wanted to place some before a party of friends who were dining with him at his country villa. "Ah!" said he, "it must have been that Englishman,

Lord Fortrose, who has been staying here some days with my wife, that has drank it. Ah ! I never thought of my wine."

The Bishop of Parma said, that in that climate they had "*nove mesi d'inverno, e tre d'inferno.*"

The Archbishop of Genoa hearing an abbé say that the earth moved round the sun, told him he was astonished at his impiety in flatly contradicting the Scriptures, which say, "*Terra autem stat.*"

Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, being at a ball with a lady, daughter of the late M. de Guichen, Lieutenant-general of the Marine, for whom she was in mourning, kept tormenting the latter to dance. The lady replied that she could not dance while she was in mourning for her father; but Madame de Staël still importuned her, until she said : "Consider, madame, if you had had the misfortune to lose your father, could you think of dancing so soon ?" "Oh !" returned the other, with a haughty air, "there is such a difference between fathers and fathers." "True, madame," replied her companion, "there is a great difference. My father served his king and his country during sixty years — yours in a fortnight has ruined both."

Two Frenchmen of the lowest order, talking of the present condition of their country as they were crossing the Rhône, one of them said it was delightful to be equal to the nobility and gentry. "True," replied the other, "it would have been pleasant to have been upon an equality with them while they were something; but now we have brought them down and ruined them, I do not see what we have gained by being equal to them."

The Princess of Monaco stayed here a few days after the Prince's departure, in the hope that the revolution aimed at by the aristocratic party would take place. When she received an express from the Prince, she wept bitterly while she read his letter, and then immediately ordered post-horses and set off, exclaiming : "*Adieu, mon palais ! adieu, mes honneurs ! Je ne suis plus rien.*"

The Corsicans having lately heard that they were to be re-

stored to Genoa, represented to the government that, rather than be given to their former masters, they begged that France would bestow them on the person to whom Louis XI. formerly gave the Genoese. During the reign of that monarch the Genoese sent ambassadors to his court, with instructions to place the republic under the protection of France. "*Les Gênois*," said they, "*se donnent à votre Majesté.*" "*Et moi*," answered the King, "*je les donne au diable.*"

A Venetian, being asked by a German where his countrymen got their lion with wings, replied: "We caught him in the same forest where you found your two-headed eagle."

Linnæus hated Buffon. He used to say that Buffon's eloquence would mislead the world so as to make it believe his lies. One day, being at dinner with the mother of the present King of Sweden (Gustavus III.), at her country-house at Drottningholm, he saw a portrait of himself and one of Buffon in the room. He rose from table, and begged she would take away one or the other, for he would not have his portrait in such company. When very old, he used to go out herborizing with several hundred students of the University of Upsal. He had a trumpet with him, by which the signal was given to call his scholars around him when he found any plant particularly curious. They also brought to him all that they had collected, which he classified and explained to them, sitting down upon the grass. He was simple in his habits and behavior. He could speak French very well, but would not, because he hated the nation. He also spoke German, and a little English. He was much beloved. When the funeral service was performed over him, the man who had been gardener for twenty years of the botanical nursery he had established, came and strewed his grave with boughs of cypress — which Linnæus had introduced into Sweden — and with the most curious exotics in the garden.

The Piedmontese called all the Genoese "Bacciacini," that being a common name at Genoa. When they met any of the inhabitants of that city in the streets of Turin, they plagued them by calling out: "*Bacciacini dom, dom, dom*" — imitat-

ing the sound of the great bell for assembling the Consiglietto.

An Italian at Vienna was telling a lady how long he had been travelling, and pronouncing French according to the manner of his nation, he said: "J'ai été un *âne* à Paris et un *âne* à Rome." "Mon cher Abbé," replied the lady, "il paraît que vous avez été un âne partout."

M. Lageswärd said, in the presence of Baron de Wrangel, that the latter had the reputation in Sweden of being very fickle in point of gallantry. "Why, no, indeed, my dear friend," answered the Baron; "I have really been very constant; but consider, when a man has been making love near sixty-five years, how many mistresses he must necessarily have had."

Signor Michel Angelo Cambiaso, who was long a prelate in Rome, said that in that city two things are eternal — the women and the friendships.

A few years since a Russian lady of high rank — who had escaped from her own country, either on account of her being acquainted with some circumstances relative to the death of the late Emperor (Peter III.), or because she had some right to the crown by inheritance — stayed a few months in Italy, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany told her he would answer for her safety so long as she remained at Florence, but that he would not advise her to trust to any Russian. Count Orloff, however, became intimately acquainted with her, and paid great court to her, till at last he persuaded her to partake of an entertainment on board the Russian fleet, at that time anchored off Leghorn. Notwithstanding the advice of many persons, she went on board, and has never since been heard of. It is supposed that she was thrown into the sea. Count Orloff dispatched a messenger to his imperial accomplice as soon as he had secured his prisoner.[1]

[1] This anecdote is related on the authority of Baron Wrangel, and is also mentioned in Wraxall's "Memoirs of his own Time." It was said that this "Russian lady of high rank" was a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth by Alexis Ragumofsky, and that the English Consul, Mr. John Dick, assisted Count Alexis Or-

When Lord Bruce and Mr. Brand were at Paris, arms and liveries had been abolished about three weeks. The people came and stared at the coronet on Lord Bruce's carriage, and at the motto, "Fuimus." Luckily, said Mr. B., none of the Dames de la Halle understood Latin. The populace looked at the Ambassadress's footmen in livery as the most extraordinary sight in the world, though so short a time had elapsed since they had been accustomed to see everybody's servants dressed after that fashion.

Mr. B. going to make a visit at Cambridge to Prince William, son of the Duke of Gloucester, saw a fiddle on the table, and, taking it up, asked the tutor if his Royal Highness played. "Not much," said the other; "only God save his uncle, and such little things."

Signor Stefano Lassagna said the war of '46 spoiled all the etiquette of Genoese society. Formerly the gentlemen behaved much more politely to the ladies, and he himself remembered the time when Prince Doria walked beside the chair of Madame Morando with his hat off, in a great fall of snow, though he had his own chair following behind.

A general reform having been instituted at Genoa in the signs of inns and taverns, no saints or foreign sovereigns were to be allowed. The man who kept the "Santa Marta" being ordered to take down that sign, put up "Albergo Imperiale" in its stead. He was then told that the Emperor did not rule in Genoa, and so he next stuck up the arms of the republic, with the motto "Libertas," and he calls his inn "La Libertà."

Signora Marina Spinola having arranged to marry her daughter to the son of Signor Dominico Serra, said she did not mention the circumstance to her till all was settled, because the young man is agreeable; but had he been ugly, she would have told her at once, to accustom her to the idea. One Sunday the bridegroom went with his father and mother and all their family, even to nephews and nieces, to visit the

loff in luring her on board the Russian fleet. But Mr. Kelly states that she was "an adventurer who called herself Countess Tarakanoff; he allured her on board his ship and sent her to Petersburg." — *History of Russia*, vol. ii. p. 57.

bride, Signora Spinola having also invited her relations to be present on the occasion. The visitors arrived about half-past five, when the young lady was to kiss the hand of her future mother-in-law, which the latter was to endeavor to prevent: however, she succeeded very dexterously in doing it. Signora Serra went away early, but left the sposo, telling Signora Spinola that he would stay till she sent him away. This puzzled Signora Spinola, but she arranged the matter with Signor Cheeco Viale, who, at half-past seven, told the young man it was time to walk home. All the time of the visit the latter sat on a sofa beside the young lady, talking to her on indifferent subjects. The next day Signora Spinola, her husband, and a friend went to return the visit of Signora Serra, when the latter requested her to charge herself with the care of providing the marriage outfit — which is always furnished by the parents of the bridegroom — excusing herself on the plea of ill health and the absence of her daughter. She added, that she intended to spend as much as she had done for the daughter of Prince Doria, who was married to another of her sons. Signora Spinola at first demurred to spending another person's money, but finally accepted the commission. In the contract it was to be inserted that the marriage should take place before September, and the Serra family wished it to be in June. The young man was to be dispensed from the ancient custom of watching to meet the young lady whenever she went out with her mother, and he was to be allowed now and then to visit at the house. They were to live with Signora Spinola for a year and a half, or two years, until a house could be fitted up for them.

The Count d'Artois carried his little son, the Duke d'Angoulême, to see the young Dauphin. The child, expecting to see something extraordinary, looked disappointed, and exclaimed: "*Mon papa, comme il est petit!*" "*Tu le trouveras un jour beaucoup trop grand,*" replied the Count.

The Père Procureur of the Order of Doctrinaires came to make us a visit, and said that he was trying to get the founder of his order canonized, provided it did not cost too much. He

had already expended six hundred crowns on the congregations before whom the question has to be laid. These are composed of prelates, heads of orders, and cardinals; but he believes the last do not receive anything. Every congregation costs a hundred and fifty crowns in chocolate; the lawyer gets twenty more for his carriage and other expenses; and the rest goes in *mancias* to the servants. The Prelate Promoter of the Faith is usually styled "Avvocato del Diavolo," his business being to raise objections to the proposed saint. The present candidate for canonization is of an ancient family of Avignon. His brother was a "*chef d'escadre*," and he himself was in the army of Henri IV. At that time he used to make verses to the ladies, and was a man of the world; but he afterwards turned abbé, and founded an order for the instruction of children. His name was César de Busse. They are now trying to prove his virtues to "an heroic degree," and afterwards they will come to his miracles, without which he cannot be beatified. It is somewhat difficult to find proofs of these, but they hope to succeed, provided the order in France find money enough; but there seems to be some reluctance to spend much for these purposes. Connected with this, the Père Procureur related to us an anecdote of one of the Boromeo family, who told his son he need not give himself so much trouble, for they would never try to make a saint of him, as his uncle's canonization had already ruined them. The feast of a beatified saint is not observed by the Church in general, but only by his own order.

When Marshal Richelieu went to Bordeaux he was tired out with harangues from all sorts of people. At last they told him that the Gardien of the Capuchins wanted to address him, but the Marshal vowed he would hear no more. Being prevailed on, however, by the people about him not to mortify the poor man, he said he would receive him provided his discourse were brief. The Capuchin, then entering, said: "Monsieur le Maréchal, nous vous souhaitons autant de bien dans l'autre monde que vous en avez eu dans celui-ci."

When Marshal Villars was going to give battle to the allied army, he looked at his troops, whose uniforms had become very shabby, and said to them, pointing to the new regimentals of the enemy: "*Habillez-vous, mes amis.*"

The harlequin at the Comédie Italienne at Paris called for a seat, and they brought him a chair. "Non, non," said he, "ce siége n'est pas assez long. Je voudrais m'appuyer. Donnez-moi un autre siége: donnez-moi un siége comme celui de Port Mahon."

A Neapolitan prince, being on his death-bed, sent for his confessor, and, after making a long confession, he said there was one thing he had omitted because he had not courage to tell it. After much difficulty and many exhortations, the friar prevailed upon him to impart the secret. "Father," said he, "I can never hope to be saved, for I have fought a duel." The confessor reproved him in suitable terms, but added, that his repentance would insure his pardon. "Oh, father!" exclaimed the Prince, "there were aggravating circumstances. The dispute was occasioned by my saying that Tasso was superior to Ariosto, and we fought three times on that account." "It was very improper, to be sure," replied the friar, "to have risked your own life and that of a fellow-creature for so slight a reason, but you may hope to be forgiven." "It is impossible, father," persisted the Prince, "for though I disputed so vehemently, I have never read a line of either Tasso or Ariosto."

When the Archduke Maximilian was at Paris, he went to see the Cabinet du Roi. M. de Buffon was there to receive him, and presented his Imperial Highness with a copy of his works, elegantly bound; but the Archduke said, he could not think of robbing him. He went likewise to the Ecole Militaire, where the young gentlemen were going to be put through their exercises for his amusement, but he said he did not wish to fatigue them. The Parisians called him the "*Archi-bête d'Autriche.*"

When Pope Lambertini went to see the Opera House fitted up for the cantata which the Duke de Nivernois gave on the

birth of the present King of France (Louis XVI.), the prelate who was in attendance wanted to take off the "stola," thinking that it was not decent so sacred a habit should appear in a theatre, but the Pope prevented him, calling him a "*minchione*" (a blockhead). Somebody wrote over the door, *Indulgenza pleniaria.*"

When the Bishop of Derry was at Rome, he refused to help a French gentleman at Cardinal de Bernis's table to some olives, saying he "would not give the olive to France." The Marquis de Fortia replied, "And yet it is the duty of your profession to do so, milord."

On the road from Naples to Rome the Cavaliere Lascaris was much annoyed at the slow pace the postilion went. He called out to him several times to go quicker, but the man always excused himself by abusing the Pope for keeping such bad roads. On reaching the end of the stage the Cavalier caned him handsomely; and, that the people around might not take the postilion's part, he went on saying what a rascal he was to abuse his sovereign, such a good prince, too, etc., etc. The other then protested that he did not mean the present Pope, he meant Pope Rezzonico. "Worse and worse," cried the Cavalier, "for he was a saint. I must beat you all the more."

As Mr. Hewetson was putting up a bust in the Pantheon one day, three persons who had taken refuge in the church offered to help him. One of them said he had done nothing wrong, but the corporal of the sbirri owed him a grudge; and another declared that he was an honest man, he had never stolen anything, he had only killed a man. When any one here is taken up for a crime, the judge asks him his name, and some have been cunning enough to reply, "Chiesa" (Church). The judge then says, "I have taken an oath that I would never attempt anything against the Church, and therefore, as that is your name, you must go before the tribunal of Ecclesiastical Immunities." The man is accordingly sent there, and soon afterwards returned to the judge, with a message, telling him that he may do what he pleases, he will not offend the Church.

But if the prisoner persists in saying that his name is Chiesa, the judge will have nothing to do with him, and again refers him to the tribunal, and so the affair drags on forever. No man, besides, is ever condemned to death unless he confesses his crime, but the torture is applied to extort the confession. One poor wretch made a likeness of the gallows, and stuck it on his foot, that he might remember in the midst of his sufferings that it was worse to be hanged. Many outlaws are living at Ostia, but all for homicide and assassination. They would think it a disgrace to their society to allow a robber to live amongst them.

The little Prince Santa Croce, about five or six years of age, had got little Prince Giustiniani down, and kicked him most unmercifully. The latter took refuge in a corner, but the other ordered him to come out, that he might kick him again: "If you do not," he added, "I 'll give you a *coltellata*" (a stab).

Cardinal de Bernis said that Count Alfieri was very prodigal of reflections, but very covetous of words.

The Chevalier du Theil remarked to us, in speaking of a minister who was giving fêtes on some public occasion, "*On s'ennuie à les préparer, on se ruine à les faire, on est critiqué quand on les a faites.*"

The Marquis Castiglioni, as he was going to Naples, scolded his wife because the cook's carriage had broken down, which, he said, was owing to her not having gone to mass in the morning before they set out. He afterwards said it was the fault of the "*femme de chambre*," whom he abused dreadfully, but a few hours after desired the Marchioness to give her two sequins.

A Jew of Pisa being very ill, ordered two Jew attendants to call in a curate to baptize him, for that his conscience would not allow him to die in peace without he became a Christian. He said he heard them in the next room agree that they had better kill him than let him change his religion. Upon that he desired so earnestly to be baptized, that an angel, dressed in white, came down and christened him; and from that mo-

ment he grew better. On his recovery he informed the Archbishop of Pisa of the miracle, and, the Archbishop wrote to Rome to know if the man ought to be christened a second time. A congregation was accordingly appointed, at the head of which was the Vicegerent, Monseigneur Contesini, and the Bishop of Carpentras went to Cardinal de Bernis, to inquire if he thought that baptism by an angel was canonical. The Cardinal replied, as gravely as he could, that perhaps it would be better to rechristen the Jew, *conditionally;* and that as he had never heard of any one being baptized by an angel, he could not say whether it was canonical. He then asked them if they were certain that the angel had really appeared; and they answered that there could be no doubt about it, for the man had told it himself.

The Duchess de Chabot told me nothing struck her more disagreeably than to see, at the end of a sentence of death, the King's signature following the words, "*Tel est notre bon plaisir.*"

Pope Lambertini having heard that Ghezzi, the painter, had drawn caricatures of him and of all the Sacred College, insisted on seeing his book. The painter, in great terror, was obliged to comply; but the Pope was so much pleased with his talent that he gave him an employment of twelve crowns a month, and kept the book. Whenever a cardinal came to see him he would show him his portrait, and if it caused any displeasure, he would say: "Do not be angry — here is my likeness also." The same Pope was told that a person had taken the liberty to publish a book of his "*bons mots*," and was urged to punish the fellow. He replied that he would certainly do so, and would inflict a very severe punishment, for, said he, "I will have a new edition printed with great additions, and then nobody will buy the book he has been at the expense of publishing."

Countess Kaunitz, at Vienna, cheated intolerably at cards. As she was walking one day with Lord Finlater, a beggar asked alms of her, and she desired his lordship to give the man a sequin. Lord F. demurred to such a large sum, but the

lady insisted on his showing his generosity. "*Ah! je vois, madame*," said he, "*que c'est un cousin de Pam.*"

When the Prince of Hepenstein was at Paris, he was one day at Madame du Barri's toilette, surrounded with courtiers. She was saying how much she wished to have a little tiger, and every one was recommending how it should be fed. Some said with biscuits, others with macaroons, till the Prince, tired of all this nonsense, suggested: "Give him, madame, a courtier a day."

Princess Dashkoff said she thought the Polish nation the most servile in the world till she saw the Italians.

Cardinal Zelada said that, when he was in the Conclave, another cardinal sent him an artichoke, which he presented to another cardinal, who passed in on to a third, until it came back to Cardinal Zelada. After this had happened six times the latter terminated its travels by throwing it out of the window, but not before it had cost him twenty-five crowns. For it is customary when a cardinal makes a present to a *confrère*, to give at least two sequins to the secretary of the donor, or to some other member of his household.

It is said of the Duke de Chartres (afterwards Duke of Orleans, commonly known as Philippe Egalité), that he was "*paresseux sur mer, poltron sur terre, polisson partout.*"

M. de Chevert, who died a lieutenant-general of the French army, being about to take a fortress by assault, gave the following instructions to a soldier: "Tu monteras l'échelle; la sentinelle te criera 'Qui est là?' tu ne répondras rien; il te criera une autre fois; tu ne diras rien; il te tirera, il te manquera; tu le tueras et moi je serai derrière toi." The soldier took his commander's word, did as he was bid, and everything happened precisely as M. de Chevert had stated.

A son of Count Sambuca, Prime Minister of the King of Naples, not long since had a person assassinated. His father sent him off to Sicily, and it is probable that no further notice will be taken of the murder. Another son of the same minister, as he was going to a conversazione at Rome, observed that Cardinal Visconti's carriage was in front of him, and immedi-

ately ordered his coachman to drive past it. The man excused himself by saying that it was not customary to pass a cardinal; but Signor Sambuca insisted, and gained his point. Cardinal Visconti, when he alighted, unaware of the real state of the case, and being, besides, a very civil man, told the other that he was exceedingly sorry for the dispute between their coachmen, but that it was impossible to answer for the behavior of those people. "You are mistaken, sir," replied the Neapolitan, "I ordered my man to pass you: '*voi altri Cardinali ci volete soverchiare in tutto.*'" However, he was soon afterwards recalled to Naples by his father.

It was mentioned lately at a conversazione of the second class that some one had been murdered by a servant. An abbé, who was one of the guests, being accompanied by his servant on his way home, was asked by the man if he knew whose servant it was, and he replied in the negative. "Why, it was I, sir," said the fellow — "I killed the man myself." The poor abbé was so much frightened at the intelligence that he ordered him to take himself off, with his livery and lantern.

In Italy, they call people who hurt their health by painting, tight-lacing, etc., "*martiri del diavolo.*"

Lord Lucan said that the Ambassador from Malta spoke amazingly good French for an African.

Signor Pisani, a Venetian, having had great flirtations with a woman of the second order at Rome, was told that he would not dare to continue them when her *cavaliere servente* was present. He therefore went and sat down upon the lady's knees, and the *cavaliere servente* gave him three boxes on the ear, which he took very quietly — merely remarking that he was unfortunate in not having his pistols in his pocket. He afterwards complained of the affront to the Venetian Ambassador, but a Roman lady said to him that she wondered how he dared to enter the company of ladies after an affair of that kind. The Viscount de la Rochefoucault remarked that in Rome a man who gives a blow is generally considered "*un brutal*," and that he who receives it is pitied. The *cavaliere*

servente was said to be the gentleman of I forget what prince; while Signor Pisani belonged to the illustrious family which gave so many heroes to the republic of Venice.

The Elector-Palatine, after talking some time to the Princess Santa Croce, went to pay his compliments to some other lady. Whereupon Signora Mobilia Falconieri, the mother of the Princess, flew into a violent passion, and told her daughter she wondered how she could submit to such an affront. When *she* was young, she would never have permitted a gentleman to leave her to speak to any one else.

The following story was circulated in Rome, but it was denied by Prince Chigi. While the Prince was hunting on one of his estates, about twenty miles from Rome, a wild boar made great ravages on the lands of a poor man, his vassal. The latter complained several times, but always in vain, and at last one day shot the boar himself. The Prince's gamekeeper, who saw him do this, raised his gun, fired, and killed the poor fellow on the spot. His widow presented a memorial to the Prince, begging redress of her wrongs, but he sent it back to her, with this answer, "*Ci rimedia in cinghiale*" (Give me redress in the matter of the wild boar). She then came to Rome and appealed to the Pope, who ordered the gamekeeper to be imprisoned, and the Prince to pay the woman fifteen crowns a month as long as she lived.

At one time devout plays representing Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell, were acted in the theatre of Chaumont, a small town in Champagne. But by an unfortunate accident Paradise fell into Purgatory, and Purgatory into Hell, since which no more representations have been given, and the affair is known as "*La Diablerie de Chaumont.*"

A Polish prince having said something impertinent to a lady at Rome, she answered: "*Allez-vous-en; vous êtes un bel enfant.*" "*Madame,*" he replied, "*vous n'êtes ni l'un ni l'autre.*" This happened some years ago.

The coachman of Monseigneur Gregori, who was about to be made a cardinal, wounded his wife in a quarrel, and the poor woman was carried to an hospital. He insisted upon going in

to see her — a thing never permitted in the part of the building allotted to women. Having a knife in his hand he tried to get in by force, but one of the people of the house picked up a big stone and frightened him away, at the same time calling to the sbirri to take him up. They were afraid, however, to do so, when they heard that he was Monseigneur Gregori's coachman, until the directors of the hospital told them that they would be answerable. They then carried him off to the prison at the Governo. Monseigneur Gregori sent immediately to the Governor, to say that he was going out and wanted his coachman, but the Governor returned for answer that he, too, wanted him.

Count Scutellari being with the Pope, his Holiness, to give more weight to an assertion, said, "*Da galantuomo è vero.*" The Count assured his Holiness that he need not have used so strong an expression, as he was obliged to believe him on half a word.

When the Governor (Spinelli) was very ill, a physician was sent for from Naples, who had been recommended as the head of the profession in that city. He said he wanted a man who who was not afraid to deal with the Roman doctors. When he came they began, as usual, to give him an account of all the bleedings, etc., with which they had treated their patient. The Neapolitan, without waiting to hear the end of their story, ran up, caught Monseigneur Spinelli by the hand, and exclaimed, "*Séi vive ancora!*" The physicians, disconcerted at the expression, left the case in his hands, and the Governor has himself told us that he believes he owes his life entirely to this man. The Princess of Palestrine went to see him one day when he was at the worst, and as she was going out, his people asked her what she thought of his state: "Why," said she, "he appears to me beyond all hope of recovery; but he is Spinelli, and till you give him the last blow on the nose, like the cats he will escape."

I shall here insert a few anecdotes and *bons mots* which I collected during our lengthened residence in Rome.

M. de Choiseul, when he was ambassador of France at

Rome, used to say there were only two ways of managing the Italians, "*danaro o bastone.*" [1] One day he addressed the Pope (Lambertini) at an audience, in such an authoritative tone, that his Holiness rose from his chair, and said, "*Mi faccia la finezza di mettersi quà, signor ambasciadore.*" [2] This same pope once asked a lady how she liked Rome, and whether she had seen all the ceremonies, etc. She answered that she had seen everything except a "*sedia vacante;*" [3] whereupon the Pope got up directly from his chair, and said, "There is one, madame."

A cardinal, in conversation with a prelate whose whole study was how to obtain promotion, happened to remark that he himself had very good health. "Ah," said the other, "how do you manage that? For my part, I am always ailing." "Why," replied the Cardinal, "the reason is, that I wear my hat on my head, but you have it in your heart."

The Abbé G., who is said to be the son of a shoemaker, was one day complaining that he could not go to the Constable Colonna's because his carriage was not ready; a by-stander remarked, that he was not surprised, for, as the Abbé's father was dead, his shoes might probably want mending, and that consequently he could not walk. A very elegant Grand Vicaire once asked a physician from what stock this Abbé G. was derived. The physician took him into a shoemaker's shop, and striking his hand on the block — in French called "*souche*" — upon which they cut the leather, he answered, "*Voici, monsieur, la souche dont sort la famille de l'abbé.*"

The French farmers-general adopted many ingenious contrivances for advancing their fortunes. A certain chancellor of France having lost a dog of which he was very fond, one of these individuals procured another very like it, and dressing himself up in a wig and gown like that worn by the Chancellor, he accustomed the animal to take sweetmeats from his hand,

[1] "By bribing or beating."

[2] "Do me the favor to place yourself here, Signor Ambassador."

[3] Literally, "a vacant seat," but a term applied to the ceremonies on the death of a pope.

but to fly at every one else. Having sufficiently trained him, he carried him to the Chancellor, and declared that he had found the dog that was lost. The Chancellor was delighted, and an acquaintance was thus formed which largely contributed to the advancement of the dog-trainer. Another of this worthy's schemes was to serve mass to Cardinal de Fleury, and instead of the usual wine to give him Madeira or Malaga.

The Cardinal de Bernis remarked to M. le Duc de Crillon that his head was filled with poetry, and that he remembered all the agreeable poets he had read forty years ago as if it were yesterday. "Your Eminence has only to remember yourself," said the Duke. "That is the very one I would choose to forget," replied the Cardinal. The Spanish Ambassador once asked this same duke of what country he was; for, said he, "you are a lieutenant-general in the service of Spain, a lieutenant-general in the service of France, and an Avignonese duke." "Sir," answered M. de Crillon, "I am everywhere a subject of the Pope; I am a Frenchman at Madrid, and a Spaniard at Paris."

The Marchesa Lepri received company four days after her husband's death. The Abbé de Bernis went, among others and found her in bed, suffering from a cold, with her hair full dressed, and nothing over it, and reposing on the pillow. The bed was in the middle of the room, and without curtains. The ambassadress of Bologna was one of the guests, and many gentlemen were there.

M. Amelot, they say, was advised by his friends to retire, and ask for a dukedom. He did so, and received for answer: "*Ce n'est pas la saison pour faire du camelot* (*Duc Amelot*)."

The Duc de Crillon, of whom I have already made mention, asked of the Bishop of Mirepoix a benefice for his brother. The Bishop refused, saying, "Sir, I repent of having given him the last one, for he was not a Grand Vicaire, as you pretended that he was; and," added he, "*vous êtes un imposteur, et le Pape le sait.*" The Duke, angry at being called

an impostor, replied, "*Monseigneur, vous êtes un sot, et Dieu le sait.*"

Cardinal de Bernis once observed that he wondered how any person could fear death, for, said he, "*ce n'est rien de fort difficile, car je vois que chacun s'en tire.*"

A story is told of M. Clermont, ambassador of France at the court of Naples, that he became very attentive to an actress known as "La Balduzzi." M. de Bièvre, calling upon him one morning, found him in his garden gathering flowers. So he asked him what he was doing; when the ambassador replied that he was gathering "*garofolis*" for the Balduzzi. "*Ah, monsieur,*" exclaimed the other, "*gare aux folies!*" This M. de Bièvre complained one day that Colonel Chrysti was very tiresome. "He is a very honest man," remarked a gentleman who was present, "he is *a Swiss.*" "*Eh bien, donc,*" cries M. de Bièvre, "*il faut le mettre à la porte.*"

Mr. Jenkins, our banker, having remarked that he did n't know what Mr. Pigot would think on the race on the Corso, he who had been so celebrated of the turf: "Well," said Mr. Hodges, "he can now be celebrated on the *pavé.*"

When Pope Ganganelli died, who had made a great favorite of Padre Buontempi, a monk of his own order, some one put an umbrella up over Pasquin's statue, with a writing, "*E finito il buon tempo.*" At another time, a wag wrote on this statue, in answer to the question, "*Che fa Roma?*" "*Opero di misericordia. Veste i Gnudi ed arrichisce gli Onesti.*"[1] Gnudi was the name of a person who came from Cesena with Don Luigi Onesti, the Pope's nephew, and was previously in the greatest poverty. In the chapel, too, of the new sacristy, where an inscription testified that it was built in consequence of the *vota publica*, a paper was affixed with these lines: —

> "Publica! mentiris, non publica vota fuêre,
> Sed tumidi capitis vota fuêre tui."

His Holiness was so much offended, that it was said he

[1] "What is Rome about?" "Works of mercy. She clothes the naked, and enriches the honest."

would have put the author to death for his impertinence, if he could have found him. The Italians used to say of the Pope's arms, in which were stars, an eagle, and the wind blowing on fleurs-de-lys: "L'Aquila è andata in Germania, i Gigli in Francia, le Stelle sono tornate nel cielo, e non, gli è rimasto altro che il Vento."[1]

The Cavalier Guglielmi, about this time, asked the Cardinal Secretary of State to promote his brother to a better post. The Cardinal, taking snuff, replied, negligently, with the common proverb, "*Chi sta bene, non si muova.*" The cavalier took no immediate notice of this answer, but after a little while, imitating the cardinal's action, he said: "Vostra eminenza, mi ricordo, era nunzio a Bruxelles, e stava bene, ma voleva qualche cosa di più, e fu fatto nunzio a Napoli; stava benone, ma voleva qualche cosa di più, e fu fatto cardinale; stava ottimamente, ma voleva qualche cosa di più, e fu fatto segretario di stato; vedo chi sta a maraviglia, ma chi sa se ancora non vuole qualche cosa di più."[2] The Cardinal felt the rebuke, and gave the desired post to Cavalier Guglielmi's brother.

[1] "The Eagle has gone to Germany, the Lilies to France, the Stars have returned to the sky, and nothing remains but the Wind."

[2] "Your Eminence, I remember, was nuncio at Brussels, and stood well, but wished for something more, and was made nuncio at Naples; stood better, but wished for something more, and was made cardinal; stood excellently well, but wished for something more, and was made secretary of state. I see that you stand marvelously well now, but who knows if you will not again wish for something more?"

THOMAS RAIKES.

Ch. Maurice de Talleyrand

(*From D'Orsay Gallery.*)

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Prince Talleyrand.

THURSDAY, 19*th January*, 1832. — Talleyrand's *bons mots* always fly about. His friend Montrond has been subject of late to epileptic fits, one of which attacked him lately after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer, "*C'est qu'il me paraît, qu'il veut absolument descendre.*" No news from the Continent.

Thursday, 31*st May*. — Alvanley and Cooke, dining with me, were both very amusing and full of anecdote of former times. The former, who has lived much with Talleyrand in France, both at Paris and at Valençaye,[1] gave us some interesting recollections of the Prince's Memoirs, which had been occasionally read to him when he was staying in his house. From these it appears that there were two points on which Talleyrand's counsels had been uniformly, but unsuccessfully, opposed to the views of Napoleon, — the invasion of Spain, and the elevation of his brothers to the sceptre over foreign states. As far as my memory goes, these were the arguments which he adduced. The error of the first was, that, having already unlimited power in that country, having fascinated the King, Charles IV., and bribed the Prince of Peace, who governed the weak mind of the Queen, all the resources, military, naval, and financial, of Spain, were entirely at his disposal.

[1] The château of the Prince Talleyrand, near Blois.

Why then attack by a military invasion the *amour-propre* of a country, which, though dead to the degradation of its sovereign, would, and must still be alive to the humiliating occupation of a foreign invader? Why draw upon himself the rancor of a priesthood, all powerful in the country, who must be stimulated to oppose his progress by the apprehension of losing, not only their immense property, but also their moral influence over the minds of the people, by the incursion of his armies, and the dissemination of his principles: — a nation, too, degraded, but loyal; attached to its king, its religion, and its peculiar prejudices; no longer perhaps formidable in the field, but united and desperate in a partisan warfare, to which its native thickets, mountains, and fastnesses gave advantages unknown and unexpected in modern warfare.

Upon the second point of opposition, that is, with respect to the enthronement of his brothers, the language of Talleyrand to Napoleon was equally strong and cogent. Alvanley proceeded to say, as far as I can accurately recollect of the conversation, "You have," said he, "created a great empire by your own transcendent talents and master mind; but look at your brothers, and observe how little they are gifted with those qualities; make them princes, constables of the empire, or what you will at home; load them with honors, riches, titles; but place them not on an elevated pinnacle abroad, where their weakness may only tend to undermine the *prestige* of your greatness. Send thither ambassadors, whom you may select for those qualities and merits, which may *more effectually* promote your purposes and objects, than can be done by crowning weak members of your family, and thereby exciting the jealousy and ill-will of your neighbors."

Talleyrand renders every justice to this great and extraordinary man, as a sovereign and a general; his chief mistake was, to have underrated the credit and resources of England; and as he was tormented by the *ver rongeur* of ambition, which offered to him no excitement but military conquest, so the resistance which he met with from this country was the source of constant irritation in his prosperity, and of his final ruin in

adversity. The Memoirs of Talleyrand, whenever published, must be a valuable acquisition to the history of Europe, and to the study of human nature. No man ever lived so long in such extraordinary times; he is now near eighty years old.[1] He began life in the reign of Louis XV. He was descended from a good family, but very poor. He defrayed the small expenses of his college education out of the produce of an *abbaye*, which he received on going into the Church. He at last was made Bishop of Autun. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he joined the popular party, abjured his ecclesiastical profession, and was for some time secretary to Chauvelin, the French minister in England. On his return to France the massacres and proscriptions had commenced; the Jacobin party was waging war to the knife against nobles and aristocrats; his doom was sealed, and he was forced to emigrate. His previous conduct had rendered any asylum where he might meet his brother emigrants, dangerous to his personal safety, and America presented the only retreat from the rage of all parties, who were now equally incensed against him. Thither he went, with what little money he could collect; and bitter must have been the time he spent there. Straitened circumstances in an infant and but barely civilized republic, must have been galling to one then accustomed to all the luxuries and refinements of the late French court. At one time he meditated, and had almost engaged his passage for a speculative establishment at Calcutta, but another lot was already designed for him. The government in France began to wear rather a more settled aspect under the Directory;[2] his friends in Paris interested themselves strongly in his favor, and at length obtained the erasure of his name from the list of emigrants. He quitted America without regret, as may be supposed; and he says himself, that he arrived in France with only fifteen louis in his pocket. Here his various talents and natural *finesse* soon gained him an ascendency with the people then in power, and in a very short time he became Minister for Foreign Affairs

[1] He was born in 1754, and died in 1838.

[2] Madame de Staël.

of the republic. His account of this period is very singular. Installed in one of the magnificent hotels of the old *noblesse*, which had been appropriated to the uses of the new government, after being gutted during the excesses of the Revolution, had been partly refurnished by promiscuous gleanings of finery and magnificence from the Garde-Meuble and the other palaces, he found himself lodged like a prince, without a shilling of revenue, surrounded by servants whose wages he knew not how to pay, and who were using the most costly services of old Sèvres china for the commonest purposes of the kitchen and offices, because they really had not the money to purchase utensils of earthenware.

His first step to extricate himself from these difficulties was the treaty with Portugal, then on the *tapis*. The negotiation was soon brought to a favorable conclusion ; by which it was stipulated that, in return for certain concessions on the part of France, Portugal should pay an indemnity of eight millions. Of this sum Talleyrand allows that he distributed one million to each of the five directors, and appropriated the remaining three to himself. This was the origin of that amazing fortune which he afterwards accumulated ; but which, like every other circumstance in human affairs, having reached the zenith of its prosperity, declined nearly as rapidly as it had risen ; for he is now supposed to be in moderate circumstances. Many other anecdotes were mentioned, which I have no time to note down, but Alvanley's opinion seems to be, that his diplomatic talents may have been rather overrated, and that his successful career may chiefly be attributed to a fineness of tact which enabled him to perceive early the current of the times, and float on its surface.

His fortune was very much diminished by the expense of maintaining the Spanish royal family at Valençaye ; a penalty inflicted upon him by order of Napoleon.

Sunday, 18*th November*. — The other day Alvanley asked M. de Talleyrand to explain to him the real meaning of the word non-intervention. His reply was, "*C'est un mot metaphysique, et politique, qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu'intervention.*" His politics have proved it so.

Friday, 14th December. — I was rather amused to-day at White's with Sefton's description of his visit this morning to Prince Talleyrand. He is very intimate with him, and is received at all hours ; a privilege which he avails himself of very frequently at present, to hear the latest intelligence from Paris and Antwerp, now so generally interesting.

This morning he was ushered into the dressing-room of this celebrated octogenarian, who was under the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training for the mysteries of the toilette, stood looking on with attention to perfect himself in his future duties. The Prince was in a loose flannel gown, his long locks (for it is no wig), which are rather scanty, as may be supposed, were twisted and *crêpus* with the curling-iron, saturated with powder and pomatum, and then with great care arranged into those snowy ringlets which have been so much known and remarked all over Europe. His under attire was a flannel pantaloon, loose and undulating except in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated *cul-de-jatte.*

Thursday, 10th January, 1833. — Last week died at Paris, at an advanced age, the Princesse de Loraine Vaudemont. She was of the family of the Counts Horn, who were distinguished in the Revolution of the Netherlands ; one of whom, notwithstanding his high birth, was broken on the wheel at Paris for murder during the regency of the Duke of Orleans. She was of the senior branch of the House of Montmorency, and before as well as since the Restoration in 1814, her house has been the resort of all the best society in Paris : Prince Talleyrand, among others, always passed his evenings there, and was one of her oldest friends. Madame de Vaudemont assisted in the escape of Lavalette from Paris after the return of Louis XVIII. She is much regretted. At supper Montrond observed how much M. de Talleyrand was affected by the death of the Princess ; he could talk of nothing else, and added, "*C'est la première fois que je lui ai vû verser des larmes.*"

Upon this Alvanley said, that he had likewise once seen him melted into tears, and the occasion of it was rather curious. A little more than a twelve-month ago in the House of Peers, the Marquis of Londonderry, in the heat of a violent attack on the foreign policy of the present Whig administration, made some very personal allusions to the private character of Prince Talleyrand, which as ambassador to a foreign court he might have omitted. There was only one opinion on this subject in the House, and the Duke of Wellington rose immediately to protect his veteran friend, finishing his speech with many handsome compliments to the Prince on his great talents, and the eminent services which he had performed on many occasions for the good of Europe.

Alvanley went to visit the Prince on the following day, and found him perusing the debates of the preceding night, and, though much hurt at the attack of Lord L., still more affected by the friendly intervention of the Duke. He expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms, while the tears ran down his cheeks, and then added: "J'en suis d'autant plus reconnoissant à M. le Duc, que c'est le seul homme d'état dans le monde qui ait jamais dit du bieu de moi." The confession was rather ludicrous.

Stuart De Rothesay mentioned another anecdote of Talleyrand yesterday. The Prince was unwell, at Paris, some years ago, but wished to take a journey into the country. Stuart called upon him, and strongly advised him to defer the journey; which he fortunately did, and in two days afterwards he was seized with a fit, from which he only recovered by severe bleeding. After a few days Stuart paid him another visit, and found him quite well, eating some soup, when Talleyrand said, "C'est bien heureux que je ne sois pas parti pour la campagne; je calcule que je serois arrivé à Chartres le jour de ma maladie, j'aurois de suite envoyé chercher des sangsues chez mon ami l'Evêque; il est très dévot, il ne m'auroit envoyé que l'extrême onction, et je ne serois pas sûrement içi à manger ma soupe aujourd'hui."

Saturday, 13*th April*. — It is now well known that the

persons ridiculed by Molière in his comedies were living in France at the time he wrote. The original of Tartuffe was one Roquette, who was much more of a polisson than a priest, and who belonged to the diocese of Autun. This circumstance has suggested the following epigram on Talleyrand : —

> "Roquette dans son tems,
> Talleyrand dans le nôtre,
> Furent évêques d'Autun.
> Tartuffe est le surnom de l'un,
> Ah! si Molière eut connu l'autre."

Thursday, 6th November, 1834. — One of my friends has been staying three weeks at Valençay, where Prince Talleyrand and the Duchesse de Dino have been entertaining a party partly English. Talleyrand expressed himself very openly and satirically about the English Government, whom he considered very deficient both in talent and honesty. He said of Lord Holland : "C'est la bienveillance même, mais la bienveillance la plus perturbatrice, qu'on ait jamais vue." Of Lady Holland he observed : "Elle est toute assertion, mais quand on demande la preuve, c'est là son sécret." [1]

He says the Duke is the only honest public man in the country ; that Peel, by his selfish policy in refusing to join him, is the cause of all the mischief present and to come ; the latter of which is incalculable. The English consisted of Lady Clanricarde, Colonel and Mrs. Damer, Henry Greville, and Motteux : the last, who is a notorious epicure, and always talking on that subject, was a source of much amusement to the party. One day at dinner he interrupted Talleyrand in the midst of an interesting anecdote by saying : "*Mon Prince avez-vous jamais entendu ce qui m'est arrivé avec les écrevisses?*" and every one burst out laughing.

Wednesday, 12th November. — Talleyrand since his return has professed his intention not to resume his post in England if Lord Palmerston remained as foreign secretary ; but the new changes here will probably decide that question at

[1] M. de Montrond being asked by the Comtesse J. de N——, a Valençay, if there were reason to suppose, as she had heard, that letters were opened at the château? He answered, with great composure, "*Je crois qu'on ne le fait plus.*"

once by another nomination in his place, as the Duc de Bassano's[1] antipathy to him is well known.

His severe remark on Maret, when he received his title under the empire, — "Je ne connias pas de plus grande bête au monde que M. Maret, excepté le Duc de Bassano," — is not likely to have been forgotten by the new president of the council.

Friday, 23d January. — A certain Vicomte de V——, friend of Talleyrand, who with him frequented some distinguished *soirées*, where high play was encouraged, had incurred some suspicions not very creditable to his honor.

Detected one evening in a flagrant attempt to defraud his adversary, he was very unceremoniously turned out of the house, with a threat, that if he ever made his appearance there again, he should be thrown out of the window. The next day he called upon M. de Talleyrand to relate his misfortune, and protest his innocence: "Ma position est très embarrassante," said the Vicomte; "donnez moi donc un conseil." "Dame! mon cher, je vous conseille de ne plus jouer qu'au rez de chaussée.

I remember an instance of the same kind, many years ago, in England. Mr. ——, the banker, who was in the habit of playing very deep with some friends who held their sittings at the London Tavern, was one night detected in a similar attempt, and dismissed in the same manner. He wrote the next morning to John Taylor Vaughan, who was one of the party, and requested his advice. The answer he received was more laconic and less conciliating: the note merely contained, "Hang yourself." He went abroad, entered the Swedish service, and lost his life in battle. John Taylor Vaughan was an eccentric character, well known at Brookes's, where he courted the Whig aristocracy, and was famous in those days for his cook, his wines, and his *brusque* manner. He was the friend of N., and C., who maintained the same claims to notoriety.

Talleyrand will be eighty-one years old on the 2d February next. He is become so weak in his legs that he is carried by

[1] Maret, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs to Napoleon.

two servants from one room to another, even to the King's cabinet. There is a caricature of him in this situation: it is entitled "*La jeune France.*"

Monday, 11*th January*, 1836. — A few months ago when the elections for a member of the Academy were going on, a Mr. Dreitz, who was a candidate for this literary distinction, was very active in making his visits, and canvassing the votes of those who could forward his success. Amongst others he called on the Prince Talleyrand, who was out, and left his card. The Prince shortly returned from his drive, accompanied by Montrond, and the porter presented to him the letters and cards which had been left in his absence. On observing that of Mr. D., he exclaimed, "Ha! voilà un candidat pour l'Académie." Montrond, who was still present, exclaimed, "Qu'est-ce qu'il est donc ce M. Dreitz, quels sont ses titres, qu'est-ce qu'il a écrit?" "Vous voyez," said the Prince, showing him the card; "il a écrit son nom."

Friday, 11*th March*. — M. ——, who has long been the disciple of M. de Talleyrand, has at times been on terms of coolness with his master from some momentary pique. On one of these occasions he met the Prince near the Tuileries, and passed him without an acknowledgment. Some one who was present remarked to Talleyrand, that M. —— had passed without making him a bow: "Ah!" said he, "*c'est qu'apparemment je l'ai mal élevé.*"

Friday, 13*th May*. — During the reign of the Directory Monsieur de Talleyrand, who was lately arrived from America, and was almost indebted to Madame de Staël for his subsistence at the time, was walking one morning in the Garden of the Luxembourg, when he met an old friend, the Comte de Jaucourt, who had lost all his property by the Revolution, but cautiously avoided any connection with it. Judging by himself that Monsieur de Jaucourt was anxious to better his fortunes under the new *régime*, Talleyrand accosted him by saying "Qu'est-ce que vous comptez de faire pour le moment." "Moi!" said the other, "je vais comme toujours, où me conduit la Providence." Talleyrand shrugged up his shoulders,

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and said with a sarcastic smile, "Je vous en fais mon compliment sincere, suivez la toujours ; c'est une bonne femme, qui ne va pas vite, mais qui vous menera loin. Bonjour, bonjour!" and without giving time for a reply he hurried into the court of the Luxembourg.

Two days afterwards the citizen Talleyrand was proclaimed Minister for Foreign Affairs, which was the first step to his future grandeur. He employed the short time he remained in office diligently in recruiting his shattered finances, but his wary prudence soon foresaw the brewing storm, and he took speedy care to make himself disposable by resigning his situation shortly before the 18th Brumaire brought on the Consular system.

In this interval of his apparent retirement from politics, he was again met by the same individual, who then retorted upon him his own question, "*Qu'est-ce que vous comptez de faire?*" He replied with his usual *sang-froid*, "*Moi! je ne fais rien, j'attends!*" That sentence comprises his whole conduct ; he is *l'homme de la politique expectante.*

In this case, as in many others which followed, he had not long to wait, for Bonaparte Consul soon replaced him in his appointment, and Bonaparte Emperor in others and better.

Sunday, 7th May, 1837. — Prince Talleyrand said of Fox that he was "Un sophiste qu'il falloit laisser dans les nuées." Le Chevalier, who was present, added, to support his patron's opinion, "En effêt les nuées sont les déesses tutélaires des sophistes." Talleyrand, disliking commentaries on his own speeches, became sarcastic upon scholars, and ended by saying to the company present, "Voyez-vous, messieurs, il y a trois savoirs : le savoir proprement dit ; le savoir faire ; et puis le savoir vivre : les deux derniers dispensent bien souvent du premier."

Wednesday, 16th May, 1838. — M. de Talleyrand was better last night and saw a few people in his *salon ;* he cut jokes about the *chatouillement du bistouri*, which he said was not very agreeable. Medem and Labouchere were there : in all about fifteen people. This morning he is again much worse, and

suffers great pain. Montrond told me at six o'clock that he did not think he would live through the day. Several persons think even now that he will not die, as they believe that he is an evil spirit in human shape.

Thursday, 17th. — This day, at four o'clock, Prince Talleyrand died. It would seem that the priest, who arrrived on Tuesday morning, was sent for privately by Madlle. Pauline Perigord, the daughter of Madame de Dino, but the dying man would have no communication with him, and refused the consolations of religion. The priest therefore took up his post in the ante-room, awaiting a favorable turn in his sentiments. Last night the Duc de Poix and others of his relations represented to the Prince the scandal which would result to the family if he persisted in his resolutions, and that his corpse would be debarred by the clergy from Christian funeral. After some consideration, for he enjoyed his senses to the very last, he refused their overtures for that night, but fixed the hour of five o'clock this morning for his compliance with their wishes. At the appointed time he received the Abbé Dupanloup and other friends, in whose presence he made confession, and a formal recantation of his errors ; after which he received the Holy Sacrament. He undersigned two letters, one to the Pope, the other to the Archbishop of Paris, professing his faith. His recantation was read aloud to the company by Madame de Dino.

The King and Madame Adelaide paid him a visit at half-past eight, when he remarked that three individuals in the room had never been presented, namely, the two physicians and the *valet de chambre*, whom he formally introduced as a matter of etiquette, thus adhering to worldly forms to the last. In that room must have been assembled individuals whose real feelings at such a scene, could they have been laid open to public view, would have formed a curious subject of speculation. The, Prince, throughout this closing scene, though suffering much bodily pain from his disorder, showed great firmness and composure. It is reported that the immense fortune which he was supposed to possess is dwindled down to little.

The estate at Valençay is mortgaged for more than its value. M. Thiers arrived two hours after his death, and took the hand of his deceased master to satisfy himself that he was really gone.

Friday, 18*th*. — The will of M. de Talleyrand was presented to-day by his notary, M. Chatelaine, to the President of the Tribunal of First Instance. The Duchess de Dino, his niece, is universal legatee, excepting some legacies, and the estate of Valençay, which goes to her son, the Duc de Valençay.

Attached to this will is a declaration in the handwriting of M. de Talleyrand, in which he explains the political principles by which his conduct has been guided under the different governments since 1789. This declaration, which is to be read to his family at the same time as his will, is said to contain some curious comments on the political crises in which he has figured. The whole is dated in 1836. It also contains the strictest prohibition to his heirs from publishing his memoirs (which are, it is said, deposited in England) till thirty years after the day of his death. Everything else published in his name before that period is to be disavowed. M. de Talleyrand expresses his wish to be buried at Valençay, and ends his will by declaring that he dies a believer in the Roman Catholic religion.

The end of M. de Talleyrand was not only attended with great pain, but the wound in his back, which had spread down his hip, prevented his lying down, or even keeping a reclining posture. He sat on the side of his bed for the last forty-eight hours, leaning forwards, and supported by two servants, who were relieved every two hours. In this attitude he was attended to the last by his family and various friends, while the numerous servants in his hotel gathered in the adjacent room. It was in miniature the scene of the death of the old kings of France. He died in public. The library adjoining the Prince's bedroom, and from which it was only separated by a *portière* or curtain, was constantly filled with servants and dependents. Frequently one of them would draw back the curtain when unobserved, saying to those in attendance, "*Voyons*

a-t-il signé ? Est-il mort ?" His voice failed him at twelve o'clock in the day, and at a quarter before four o'clock, as Lady Sandwich called at the gate to inquire after him, a servant came down to the porter in his lodge to announce that he had just expired. M. de Talleyrand had been so often ill, and had so often recovered, that, even at his age of eighty-four, he would not believe that his case was hopeless. On this account he so long persisted in refusing to sign his recantation, or to receive a priest, being determined not to make this public avowal of a religious feeling, little in tenor with his past life, till he was absolutely on the point of quitting it.

It was a perseverance in the dread of public opinion to the last hour which was fearful. At the moment when he was summoned into the presence of his God he seemed more anxious to avoid the scoffs of the world in case of his recovery, which was impossible, than to make his peace with Heaven, — before that tribunal where his appearance must be immediate and inevitable. His acquiescence at last was only obtained by the entreaties of the little Pauline,[1] who told him if he deferred his signature she should feel miserable for the rest of her life. The comments of the world on his death are, as may be supposed, various. The Legitimists say, "*Il est mort en bon gentilhomme.*" A lady of the *vieille cour* said last night in my hearing, "*Enfin il est mort en homme qui sait vivre.*" And M. de Blancmesnil said, "*Après avoir roué tout le monde, il a voulu finir par rouer le bon Dieu.*"

His splendid hotel is left to the Duchesse de Dino, with everything that it contains : the whole may amount, with the money bequeathed, to some millions. To her daughter Pauline are left about 80,000 francs a year.

Sunday, 20th. — Prince Talleyrand on Thursday morning seeing his great-niece, the daughter of Baron Talleyrand, who had just taken her first communion, said, "Such is life ! There you see its beginning, here its end." He then presented her with a gold watch. By his will 300,000 francs are secured to the Duc de Dino, which are of no use to him as they are al-

[1] Daughter of his niece, the Duchesse de Dino, now Comtesse H. de Castellane.

ready sold to his creditors ; 600,000 francs are left to Madame d'Esclignac ; a million was secured to Baron Talleyrand on his marriage with his present wife, who was a young lady brought up in the Prince's family. Not a liard to the Noailles, who had every right to expect to have a place in his will. There was a deliberation in the Council as to seizing the Prince's private papers, but probably the news that he had deposited them in England stopped this act of injustice.

Prince Charles de Beauvau sat with me this morning and recounted many anecdotes of Talleyrand.

When the Prince at length signed his recantation on Thursday, he antedated the document to the day in March when he made his speech in the Academy, being the period when he actually drew up the last codicil to his will. He was then even preparing to show a Christian feeling, but determined it should never be known to the public, till he himself was out of reach of hearing the comments.

He was invested with the following orders, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Cross of St. Stephen of Hungary, the Elephant of Denmark, Charles III. of Spain, the Soter of Greece, the Sun of Persia, the Conception of Portugal, the Black Eagle of Prussia, St. Andrew of Russia, the Crown of Saxony, and St. Joseph of Tuscany.

Tuesday, 22d. — M. de Talleyrand was buried at the Church of the Assumption, where his body is to lie a short time till the vault at Valençay is finished, when it will be transported there. The funeral was public, attended by all the ministers, peers, and foreign ambassadors, but every avenue to the streets through which the procession passed was so blocked up by troops that no one could see it. The royalty of July seems to dread an assemblage of people on any occasion. The "Courier Français" says of him, "In France success absolves from every crime, from every infamy, and confers every virtue, and every species of distinction. The man who so long served, mocked, deceived, and betrayed all governments, appears to us so great with the cortége of vices and

misdeeds which signalized his career, that adulation is at a loss for terms in which to praise him. He is not yet deified but he is placed on a footing with sovereigns, and called the last of the *Grands seigneurs*, as Fleury the actor was called the last of the *Marquis's*. This mark of homage was certainly due to both of these great comedians. If Talleyrand was great, his greatness awakened sentiments, which were a powerful corrective for those whom it might dazzle or inspire with envy." The "Commerce" accompanies a brief description of the obsequies of Prince Talleyrand with a remark that the honors paid to his memory received no *éclat* from the slightest expression of national sympathy. The device of *Rien que Dieu*, which ornamented the catafalque of one who passed his whole existence in betraying kings and nations, this journal regards as a sarcasm upon the Divinity.

Wednesday, 23d. — In the evening at the Vicomtesse de Noailles's, the death of M. de Talleyrand was the general subject of conversation.

Thursday, 24th. — When I was walking in the crowd at Talleyrand's funeral, I was struck with the various comments made by the people who were assembled to see the cortége. It had been announced previously in the journals that the procession should pass though the Place de Louis Quinze, the Rue Royale, and the Rue St. Honoré, which would have given ample opportunity to all to see it from the terrace of the gardens ; but from some sudden apprehensions in the Government this plan was changed on the preceding night, and the line of march was taken straight from the Rue St. Florentin into the Rue St. Honoré. The disappointed spectators cried out, "*Voyes donc, il nous trompe même en mourant.*" There was great indignation also expressed at the imposing number of troops, which blocked up all the avenues to the Church of the Ascension, and would allow no one to approach the procession. The people explained, "*Voilà un enterrement public, et il n'est pas permis au peuple de le voir.*"

Sunday, 27th. — The motto of the Talleyrand family, *Re que Diou Re que Lou Rey*, is one of the oldest of the Peri-

gord country, and was adopted by this family after the Crusades. The Perigord traditions preserve the names of two noble families, — one called Taillerang, the other Taillefer; appellations given them at that period, and considered as honorable as the Manche Tailladée of the Montmorencys. The Taillefers have preserved the original orthography of their name, but the Taillerangs have suffered theirs to be corrupted into Talleyrand. The Duchesse de Gontaut said this evening that the Prince before his death spoke often with great pleasure of his early days, passed in the seminary of St. Sulpice, and a fortnight before his decease drew up with his own hand the declaration to be remitted to the Archbishop. This document exists, and is covered with corrections and erasures. The declaration and the letter to the Pope were read a few hours before his death, in the presence of several members of his family, his physicians, etc. The Prince on being asked what date he wished to be appended to these documents said, with a clear voice, "The date of my discourse to the Academy." It has been reported that M. Percy, a secretary of the Prince, who had retained copies of parts of his memoirs, will publish them if not bought off by the family, but that gentleman has since openly contradicted the assertion.

The following character of Talleyrand, evidently written by one acquainted with him in England, has appeared in the "Morning Post," and is worthy of remark: "Talleyrand is certainly the most extraordinary being of his kind the world has produced since the creation. Take him in his physical conformation alone, and think of his having outlived so long all the great and good of his time.

"Talleyrand was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes ever and anon his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time — an awe not diminished by the look of his piercing gray eyes, peering through his shaggy eyebrows, his unearthly face, marked with deep stains, covered partly by his shock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous muslin

cravat, which supports a large protruding lip drawn over his upper lip, with a cynical expression no painting could render; add to this apparatus of terror his dead silence, broken occasionally by the most sepulchral guttural monosyllables. Talleyrand's pulse, which rolls a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at every sixth beat. This he constantly points out triumphantly as a *rest* of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. Thus, he says, all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of those of his whole life, and his longevity and strength appear to support this extraordinary theory. He likewise asserts that it is this which enables him to do without sleep. Nature, says he, sleeps and recruits herself at every intermission of my pulse. And indeed you see him time after time rise at three o'clock in the morning from the whist table, then return home and often wake up one of his secretaries to keep him company or to talk of business.

"At four he will go to bed, sitting nearly bolt upright in his bed, with innumerable night-caps on his head to keep it warm, as he said, and feed his intellect with blood, but in fact to prevent his injuring the seat of knowledge if he tumbles on the ground; and he sits upright from his tendency to apoplexy, which would no doubt seize him if perfectly recumbent.[1] We may remember the newspapers stating he was found a few years ago, his head having dropped from his pillow, so drowned in blood that no feature was to be seen. Although he goes to bed so late, at six or seven at latest he wakes and sends for his attendants. He constantly refers to the period when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and when this power to live without sleep enabled him to go out and seek information, as well as pleasure, in society, till twelve or one o'clock. At that hour he returned to his office, read over all the letters that had arrived in the day, put marginal indications of the answers to be given, and then on waking again at six, read over all the letters written in consequence of his orders.

[1] Prince Talleyrand's bed was made with a deep slope in the middle, rising equally at the head and at the feet, his nearest approach to lying down. It was his habit to eat nothing until dinner-time. At this, his only meal during the four-and-twenty hours, his appetite was enormous.

"When Talleyrand was engaged in the protocols here, he used to tire out all his younger colleagues; and full well we know by experience that at the time of the Quadruple Treaty, and on many other occasions, his eyes were wide open while Lord Palmerston slept. When the storm of the three *glorieuses* broke over Paris, too happy to escape from France, Talleyrand came over to England. One cannot refrain from laughing on thinking how he appeared then. He gave his audiences to his countrymen in his *salon* in Hanover Square with a round hat on his head, on the front of which was a tricolored cockade six inches square; whilst lying *tout au long* on the sofas were three young *sans culottes* of July he had brought with him to give himself an air of republicanism. Louis Philippe got settled on his throne, the tricolored cockade was torn off the round hat and thrown into the fire, and the new-born embryos of republicanism were sent back to Paris. Talleyrand, freed from all fear of the republic, gave vent to all his natural despotism. He then had here the whole world at his feet; all the nobility of England sought his society with eagerness; the diplomatists of every nation bowed before him. Lord Palmerston alone resisted Talleyrand, not only in great things, but in the most trifling and childish affairs. Talleyrand then used to settle affairs beforehand with Lord Grey and Lord Holland. Lord Palmerston managed, however, to annoy Talleyrand, who, tired of bickering on trifles, and doubtful what turn affairs would take as regarded the two parties in the state, with both of which he wished to keep on good terms, — Talleyrand, we repeat, took the first opportunity of going on leave to France, from whence he gave in his resignation. All we shall add further is, that Talleyrand is not a man of imagination nor of invention. He never could make an extempore speech in his life. His forte is his impassability and his cool and perfect judgment. He is very silent and is always stimulating those who approach him to talk on the important subjects of the day. He will listen for hours to the opinions of men of mediocrity: and out of all he hears, makes up those webs in which other pol-

iticians get involved like giddy flies. To this power of judgment Talleyrand adds that without which neither statesmen nor generals can ever succeed, namely, exceedingly good luck."

Wednesday, 30th May. — I received a letter from Charles Greville. He says: "I cannot say how sorry I am for Talleyrand's death. He was one of the last of that great school of politeness and social eminence which is now nearly if not quite extinct; and whatever he may have been in youth and middle age, his declining years have ebbed away with tranquillity, and in the constant exercise of many very admirable qualities, as well as of a conservative wisdom and moderation, becoming to himself, and beneficial to the world. He will be a loss to the King of the French, for his counsels were always prized by him, and he combined in himself a sort of link between the old and new men."

Monday, 25th June. — Lord Willoughby having written to ask me to send him a cook from Paris, I have had various candidates for the office, and among them some who have served in the kitchen of the late M. de Talleyrand, which was always modeled upon that of the old French noblesse before the Revolution. Those who have not been initiated in those esculent mysteries, would be surprised at the expense and luxury which reigned in that department. There were four *chefs*, — the *rotisseur*, the *saucier*, the *patissier*, and the *officier*, — this latter superintending the dessert, the ices, and the confitures. In all, there were ten men regularly employed in producing the Prince's dinner, which was not only exquisite in its kind, but also adapted to his state of health, comprising the essence of everything nutritious in the garb most light and digestible for an infirm stomach. The Prince was always a great eater, but only once a day, and generally tasted of every dish, following each mouthful with a sip of wine to humor the palate. The expense of his table was unlimited, his cook had *carte blanche*, and he often remarked, "Why does not he spend more?" He was an epicure in the widest sense of the term, and those who were about him have assured me that the

talents of his cook had assisted more in the prolongation of his lengthened existence, than the skill of the physician who always attended him. It was the only regular table of the old school kept up in France: fortunes are so diminished, that none of the nobility could bear the expense; and the *parvenus* of the day, though rolling in wealth, have neither the taste nor the refinement necessary to form such an establishment. Thus M. de Talleyrand, with his reminiscences of the old court, and the enjoyment of an immense income, stood alone in society as the representative of the luxurious French noble of former days. His fortune was at times subject to vicissitudes, but his losses were never of a nature to curtail the constant indulgence of all his pleasures. His wealth under the empire was enormous, but Napoleon latterly deprived him of a part, by taxing him with the support of the Spanish royal family at Valençay. Although he was possessor already of a princely fortune, his income had been increased since the revolution of July by a yearly pension of 100,000 francs regularly paid to him by King Louis Philippe, in remembrance of his services.

Monday, 30th July. — I called on Lady W. Russell, who is looking very well, and who mentioned a story of Talleyrand. When he was at Valençay with a large party, the little Pauline came into the drawing-room where they were assembled, and the Prince said to her, "Ma chère, où avez-vous été?" She replied, "J'ai été à la messe prier le bon Dieu pour qu'il vous donne de meilleurs sentimens!" "Petite bête!" said the Prince. She was brought up very religiously.

Duke of Wellington.

Monday, 18th June, 1832. — Anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The Duke, on returning from the Tower this morning on horseback, was assailed in the streets by a mob of ruffians, who hissed and abused him. Their conduct at last became so violent, that a band of the police were obliged to escort him to his house. In the evening he gave the annual banquet at Apsley House to all the field officers who were

present at the battle, and it was deemed necessary to have a large armed force of regulars, besides a numerous police, in the neighborhood; but no further riots ensued. To such a pass, then, has popular ferment arrived! I am even glad that the brutes have singled out this very day to exhibit their malicious vengeance; that they may show to all Europe what monsters the Radicals really are.

Sunday, 14th October. — I had a long conversation last night with the Duke of Wellington, who is here, on the renewal of Bank and India charters. He said it was the intention of his government to have granted both, taking from each a tribute of 100*l.* per annum; which would have been fair enough. He considered the late proceedings against the Bank, in exposing all their secrets, as not only unjust, but impolitic.

Three or four of us were sitting round the fire, before we went up to dress for dinner; amongst whom was the Duke, who amused us much with several anecdotes of the late king. He was in a very gay, communicative humor, and having seen so much of George IV., one story brought on another. He said that, among other peculiarities of the King, he had a most extraordinary talent for imitating the manner, gestures, and even voice of other people. So much so, that he could give you the exact idea of any one, however unlike they were to himself. On his journey to Hanover, said the Duke, he stopped at Brussels, and was received there with great attention by the King and Queen of the Netherlands. A dinner was proposed for the following day at the palace of Laacken, to which he went; and a large party was invited to meet him. His Majesty was placed at table, between the King and Queen. "I," said the Duke, "sat a little way from them, and next to Prince Frederick of Orange. The dinner passed off very well; but, to the great astonishment of the company, both the King and Queen, without any apparent cause, were at every moment breaking out in violent convulsions of laughter. There appeared to be no particular joke, but every remark our King made to his neighbors threw them into fits. Prince Frederick

questioned me as to what could be going on. I shrewdly suspected what it might be, but said nothing; it turned out however, to be as I thought. The King had long and intimately known the old stadtholder when in England, whose peculiarities and manner were at that time a standing joke at Carlton House; and of course the object of the prince's mimicry, who could make himself almost his counterpart. At this dinner, then, he chose to give a specimen of his talent; and at every word he spoke, he so completely took off the stadtholder, that the King and Queen were thrown off their guard, and could not maintain their composure during the whole of the day. He was indeed," said the Duke, "the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling — in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good — that I ever saw in any character in my life."

Sunday, 27th Jannary, 1833. — Lord Douro's regiment, the Sixtieth foot, has been lately quartered at Dover. When the Duke his father went to make a short stay at Walmer Castle, the officers all rode over to pay their respects, and left their cards at the house as a matter of form. Shortly after came an invitation from his Grace to dinner, including all the officers excepting *Lord Douro*. The Major who received the note, quite confused, knew not how to act, and showed it to Lord Douro, who was equally puzzled, though he knew it must have some meaning. To solve the difficulty, he went forthwith to see the Duke at Walmer, who with great good humor told him: "I make no distinctions in the service; those gentlemen who paid me the compliment of a visit I invited to dinner; you were not of the number, and so I omitted you in the invitation."

Friday, 13th March, 1835. — The King came down yesterday to view the progress of the Museum at the château: he had in his carriage Count Sebastiani, who took the opportunity of coming to pay a visit to his brother-in-law the Duc de Guiche.

He told me this evening that Sebastiani was enchanted with

our Duke of Wellington, whose frankness and activity in business were beyond all praise. his expression was, "If I have anything to communicate to his Grace, I write to ask at what hour he will receive me. The hour is instantly appointed; I find him punctual as the clock, and, in half an hour he has heard my report, he has placed his finger on the point which has reference to himself, decided on the line which he feels authorized to take, and gives me an answer without any ambiguity.

"Thirty minutes with him suffice to transact what can never be accomplished in as many hours with our wavering ministers of France."

Monday, 8th February, 1841. — The papers say that the Duke of Wellington was seized in the House of Lords with an attack of giddiness, and rising from his seat, was unable to walk into the ante-room without the assistance of Lord Redesdale and the Duke of Richmond, who flew to his aid. He was conveyed in Lord Brougham's carriage to Apsley House, where he remained for some hours in an alarming state, but before eleven o'clock he had retired to rest, and was fast asleep when the account came away. It is really surprising that notwithstanding his previous warning the Duke will persist in taking so little care of a life which is so precious to his country. He had dined hastily at two o'clock, and went down to the House in an open carriage, with the weather at five or six degrees of frost, which naturally interrupted the course of digestion, and the attack was evidently caused by this, as was the preceding one last year.

Sunday, 23d January, 1842. — I went to Apsley House, and was received by the Duke in the most cordial manner. Notwithstanding all I had heard of his infirm state, I was rejoiced to find him looking extremely well, and in excellent spirits. His kindness was very great. He talked over my position and capacities for office in the most flattering way; and though, under present circumstances, it may not be possible for this government to revive the consul-generalship in Paris, he has another plan in view for me, on which he means

to talk to Aberdeen. When I told him that I hoped he would not impute the voluntary interference of my zealous friends to any indiscreet urging on my part, he replied, "Not in the least; but, remember, you have not a warmer friend than myself." We spoke much of the state of affairs in France, on which we were well agreed. It is ten years since we last met, and I find him much less altered than could have been supposed. He is thinner, and stoops more; his hair is more white; but his eye is as keen, and his mind as active, as ever it was; moreover, in conversation his speech is as fluent.

Friday, 6th May. — Gurwood this morning showed me an autograph letter from George IV., when Prince Regent, to the Duke of Wellington, on receiving the news of the battle of Waterloo. He addresses him, "My dear Wellington," calls him his best friend, and applauds his military talents to the skies. The Duke's dispatches, edited by Colonel Gurwood, place his name above all conception in public opinion, not only as a great captain, which was known before, but as a statesman, a gentleman, and a man of humanity and kindness. It was a long time before he would consent to the publication of these dispatches, so honorable to his name. They had been laid by in boxes, in a garret at Apsley House, and were covered with dust, when, at Mrs. Arbuthnot's earnest entreaties, he at last consented to allow Gurwood to compile and prepare them for the press. The Duke says, jocularly, now, "Really, I believe I am the most voluminous author of the present day." Earl Grey, his constant opponent in politics, after having read this work, said, "I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction, that in every circumstance of public life the Duke of Wellington is the greatest man that ever lived." How striking is that expression, when it was debated whether the army should make its retreat from Portugal, and the by-port of Cacino was suggested as the point of embarkation, he still stood out for Lisbon, writing to the Government five military reasons, and concluding with this sixth, "Besides, after all the brilliant conduct of this army, I should be sorry to see them go out by the back door, when they have a right to go out by the front door, like gentlemen."

Saturday, 23d September, 1843. — I went down to Walmer Castle and found the Duke walking with Mr. Arbuthnot on the rampart, or, as it is called, the platform, which overlooks the sea. Some officers belonging to the ships in the Downs came to dinner, among whom was Lord John Hay, of the *Warspite*, who had been so much employed off the coast of Spain during 1840 and 1841, and a young Lieutenant Egerton, son of Lord Francis Egerton, who seemed to be a very clever intelligent young man, and likely to signalize himself in his profession. The conversation of the Duke was, as usual, interesting on every subject, his memory surprising, and his knowledge of naval matters and naval architecture as great as if it were his own province.

After the company had departed at ten o'clock, I sat up with the Duke and Arbuthnot till twelve o'clock, talking on various subjects.

I mentioned Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs, and his details of Pitt's struggles for Irish Emancipation, and the causes of his death. The Duke denied that Pitt's death was occasioned by the defeats at Ulm and at Austerlitz. He said that his constitution, originally a weak one, was destroyed by long and previous exertion in the House of Commons, and by deluging his stomach with port wine and water, which he drank to excess, in order to give a false and artificial stimulus to his nervous system.

He then added, "With regard to the Catholic question, it was always pretended in Pitt's time that we should have securities, but they never could be defined; and so it went on from year to year, the clamor always increasing, till at last the Emancipation was carried, but the devil of a security was ever obtained. The Union was formed on the principle that, by uniting the two countries into one empire, Protestants and Catholics being amalgamated together as subjects of the same, Protestants had then the evident majority, and were entitled to their rights, as belonging to the national religion."

I see that the Government was evidently opposed to the Queen's visit to Eu; it was a wily intrigue, managed by Louis

Philippe through the intervention of his daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, during her frequent visits to Windsor with King Leopold, and was hailed by him with extreme joy as the first admission of the King of the barricades within the pale of legitimate sovereigns.

The Duke said, "I was never let into the secret, nor did I believe the reports then in circulation, till at last they sent to consult my opinion as to forming a regency during the Queen's absence. I immediately referred to precedents as the only proper guide. I told them that George I., George II. (George III. never went abroad), and George IV., had all been obliged to appoint Councils of Regency; that Henry VIII., when he met Francis I. at Ardres, was then master of Calais, as also when he met Charles V. at Gravelines; so that in these instances, Calais being a part of his dominions, he hardly did more than pass his frontier, not much more than going from one county to the next. Upon this I decided, that the Queen could not quit this country without an Act of Regency. But she consulted the crown lawyers, who decided that it was not necessary, as courtiers would do." I myself did not believe in her going till two days before she went. Peel persisted afterwards that he had told me of it; but I know I never heard it, and it was not a thing to have escaped me if I had.

Sunday, 24th September. — This morning at breakfast, the Duke was very entertaining, and told several anecdotes. I happened to mention M. de Villêle, who was minister to Louis XVIII. "Aye," said he, "Villêle in early life was a lieutenant in the French navy, and in that situation once received a curious lesson of English coolness. When Admiral Cornwallis was blockading Bangalore, the French frigate on board of which Villêle served, wanted to introduce some supplies, which the Admiral would not permit, saying that if they persisted in the attempt, he would fire upon them. The French lieutenant, thinking he would not put his threats in execution, made for the port, when Cornwallis immediately put his ship alongside and gave him such a broadside, that he struck his flag at once, and said, 'We are your prisoners.' 'No, not at

all,' said Cornwallis; 'I am not at war with you, and have nothing further to say to you: go about your business.' But this they did not choose to understand, and insisted on his taking them in tow, as victor, which he last complied with, and took them to the nearest French port, when he made them his bow and left them."

The conversation that was carried on, both at table and during the evening, was very animated. One subject brought on another. I will try to recapitulate what the Duke said on subjects of public interest. "When the allied armies had arrived in Paris, there was still a great difficulty in procuring the acknowledgment of the Bourbons, and the person who made the greatest resistance was Napoleon's minister Fouché. Nothing could bring him round, till at last I went to Talleyrand, and asked him how it could be accomplished. Talleyrand appeared to consider, and then said, 'Leave the matter to me.' On the following day there was a grand dinner, where all the *corps diplomatique* and other important personages were assembled, Fouché among the rest. In the evening, as soon as we began to discuss business, though I feared with little success, Talleyrand solemnly took a paper out of his large waistcoat pocket, directed to the Duc d'Otrante, which he handed over to him, desiring him to peruse it. This paper was a document signed by Louis XVIII., appointing him minister-general of police under the new reign. This vanquished at once all his objections, and we met with no further opposition.

"At this time the Duke of Orleans made some advances to the allies, hoping that he might be placed on the throne in preference to the elder branch; to which I remarked that he would only be *un usurpateur de bonne maison;* and his claim, which certainly had no foundation, was never taken into consideration.

"When Charles X. was crowned, he took the oaths to protect national property, etc., but he afterwards got a dispensation from the Pope privately, not to fulfill his engagements; and this latterly getting wind, increased the public animosity

against him, and very much contributed to the revolution. That old fox, Louis XVIII., was aware of all this, and never would consent to be crowned, that he might avoid the dilemma." The Duke agreed with me respecting free trade, that when there was no reciprocity, it was not only a delusion, but ruin to the country that persisted in it.

He then talked of George IV. and his talent for imitation. He said, "When he sent for me to form a new administration in 1828, he was then seriously ill, though he would never allow it. I found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and a turban night-cap, one as greasy as the other; for notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private. The first words he said to me were, 'Arthur, the Cabinet is defunct;' and then he began to describe the manner in which the late ministers had taken leave of him, on giving in their resignations. This was accompanied by the most ludicrous mimicry of the voice and manner of each individual, so strikingly like that it was quite impossible to refrain from fits of laughter."

From George IV. he got upon the subject of the late Lord ——'s death, and his will, and extolled highly the talents, sense, and manners of ——, in which he was so much superior to his father, though in his time the late Lord —— had been reckoned a clever man.

The conversation now returned to French anecdotes, which he seems particularly to like. We got upon the subject of Madame de Balby and Madame du Cayla, the two platonic mistresses of Louis XVIII., for he had no other. I told him the adventure of Madame de Balby with the Duc de Talleyrand, during the emigration, of which he had already heard the main points, but not all the details, particularly the correspondence with Monsieur about it. He then said, "Probably you are not aware that this very circumstance afterwards produced the fall of Fouché's administration. I was then ambassador at Paris, and could not make out the cause of their dismissal; I questioned Fouché very minutely about the differences in the Cabinet with the King, but could get no information from

him ; he always puts me off with vague replies. He said, it was *des paquets et des piquets de cour, des historiettes de vieille date*, and kept me in the dark ; at last it came out that Louis XVIII. was to have a *gentilhomme d'honneur*, and the Government wished him to take Talleyrand's brother, this *peccant Duke*, which his Majesty positively refused, on account of the rancor which he still felt against him, and both parties became so obstinate, that it ended in a breakup of the ministry.

" The Duchesse de Berry did everything in her power to promote the intimacy of Louis XVIII. with Madame du Cayla, in hopes to make use of her as an instrument to turn out Madame de Balby ; and when she had gained that point, she found to her cost that she had caught a Tartar, and raised up an enemy more formidable than the last."

I gave this evening to the Duke my short extracts from Lord Malmesbury's papers, that he might peruse them at leisure. These are really curious, abounding with anecdotes of all the statesmen of that day in the form of a diary. They place Pitt's patriotism and talents in a most distinguished point of view ; he seems to have been animated by a real and constant love of his country, and when I now look round at these castellated walls, in which he also once loved to dwell, and see them again inhabited by another master spirit of the age, whose patriotism is as pure, and whose fame is immeasurably greater, I can only pray that he may long be preserved to guide this crazy vessel of the state.

Monday, 25th. — This morning, at breakfast, the Duke began about Louis Philippe, and I was not surprised to find that his former warm admiration of that sovereign had considerably subsided. He said, " He has always been a Radical in his heart, from education, as well as instinct ; and during the restoration his palace was the general resort of all the factious and discontented characters in Paris, so much so, indeed, that at last I did not like to go to his *soirées*, and avoided them as much as I decently could."

I said to him, " I hope then, sir, that you do not think my

opinions about him have been exaggerated?" "No," he replied, "not in the least." Algernon Greville arrived from town, and joined us at dinner. In the evening, the Duke talked much of the royal family in his time, and of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. "The marriage," he said, "was brought about by Lady ——, who exercised great influence over him: the Prince, who was easily led, imparted his wishes to the King, which were immediately and readily complied with; and as soon as his marriage was accomplished with the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, Lady —— promoted their separation." I said that this was amply corroborated by what I had lately read in Lord Malmesbury's Papers, who was selected by King George III. to go over to Brunswick, to make the formal proposals and bring the bride over to England. They had a wretched journey home, accompanied by the old Duchess, attempting to go through Holland, and embark at Rotterdam, where the squadron was waiting for them; but they were stopped by the French armies, and confined for a long time at a miserable Dutch inn, where they met with so many hardships, that the old Duchess was taken ill, and obliged to return home. Lord M—— and his charge were also forced to beat a retreat, countermand the orders given to the men-of-war, and after six or seven weeks' miserable adventures, they at last embarked at Embden and arrived in England.

Referring again to Lord Malmesbury's Papers, I alluded to the panic which existed in England, after the rupture of the peace in 1803, lest Napoleon should put his threats of an invasion into execution, and which seemed particularly to have occupied the mind of Mr. Pitt at that period. The Duke gave a long account of the schemes which Napoleon concocted for that purpose, which he wanted to effect by collecting all the fleets of Europe together, and by drawing away our channel fleet to the West Indies. It turned out, however, that the Regent of Portugal refused to lend his fleet, the Danish fleet was destroyed at Copenhagen to prevent their submission, and though Nelson had been previously decoyed to the West In-

dies, he did his business there so quickly, that he returned in time to gain the victory of Trafalgar ; all which circumstances combined put the idea of invading England out of the question.

The Duke said in the course of the evening, "When I went to Oxford as chancellor, I was very much puzzled when they told me I was to make a Latin speech at the inauguration. Now any speech is difficult, but a Latin one was impossible ; so in this dilemma I applied to my physician, as most likely from his prescriptions to know Latin, and he made me a speech, which answered very well. I believe it was a very good speech, but I did not know much of the matter."

Arbuthnot tells me that the Duke is very religious, and thinks much on serious subjects. Some time back he observed him every evening, when they were alone at Walmer, occupied in reading a book, which seemed to absorb all his attention ; he would afterwards remain in a musing attitude, apparently pondering on what he had read. At last he asked him what was the book that seemed to interest him so much. It was "Habershon on the Prophecies."

I could not help mentioning this anecdote to my brother the Chancellor : he wrote me in reply, "I can hardly conceive a more affecting or beautiful object than the old conqueror sitting over his Bible, or fixed on the perusal of such a work as Habershon."

Tuesday, 26th. — This morning at breakfast the Duke said to me, "Did you hear what happened at the wedding ?" meaning that of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Replying in the negative, he continued, "When we proceeded to the signatures, the King of Hanover was very anxious to sign before Prince Albert ; and when the Queen approached the table, he placed himself by her side, watching his opportunity. She knew very well what he was about, and just as the Archbishop was giving her the pen, she suddenly dodged round the table, placed herself next to the Prince, then quickly took the pen from the Archbishop, signed, and gave it to Prince Albert, who also signed next, before it could be prevented.

"The Queen was also very anxious to give the precedence at court to King Leopold before the King of Hanover, and she consulted me about it, and how it should be arranged. I told her Majesty that I supposed it should be settled as we did at the Congress of Vienna. 'How was that,' said she, 'by first arrival?' 'No, ma'am,' said I, 'alphabetically; and then, you know, B. comes before H.' This pleased her very much, and it was done."

This morning the Duke returned me the Malmesbury Extracts; he said that he never read anything more interesting, more clever, or more true — that he could vouch himself for the accuracy of most of the facts; but he strongly advised Lord M. not to publish them all at present.

Lord Clanwilliam arrived to-day from town at dinner-time. The Duke recommended me to peruse a book lately published by Mr. G. Jones on the origin of ancient America, before the discovery by Columbus: he said it was a most extraordinary work, and proves very clearly, by the ancient monuments found in the country, vestiges of customs, and also by quotations from the Bible, that this continent was peopled by the ancient nation of the Tyrians, who migrated thither notwithstanding all the difficulties of navigation at that early and unskillful period.

It was remarked that neither of our two sovereigns who had last visited Brussels, ever went to inspect the field of Waterloo. Victoria probably was afraid of giving offense to the French, who might have put some impertinent constructions on her visit. The Duke said, "George IV. did form the project, and ordered his carriages for that purpose; but in the morning he was seized with a fit of colic, and did not afterwards find an opportunity to make the excursion."

During the Queen's late absence from England, she had all the boxes and communications with the different public offices in London forwarded to her every day, wherever she was. It is curious to remark how much official business must be signed by the British sovereign, and, in fact, how much power and influence is attached to the kingly office by our constitution.

So regularly are they disposed, that he could refer to any one at any time in five minutes, notwithstanding the mass of papers that are there accumulated.

Clanwilliam mentioned this evening an incident, which proves the wonderful celerity of the railroads. M. Isidore, the Queen's coiffeur, who receives 200*l.* a year for dressing her Majesty's hair twice a day, had gone to London in the morning, meaning to return to Windsor in time for her toilet; but on arriving at the station he was just five minutes too late, and saw the train depart without him. His horror was great, as he knew that his want of punctuality would deprive him of his place, as no train would start for the next two hours. The only resource was to order a special train, for which he was obliged to pay 18*l.*; but the establishment feeling the importance of his business, ordered extra steam to be put on, and conveyed the anxious hair-dresser eighteen miles in eighteen minutes, which extricated him from all his difficulties.

Wednesday, 27th. — When I took leave of the Duke, he was kind enough to ask me to come back with my daughter, and stay a few days on our road to Paris, adding, "You will always find your rooms ready for you."

I left him with feelings of the greatest veneration for his character, and consider it a most interesting and fortunate incident to have enjoyed the gratification of his society in the intimacy and unreserve of private life.

Friday, 6th October, 1843. — We dined with my old friend General Sir A. Mackenzie, who is staying at Dover. He mentioned that when he was young he was sent to the Military Academy at Angers in France, which was then much frequented by young Englishmen of family, on account of the attention paid to their military studies by the Governor, Marquis de Pignerol, and a very fine *manége* under the inspection of his brother, the Vicomte. The late Lord Thanet and his brother were there, and among others, Mr. Arthur Wellesley (now the Duke of Wellington); he was at that time rather of a weak constitution, not very attentive to his studies, and con-

stantly occupied with a little terrier called Vick, which followed him everywhere. On leaving college, Mackenzie travelled up to Paris with Mr. Wellesley, like young men whose means were limited; and they entered that city in a broken *cabriolet de poste*, where they put up at a mean sort of inn near the Palais Royal. In 1815 the Duke was conqueror of France, and Ambassador at Paris, and Mackenzie dined with him frequently. "Thus," said he, "the only two periods at which I ever saw the Duke in Paris, formed the most singular contrast in his position; at the one period he was obscure and unknown, at the other he was arrived at the highest pitch of human grandeur and celebrity." It is another singular circumstance, and fortunate for the world, that the Duke's constitution, which in early life had been rather sickly, was strengthened and fortified by his residence in the East Indian climate, which is generally supposed to be so hurtful to the health of Europeans.

I can remember well the time when the Duke returned to England after his brilliant campaigns, crowned with the battle of Waterloo; at that time he was cheered by the people wherever he went, and lauded to the skies. Afterwards, at the period of the Reform Bill, the fickle people forgot all his services, and constantly hooted him in the streets. On one day, coming from the Tower on horseback, the rascally mob attacked him with so much virulence and malice, that he was exposed to considerable personal danger in the street. I was in that year at a ball given by him at Apsley House to King William IV. and his queen, when the mob were very unruly and indecent in their conduct at the gates; and on the following days they proceeded to such excesses, that they broke the windows of Apsley House, and did much injury to his property. It was then that he caused to be put up those iron blinds to his windows, which remain to this day as a record of the people's ingratitude. Some time afterwards, when he had regained all his popularity, and began to enjoy that great and high reputation which he now, it is to be hoped, will carry to the grave, he was riding up Constitution Hill, in the Park, followed by

an immense mob, who were cheering him in every direction; he heard it all with the most stoical indifference, never putting his horse out of a walk, or seeming to regard them, till he leisurely arrived at Apsley House, when he stopped at the gate, turned round to the rabble, and then pointing with his finger to the iron blinds which still closed the windows, he made them a sarcastic bow, and entered the court without saying a word.

Saturday, 7th October. — Came to Walmer. We found the Duke, as before, walking with Arbuthnot on the platform, when he told me of his journey to Windsor, and the sumptuous banquet given to the Grand Duke; he said he was much *hurried* to get in time from Walmer on that day, and it was only by taking a special train from London to Slough, that he was able to arrive just as they were going in to dinner.

In the evening, the Duke talked much of the treaties of Vienna in 1815, when he said it was at one time proposed to divide France into three parts, according to "Cæsar's Commentaries," "*Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est.*" "But," said he, "our armies were not like the Roman army, compact and integral, but composed of different nations, who had all their private objects in view, and would never have agreed as to the allotments; it was therefore deemed necessary to keep all in the present state as much as possible; that France should remain whole, with certain boundaries, and sufficiently strong to make a *point de résistance* in the south against the power of Russia in the north."

He asked me if I thought —— had had any serious ideas about religion; and *à propos* of this, I told him the following anecdote, of which the subject reminded me.

When the Cato Street conspirators were ordered for execution, —— proposed to Alvanley and myself to go with him to the Sheriff's room in Newgate. It so happened that he was not well, which prevented him from going, and Alvanley and I went to see this dreadful ceremony. It was the first execution I ever saw, and shall be the last It was a fine morning, and the crowd in the Old Bailey was, perhaps, greater than ever

was assembled on such an occasion; all the house-tops were covered with spectators; and when we first looked out of the window of the Sheriff's room, there was nothing to be seen but the scaffold surrounded by an immense ocean of human heads, all gazing upon that one single object. At length the procession issued out from the debtor's door, and the six culprits came on, one after the other, and were successively tied up to the gibbet. Thistlewood came first, looking as pale as death, but without moving a muscle of his features, or attempting to utter a word, except that when the rope had been adjusted round the neck of him who was next him, he said, in a low tone to him, "We shall soon know the grand secret." Ings, the butcher, appeared in a great state of excitement, almost as if under the influence of liquor; he gave several huzzas, and shouted out to the crowd, "Liberty for ever," twice or thrice, but it was evidently a feint to try to interest the by-standers. The last in this sad rank was a dirty looking black man, who alone seemed to be impressed with a sense of his awful situation; his lips were in continual motion, and he was evidently occupied in silent prayer. At this moment, one of the gentlemen of the press, who had posted himself in the small inclosure close to the foot of the scaffold, looked up to Thistlewood with a paper and pencil in his hand, and said, "Mr. Thistlewood, if you have anything to say, I shall be happy to take it down and communicate it to the public." The other made him no answer, but gave him a look. As they were about to be launched into eternity, a well-dressed man, on the roof of one of the opposite houses, got up from his seat, and looking at Thistlewood, exclaimed in a very loud, but agitated voice, "God bless you! God Almighty bless you!" Thistlewood slowly turned his head to the quarter whence the voice came, without moving his body, and as slowly reverted to his former position, always with the same fixed impassible countenance. The caps were then pulled down, the drop fell, and after some struggles they all ceased to live. The law prescribed that their heads should be severed from their bodies, and held up to public view as the heads of traitors. The ex-

ecutioner had neglected to bring any instrument for the purpose, and we in the Sheriff's room were horrified at seeing one of the assistants enter, and take from a cupboard a large carving knife, which was to be used instead of a more regular instrument. When we were able to leave the prison, which was not for some time, on account of the immense crowd, I drove to Seymour Place, and found —— at breakfast, and gave him an account of the scene ; when I ended by mentioning the apparent devotion of the black man, he observed, " He was quite right ; you should never give away a chance."

The Duke listened with much interest to this narrative, said it was very curious, and the observation of —— a singular trait of character.

The conversation then turned on Irish affairs, which the Duke thought were going on very ill, and daily getting worse. He said that the Government would not strike the first blow, but the O'Connell party were drawing towards the line of treason, and of themselves would bring the affair to a crisis, for which we were well prepared.

I talked to him of the Princesse de Vaudemont's letters, which seemed to amuse him. He said that she had corresponded with everybody of note during her time, and mentioned some anecdote about a Spanish lover of hers, which I cannot recollect. Indeed, you can hardly mention any subject in conversation which does not instantly produce from him some anecdote or recollection of the past, which is new and interesting to his hearers.

Sunday, 8th. — . . . . There were some guests at dinner from Deal Castle : Lord and Lady Dalhousie, etc. Lord Dalhousie seems to be a clever, well-informed man. The Duke has lately made him captain of Deal Castle.

The conversation after dinner turned upon this book of Mr. G. Jones, which the Duke strongly recommended, and said he made out his case completely. Lord Dalhousie observed that there were no aborigines on that continent ; and it, therefore, must have been peopled from the East. The extraordinary circumstance, indeed, that the Tyrians should have

crossed the Atlantic without even the knowledge of the compass, could only be attributed to the guidance of a higher Power working out its own designs. Talking then of the Jews, the Duke said it was believed that some of the lost tribes had been found in Affghanistan ; and I remarked, that General Allard, when he was in Paris seven or eight years ago, asserted that some were residing in the dominions of Runjeet Singh.

The Duke talked to me a good deal in the evening about the Aston family ; said he knew Hervey Aston very well in India, who was killed in a duel, which made way for him to take the command in those campaigns. He believed, indeed, he was himself godfather to Aston, now at Madrid, and that he was called Arthur after him. The conversation this evening was more general on account of the company, and he took less part in it.

Monday, 9th. — This morning at breakfast Arbuthnot gave the account of an extensive gang of swindlers in London, who had been lately detected by the Lord Mayor, and remarked how credulous and gullible the English tradesmen were, in becoming such easy dupes to their plots and roguerries. "Aye," said the Duke, "I remember an old Spaniard, named Escoiquez, who had lived much with Talleyrand, used to say, 'On parle beaucoup de charlatans, mais il y a beaucoup plus de dupes que d'escrocs dans ce monde.'" From thence he spoke of Talleyrand, of whom he had formerly seen a great deal. "Talleyrand one said to me, 'Monsieur le Duc, vous connaissez le monde, pourriez vous m'indiquer un endroit, où un honnête homme pourroit se retirer pour vivre en paix ?' I at first thought of Malta ; but then I recollected the liberty of the press there, and that would not do ; and at last we both seemed to agree that England, after all, might be the best. It is astonishing how all those who have the true conservative feeling at heart look up to England as the only solid barrier left against the spirit of innovation. In Holland, particularly, where there is much good sense, all the right-thinking people are firmly of that opinion ; and in fact it is only the

rogues, whose object is plunder and anarchy, that wish for our destruction." I told him several anecdotes of Talleyrand, and Montrond, to which he listened, and then continued: "Yes, he was a very agreeable companion, though not a talkative one: he would often remain for an hour in company without speaking, and then would come out with an epigram, which you never forgot. I was one day at Madame Crawford's house in Paris, when some one came in and announced the death of Napoleon. It made a sort of sensation in the room, and Madame Crawford exclaimed, "*Ah, mon Dieu! quel événement!*' Talleyrand was sitting in a corner near her, and very quietly replied, '*Ce n'est plus un événement, c'est une nouvelle.*'" I added another instance. "During the time of the Directory, Talleyrand was dining with a party, with whom was Regnier, who talked much of himself, and said, '*Quoiqu'on en dise, je n'ai jamais fait qu'une méchanceté de ma vie.*' Talleyrand coolly added, '*Et quand finira-t-elle?*'" He then talked about gentlemen, and what constituted the character. He said, "I always recollect that expression which has been attributed to Charles II., that he could make a hundred noblemen, but he had not the power to make a single gentleman. Foreigners hardly know our definition of the term; they are always inquiring '*si tel ou tel est gentilhomme;*' they do not understand what is meant by a real English gentleman."

The Duke is certainly growing old and feeble, which though much to be regretted, is not surprising; but he never will allow any one to do anything for him. Greville says: "If he drops his hat, I should never think of stooping to pick it up — he would not like it." He will get up himself to ring the bell; and I observe at night, when we retire to bed, he will light your flat candlestick, and give it to you. His politeness is unceasing to all; and here in his own house it is only to be equaled by his kindness and cordiality.

He rises very early: perhaps does not give himself sufficient time for sleep. He is always a very long time dressing, as he shaves himself, though his hand is unsteady, and never will allow a servant to assist him.

Last year when the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge paid him a visit at Strathfieldsaye, and bedrooms were scarce, Lord Charles told me that he said to him, "I fear I must deprive you of your room for a few days," to which he of course assented; but when he came to look for his new lodging, he found the Duke had given up to him his own room, and had had a bed put up for himself in his dressing-room, having the door of communication double-locked, and reserving no *sortie* for himself but through a glass door, and through the garden into the body of the house. For this fête he had invited Grisi and Lablache, and the other Italian singers, to amuse his royal guests, and ordered a separate table to be prepared for them. When Grisi arrived, he asked her at what hour she liked to dine. She replied, "Oh, at your hour, and when you dine;" and seeing what she expected, he was so good-natured that he complied. The consequence was, that she chose to fancy herself part of the company, and would only now and then get up to sing. When he is at Strathfieldsaye he tires himself too much; for he will hunt, and ride sometimes a long way to cover, not returning till late in the evening, and then he is often exhausted. He seems very fond of Lord Charles, who is a frank, amiable character.

I found the Duke this morning on the platform, and joined him. We paced backwards and forwards for more than an hour.

He began to talk of his campaigns in Portugal, and said: —

"I had Junot in my front for a long time with his army. It was, I think, near St. Herem that we came to blows, and I gave him a good beating; he himself was wounded in the head. The next day I sent to inquire after his health, as a *lesson of the old school*, and sent also a present of fruit, which he acknowledged a few days later. I afterwards forwarded to him some intercepted letters from his wife, who was then somewhere in the rear, and of whom it appeared he was extremely jealous, for I recollect they were full of complaints, and asking him what name she should give to a child she was

going to produce, but always stipulating that it should begin with an A. She afterwards retired to France, when Junot's army was getting into a worse plight, and I intercepted another letter from her, in which there was this remarkable expression, 'Je me retire chez votre père en Bourgogne, où je dois rester quelque tems ; je n'ose pas aller à Paris, car je ne sais pas dans quel sens parler à l'Empereur de votre campagne, qui devient si malheureuse.' I had the attention to forward him also this letter.

"I dined with Junot at Cintra, who received me with a vulgar, swaggering manner, trying to imitate Napoleon, which he could not do, and at the same time never losing an opportunity of throwing out some sly insinuation against him. He talked to me a good deal about Lady ——, asked me if she was not of a very high family in England ; he said she was '*très grande dame*, and *très bonne femme*, *mais extrêmement philanthrope*.'

"Amongst the eminent Portuguese who were cruelly treated by the French during this invasion, was the Count Sa. Bandiera ; and he gave me dreadful accounts of the brutal excesses committed in his house by the French officers who were quartered upon him, and their continued drunkenness and pillage.

"Among these officers billeted upon him was the General Loison, who at one time was dangerously ill, and confined to his bed : Junot one morning sent for the unfortunate Bandiera, and asked him how the General was going on ; as he could only answer that he was still extremely ill, Junot knitted his brow, and said, 'Tenez, M. Bandiera, je vous conseille de bien prendre soin de lui ; prenez bien garde qu'il se retablisse, car si le général vient á mourir dans votre maison, le diable m'emporte si je ne vous enterre pas tout vivant sous lui.' It may easily be supposed with what anxiety the poor Bandiera watched the recovery of General Loison, who fortunately at last was restored to health.

"When the Allies were advancing into France in 1814, and moving by very slow marches, while Napoleon still main-

tained the struggle, they took, among other prisoners, a French hussar, who was examined by several of the generals as to the position of the enemy. This man had previously served in Spain in the army opposed to myself, and when these generals asked him some questions about the road and distance to Paris, he said, 'Si le prince qui est maintenant sur la frontiére d'Espagne avec l'armée Anglaise était ici, il iroit à Paris en trois jours.'"

I asked him what he really thought of the talents of the Emperor Napoleon as a great general. He said, "I have always considered the presence of Napoleon with an army as equal to an additional force of 40,000 men, from his superior talent, and from the enthusiasm which his name and presence inspired into the troops ; and this was the more disinterested on my part, because in all my campaigns I had then never been opposed to him. When I was in Paris, in 1814, I gave this very opinion in the presence of several Prussian and Austrian generals, who had fought against him, and you have no idea of the satisfaction and pleasure it gave them to think that, though defeated, they had had such odds against them."

On another occasion the Duke also said, that he thought Napoleon superior to Turenne, Tallard, or any of the old generals of former times ; but Napoleon had this advantage over every other general, himself in particular, that his power was unlimited. He could order everything on the spot as he pleased : if he wanted reinforcements, they were sent ; if to change the plan of a campaign, it was changed ; if to reward services, he could confer honors on the field of battle ; whereas the Duke and other generals were obliged to write home to ministers, and wait their decisions, perhaps that of Parliament ; and he himself had never had the power of conferring the slightest reward on any of his followers, however deserving.

When we were assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, the Duke entered, with the proclamation issued at Dublin Castle, to repress the Repeal Meeting at Clontarf, on

the 8th inst., which he had just received from town by express. He seemed very much elated, and, putting on his spectacles, read the whole proclamation out loud from beginning to end, laying great stress on the words, *tending to overthrow the Constitution of the British Empire as by law established.* I could see that he was much pleased with this exercise of authority, and that he thought the Government had been dilatory in not adopting these strong measures at an earlier period. He said, "We must now show them that we are really in earnest; there must be no paltering or truckling with O'Connell; and as we are well prepared for every emergency, I have no fears for the result. Ten years of misrule in Ireland have rendered our task more difficult, but we must now bring the rascals on their knees; they give us now a fair pretext to put them down, as their late placard invites the mob to assemble in military order, and their horsemen to form in troops. This order probably was not written by O'Connell himself, but by some eager zealot of his party, who has thus brought the affair to a crisis. Our proclamation is well drawn up, and avails itself of the unguarded opening which O'Connell has given us to set him at defiance." He then turned to me and said, "Do you know what the Pope's nuncio, Gravina, said at Lisbon at the time of the insurrection?

"'Pour la canaille
Faut la mitraille.'"

As he went in to dinner, he repeated the couplet two or three times.

He then added, "They say they are a starving people, and yet they can pay 2*s.* 6*d.* a day to 200 or 300 traitors from Manchester to come over and assist them; it costs them besides 2*s.* 6*d.* a head for their passage, and there are 800 more ready to go over and join them."

After dinner, the conversation turned on the resemblance between the fate of the Stuarts and the Bourbons, though the circumstances which led to their fate were widely different, as no two men could be more dissimilar than Charles I. and the unfortunate Louis XVI. The Duke said, "I have very much

altered my opinion of the character of Charles I. I once thought him a man of greater talent than he really was; but, since reading Sanderson [1] and Clarendon for the second time, I am convinced that he was obstinate without judgment; he first acted unwisely, and then persisted in his fault like a headstrong man. Charles II. was much the cleverer man, but a very bad king. It has been the fashion to say that he was a Roman Catholic, but the fact is, that he was a profligate debauchee, and had no religion at all; he might have shown a tendency to that creed on his death-bed, but that is easily accounted for. James II., when Duke of York, showed courage and talent; his beginning was better than his end. He was certainly a Roman Catholic, but his bigotry in the commencement was founded on the idea that Papistry, if once re-established in England, would better enable him to become a despotic monarch, than Protestantism. That was the real object of his heart, in which he was also strengthened by the counsels of Louis XIV. But the nation took the alarm; their religious scruples were awakened, and when he was once driven from the throne, he found he had nothing left but to give himself up in reality to all those bigoted ideas, by which he was only partly actuated before. Hence came the saying, that he had lost three kingdoms for one mass, but what he wanted was, to be a despot."

Tuesday, 10*th*. — This morning, at breakfast, the Duke read out a letter, which he had just received from Lord Westmoreland, at Berlin, in which he says that the court had been thrown into great confusion by accounts that one of the carriages of the Emperor of Russia had been waylaid and fired at near Posen, by a band of assassins; two discharges were made into the carriage, one loaded with ball and the other with slugs, which passed through the cloaks of two secretaries seated in it, and lodged in the side cushions, but, fortunately, did not wound either. It was evident that they supposed the Emperor himself was in the carriage. The King of Prussia

[1] Robert Sanderson, chaplain of Charles I., and subsequently Bishop of Lincoln, was born at Sheffield in 1607, and died in 1662.

was deeply affected by this event. The Duke remarked, "These Poles are living on charity, and yet exciting tumults everywhere."

Wednesday, 11th. — We left Walmer, having fixed to-morrow for our return. As every memorial will be interesting hereafter, of the habits and characteristics of one whose name will fill the pages of history, I shall add a few details of the Duke's daily life at Walmer. He always rises at six o'clock, and walks on the platform, then returns to his room to dress, which, as I have said, takes a very long time. He is remarkably neat in his appearance, always wearing a white waistcoat and trousers, under which is a good guard of fleecy hosiery against the cold; and a blue riding coat in the morning.

At ten o'clock he appears at breakfast; he seems to eat heartily, and makes messes of rusks and bread in his tea, never meat or eggs. He converses the whole time, then retires, saying, "Well, we shall dine at seven." He remains in his room, writing letters and dispatches, and making notes, some rather droll and concise, on the different letters to be answered by his secretary in his name; and Greville's hand is become so like to his, that few people can distinguish the difference. Greville showed me one from Fitzroy Somerset, with details about Ireland. His note on the margin was, "If I am to manage the affairs of Ireland, I had better go there myself."

About two o'clock he generally gets on his horse, and gallops over the Downs, or, perhaps, to Dover, where he is very active in attending to his business as warden of the cinque ports. He seems to be worshiped all over the country, for he is v ry charitable, and always ready to do good to his neighbors. In a shop at Dover is to be seen, framed and glazed, a short note, which he once wrote to the owner, ordering fifty yards of flannel; it is kept as a precious relic.

On his return he walks again on the platform, till he enters to dress for dinner, at which he also eats with appetite, mixing meat, rice, and vegetables into a mess, which fills his

plate ; he drinks very little wine, and during the evening, two decanters of iced water are placed by his side, which are generally empty when he goes to bed.

When we were only men, he dressed in boots, but when there are ladies (and when only my daughter) always wears shoes, silk stockings, with his star and the garter. He is exceedingly polite to all, and particularly attentive to women ; he is *la vieille cour personnifiée.*

Although still active, yet age has made some havoc with his frame ; his hair is quite white, but not scanty ; he is very deaf with the left ear, and when left to himself, or engaged in thought, he stoops very much, and his head seems to droop on his breast ; but the instant any subject is started that interests him, his eye brightens, his head is raised, he puts his hand to his right ear to catch the sound, and enters into the argument with all the spirit, and judgment, and penetration, which form so striking a part of his character.

A foolish woman in society once asked the Duke to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo. "Oh," replied he, "it is very easily done. We pummeled them, they pummeled us, and I suppose we pummeled the hardest, so we gained the day."

Arbuthnot is his *fidus Achates*, his second self, from whom he seems to have no secret hid. I observe that at breakfast he shows him almost all his letters, and his character is so mild and so placid, that it blends admirably with that of the Duke, who, with all his fine qualities, when worried and vexed by his multifarious business, is subject at times to momentary fits of anger and excitement. These bursts never last long, and when the bile is once vomited out, he is cool and dispassionate again. Algy [1] says, that this bile is sometimes visited upon Arbuthnot himself, from whom it glides off innocuous, and who often makes a very convenient *paratonnerre* for others.

The respect paid to the Duke in England is as universal as it is great ; and he is perhaps the only man in history who, attaining such high glory and reputation, enjoyed it during his life-time.

[1] A. Greville, the Duke's private secretary.

He is the vital spark of the Cabinet; he created them, and animates them still. At times, however, they will by numbers outvote him in the council, and certainly do not show that respect for his wishes in many things that is due to him; but when a case of difficulty occurs, they all with one accord come back to consult his experience and judgment.

Monday, 22d January, 1844. — The following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington is worthy of being preserved.

Some years ago it was proposed to him to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition, to which he assented. When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties, and forced to part with it. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke; the other replied, "It was valued at 1,100*l.*, and we have got it for 800*l.*" "In that case," said the Duke, "you will please to carry the extra 300*l.* to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

Thursday, 8th February. — One of the accusations which the French are always delighted to make against the Duke of Wellington is, that he did not interfere to save the life of Marshal Ney, which, from his high station at Paris at the time, he could undoubtedly have effected. I once took the opportunity of stating this to him, anxious to hear what he would say on the subject. His reply was: that the trial of Ney was an affair both civil and political, which in no way came within his cognizance as a military man, though he commanded all the allied troops in Paris. "Besides," said he, "even at that early period, the Bourbons, though so newly established in France through our means, began to be jealous of our interference in their affairs, and we (the foreigners) began to be cautious of intruding our opinions, when not absolutely called for. The execution of that sentence was the unbiased act of the Bourbons." I have just read the following sentence in Dr. Arnold's history of the two Punic wars: —

"But when the nation has been enkindled for a while by a

great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it ; and the nation when he is gone is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given unnatural life ; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before."

This I fear indeed may be verified at the death of Wellington.

Friday, 26th July. — I called this morning on the Duke, and found him alone and in very high spirits, and, as usual, full of anecdote.

He adverted to the late visit of the Emperor of Russia, and said : " He acted with great discretion and good taste, and everything passed off remarkably well ; but I will candidly tell you that never did my mind feel so relieved as when he quitted safely the English shores. Deep plots were certainly laid to murder him by the Polish party here ; and however you may have seen the affair of Offstrowski palliated and defended by the public press, it might have produced the most serious consequences. I myself looked over all the papers submitted to the Privy Council, and I believe I am the only person who saw the note in pencil sent to the police by the tailor who gave the information, which was in the following terms : 'You have no time to lose, for the man has got possession of one of our cards, which would give him immediate admittance into the palace, and then he will have every opportunity to effect his purpose.' " This man, it must be recollected, went to the tailor employed by the Emperor, and learning all the details of a pair of pantaloons making for him, had concerted a scheme to personate one of the journeymen, and in that disguise make an attempt on his life.

We talked of Louis Philippe's proposed visit to England, and he was much amused with an anecdote I told him, — that M. Guizot, who, as well as Louis Philippe, was greatly vexed at the Emperor of Russia's visit to England, would not believe that Madame de —— was not aware of the Emperor's intentions some time before, and thought she had concealed it from him ; this produced a coolness between them, and Guizot stayed

away from her house for several days, till the feeling was forgotten.

I touched upon the embarrassing position in which Sir James Graham and the Government had lately been placed by the post-office discussions in the House of Commons, and the complaints made of opening the letters addressed to Mazzini, who was conspiring against the Austrian Government in their Italian provinces. "As for this," said the Duke, "such power has always existed from time immemorial in the hands of Government, and it is impossible that the affairs of the country can be carried on with security and vigilance without such a privilege: otherwise treasonable designs may be concocted against ourselves or against foreign countries in the very heart of this kingdom, and we may have no clew whatsoever to detect them."

I alluded to Guizot's denial in the Chambers, that such measures were adopted by the French Government, when every one was convinced of the contrary. "It is notorious," he replied, "that in no one country has this practice been so unceasingly and so extensively adopted as in France. I have had many proofs of it in my own experience. It was in 1815, when the secret correspondence with the island of Elba was carrying on by the disaffected imperial party in France, Lady Oxford was in Italy, and very much mixed up with these intrigues and plots to bring back Napoleon. She was a desperate *intrigante* in every sense of the word, and in very intimate connection with the dethroned family. Her husband, Lord Oxford, was then in Paris, about to join her in Italy; his letters to her were constantly opened by the French police, who derived from them much information of the plans in agitation. Lord Oxford was commissioned by his wife to bring with him a little favorite spaniel, but as he was setting, out the dog was taken ill, and delayed his departure. This, of course, he mentioned in his correspondence, which was naturally read at the post-office. But when he did set out with his charge, orders were given by the French Government to stop him at Villejuif, the second relay from Paris, and examine all the papers he

carried with him; and so little disguise was used, that when the gendarme who was waiting for him, approached the carriage door to fulfill his orders, the first thing he said to him was, with a sneer '*Bon jour, Milord, comment se porte votre petit chien?*' "

There is no subject you can mention, on which the Duke is not always prepared to relate some curious anecdote which shows his extraordinary memory.

Louis Philippe.

Saturday, 8th September, 1832. — The elder Dupin, in his late oration before the Academy, alluded to Louis Philippe in terms of the most extravagant panegyric; and observed that, although the King could address the ambassador of every nation in Europe in his native tongue, he always used French from preference. The following pasquinade appeared the next day in Paris: —

> "Il parle Italien, Anglais,
> Russe, Saxon, jargon Souabe,
> Il écorche aussi le Français,
> Mais il ne pense qu'en Arabe."

Monday, 17th September. — Charles X. and the rest of his family sail direct from Leith for Hamburg. He is by no means in affluent circumstances, but has brought from France a sum sufficient to maintain him for nine or ten years. The Dauphin and the Duchesse de Berry also had not made that provision for the future which former adversities might have taught them to provide; and even after this second banishment the sales of their private property in France were not only very unproductive, from the disadvantageous circumstances under which they were made, but in many instances have been depreciated by the illiberal meanness and parsimony of Louis Philippe. D'Orsay tells me, the magnificent *haras* of the Dauphin was ordered to be sold; and the Duc de Guiche was sent over to Paris to superintend the arrangements; but, as it was considered an object of national importance to preserve untouched an establishment which contributed so much to the improve-

ment of the breed of horses in France, it was arranged between the Duc de Guiche and M. Thiers, on the part of Louis Philippe, that he should become the purchaser. Guiche was therefore instructed to make out a valuation of the stock and property, which, as having had the entire management of it, he was alone able to estimate. His calculation amounted to 320,000 francs, including the buildings, which had been erected at a great expense by the Dauphin. It would hardly be supposed, that a man who had so lately been raised to such a state of splendor and affluence, at the cost and upon the ruins of his nearest relations, would have hesitated for a moment at making any pecuniary arrangement (even had it been overcharged, which it was not) that might have slightly contributed to their comfort; but this was not the case with Louis Philippe, he found the Duc de Guiche's valuation too expensive, and he declined the purchase. The agitation which then pervaded France, and the consequent depreciation of all objects of luxury, afforded little prospect for the sale of this valuable stud; and Guiche at length decided on consigning the horses to Tattersall, for sale in this country. On this decision being known, a fresh negotiation was opened by the King, who at length consented to become the purchaser; but here a new quibble was started by his legal advisers. The various buildings had been erected on the property of the crown, and an old French law was cited, by which all buildings erected by a tenant shall, at the expiration of his term, become the property of the ground landlord; thus expunging the title of the Dauphin to derive any advantage from the money he had invested in that manner. The Dauphin's *haras* was thus bought for the moderate sum of 160,000 francs by the man who had just received a civil list of 12,000,000 per annum from the nation, in addition to his own colossal fortune.

Friday, 1st March, 1833. — The French "Moniteur" contains a letter from the Duchesse de Berry, announcing that she had been for some time privately married. This accounts for the apparent anxiety shown lately by the French Government about her health, when they with great publicity sent two phy-

sicians from Paris to report on her state. Reports were circulated then that she was *enceinte*, which have unfortunately proved too true, and. instead of endeavoring to conceal the frailty of a poor, weak, defenseless woman, Louis Philippe and his ministers would not let slip such an opportunity of disgracing the Bourbons and mortifying the Carlist party; they have, therefore, compelled her, as it were, to make this exposure to the world, in hopes that it may tend to strengthen his throne and render the claims of the other family more precarious; but every generous mind must see that they have cruelly abused their power over one who had no hope but in their delicacy and clemency.

AUTEIL, *Tuesday, 25th February*, 1834. — The peculiar state of this government, and the position of Louis Philippe, are very obvious to all. Heaven knows if they will last, but both are unnatural, and grounded on false principles; both are highly unpopular, because they seek for their support in resources which are essentially unnational, and opposed to all the principles which caused the revolution of July, to which they themselves owe their existence. There exists in no country in Europe a government so little respected abroad, or a king so little respected at home, as is the case in France at the present moment. The government of the *juste milieu* only ventures to act openly, when sure of the connivance or approbation of England to their foreign policy; Louis Philippe only trusts a garrison of 60,000 men near Paris, to gradually undermine the liberties of the nation. Strange as it may appear, and anomalous in the extreme, the one, with the high-sounding watchword of liberal principles, would gladly, if it dared, join with the Holy Alliance; and the other, with liberty and the charter in his mouth, would go any lengths, as far as his own safety would permit, to establish a military despotism. But public discontent is a warning to which both must lend an unwilling ear. At this present moment, under the reign of the Citizen King, above 100,000 troops are occupied to keep in awe only three cities in this kingdom, Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons.

Here indeed it seems the policy, when pretexts are wanting,

to create artificial excuses for additional rigor. The town has been infested for the last six weeks with wretched itinerant vendors of the most disgusting trash, and abuse against the royal family, — the lowest species of caricatures. I have watched them in the street; no one noticed them, none purchased their wares; it seemed indeed a most unprofitable trade; but still it was continued, without check on the one side, or encouragement on the other. I at last expressed my surprise to a friend at their impunity. "Oh," said he, "it is an *attrape;* they are agents paid by the police, to sound the feelings of the multitude." In a week afterwards came out a bill of the most sweeping nature against the public criers, interdicting them from selling even the public journals. Since that has appeared an *ordonnance* requiring the theatres to close their doors at eleven o'clock, which has been treated with contempt; and yesterday was brought into the Chambers a most arbitrary law against associations of every description, on which the "National," makes the following remark: — "The law which shall destroy open associations, will found secret ones. Every political association will henceforth have subversion for its aim; it will conceal its existence only to march more resolutely and surely to its end."

There have been some trifling appearances of discontent shown by the people on the Boulevards and on the Place de la Bourse; but the military are always on the alert, and the sober *bourgeois* who thinks only of preserving his shop from pillage, dreads a *mouvement.*

Monday, 16th June. — Louis Philippe is working steadily to bring about a despotic monarchy, the first step to which is now secured by a numerous, well-appointed army, which is attached by flattery and favors to his interest. He has two other powerful engines working in his favor, which rally round him, the National Guard, or what may be called the middling classes, and of which he is availing himself adroitly and constantly, — the fear of revolution and pillage with those who have property, and the allurement of favor and patronage with those who wish for advancement. He is carrying everything

by degrees ; and though by no means increasing his popularity, if no unforeseen event occurs, he may probably succeed in his objects.

He is aiming a bold stroke at Versailles, which the last Bourbons could never accomplish. Permission was given some time back to fit up that palace as a great national museum for works of art, to be brought from the various residences and *gardes meubles* of the civil list, and kept as a public exhibition. This is in part arranged, and will be opened shortly to the public. I was surprised, however, to learn during our visit on Sunday, that advantage has been taken of this circumstance to fit up the private apartments of Louis XIV. precisely as they existed at that period. The identical bed in which he slept has been repaired and put up, as well as many other fine pieces of furniture which had been laid aside and forgotten. What was wanting has been supplied from other quarters, but all harmonizing with the taste of that day ; and the effect is said to be really superb. Neither money nor interest can obtain a view of this collection from the guardians, to whom the King has given the strictest orders that no one shall be admitted ; indeed, M. Montalivet said to Glengall the other night, that if any one dared to show it, he would be instantly dismissed. I could not help asking my informant, if it was the King's intention to reside in it ? He only said, with a significant look, " Not yet ! "

The gardens are all kept in excellent order, and the waterworks play on the first Sunday in the month during summer. The exterior and interior decorations of the palace have been restored. Under one pretext or another, furniture may be gradually introduced, till some fine day the monarch of July may find himself installed in that gorgeous abode, the reckless and enormous cost of which contributed much to hasten that series of changes and misfortunes which have at length placed him on the throne of his ill-fated relatives. It is said that the expense of creating this royal residence, which was constructed under the most unfavorable circumstances of nature, on a tract of marshy land, so much exceeded all possible

calculation, that even Louis XIV. was ashamed of the prodigality, and ordered the accounts to be destroyed.

But supposing for an instant that Louis Philippe should succeed in his object, if it is his ambition to occupy the seat of Louis XIV., where will he find the brilliant court, the splendid fortunes, the high-bred nobility, which reflected so much lustre on the monarch of that era? Not in the parsimonious, money-loving, self-opiniated, plebeian ranks of lawyers and editors by whom he is surrounded. The days of courtly magnificence are gone forever.

Monday, 5th January, 1835. — The frost continues very severe. A friend of mine told me that he had a beautiful portrait by Mignard, which he took an opportunity of offering to Louis Philippe, who is making a collection of that period, and for which he asked the moderate price of 500*l.* His Majesty made great objections to the sum, but still expressed a wish to see and examine the painting. It was sent to the Tuileries, where it was detained a few days, during which interval it was copied by a female artist, to whom the King gave 60 fr., and it was then returned to the owner.

Monday, 16th February. — I went to Paris on business; Greffulhe, who is still sanguine in his hopes for legitimacy, told me the following anecdote of Louis Philippe.

A certain Chev. de Fondeville has lately published an account of the revolution of July, in which he expressly states, that the Duke of Orleans only accepted the crown at the time, under the solemn pledge to restore it hereafter to Henri V., when the public agitation in France had subsided. Soon after the circulation of this book, the author received a visit from Baron Fain, formerly secretary of the cabinet to Napoleon, and now holding the same office under Louis Philippe, who, after paying him many compliments on his work, concluded by saying that he was commissioned by the King to offer him a present of 300 fr. For this sum, however, he was particularly anxious to secure a receipt in his handwriting, and then left him. The inference drawn from this act is, that if hereafter any imperious circumstances should

recall the exiled family, Louis Philippe, in yielding to them, may produce this proof of his having secretly worked to promote it.

Tuesday, 5th May. — Louis Philippe has just given a specimen of the slight of hand which he is so prone to exhibit, and which forms such a part of his character. Count Appony, the Austrian Ambassador, in his address to the King in the name of the diplomatic body, on St. Philip's Day, made use of the following expression: —

"Our wishes are ever the same, sire, and with each year that elapses we see them accomplished by the wisdom of the governments," meaning the different governments of Europe.

On the following day the official paper, the "Moniteur," in reporting the speech, says, "the wisdom of the Government," which would appear a great compliment to the French Government alone. This *seeming inaccuracy* produced a strong remonstrance on the part of the Austrian Ambassador, in consequence of which the "Moniteur" of yesterday contains a correction of the error at his request, and the juggling has done the author more harm than good.

Monday, 11th May. — The King came down to Versailles: on his return, while the carriages were waiting in the court, I observed, and had indeed often observed on the same occasion, two or three men on horseback, placed at different distances up the great avenue, their eyes constantly fixed on the palace, and waiting for the royal train to be put in motion. I had always concluded that they were simple bourgeois, who were indulging their curiosity with a sight of majesty; but this time I perceived so much anxiety in their manner, that I suspected something might be going wrong. I went up to the post-house, where the Marquis d'Osmond and his family,[1] in two carriages and four, were changing horses on the road to their seat at Pontchartrain, which had drawn together a con-

[1] Marquis d'Osmond, son of the old Count who was formerly French Ambassador at London. He married Mdlle. Desthilliers, the richest heiress in France, and was father to the present Marquis d'Osmond.

course of postilions and stable-boys to the spot. I made my remark on these individuals in the avenue to one of them, who without ceremony told me they were only mouchards of the police in waiting, who attended the King wherever he went, some preceding him on the road, perhaps by a mile or two, in order to give timely notice in case there should be any signs of disaffection, or attempt to molest the King's person. My informant ended by saying, "*C'est que le Roi a peur.*" So much for a Citizen King.

Friday, 31*st July*. — The inconsistency of Louis Philippe has long been a subject of ridicule, and he now finds how completely it has failed in its object. On assuming the reins of government his great point was to obtain popularity with the lower classes, for which contemptible object he would cheerfully court the most degrading familiarity with the mob, while in proportion as his power became more firmly established, he was aiming at the destruction of their liberties. He flattered himself that he could purchase the love of a whole nation by *des poignées de mains*, without any other claim on their gratitude.

During the first year after the revolution it was the constant amusement of the Parisian mob to assemble in the evening before his windows in the court of the Palais Royal and call out *Vive Louis Philippe!* In less than a minute he would appear in the balcony, bowing and grimacing to his loyal subjects; and when they began to sing "La Parisienne," he would turn round with a theatrical air to embrace Lafayette or Lafitte, and join in the chorus, beating time with his hands to his ragged friends below.

Under the pretext of their being National Guards, he would invite the lowest artisans to his dinners and balls, till at last the fêtes at the palace became the most vulgar meetings in Paris, and the *risée* of all society. One day when a M. Dufailly was driving in his carriage on the Boulevard, he met the Citizen King walking by himself in a round hat with a large tricolored cockade, and his umbrella in his hand, *faisant l'aimable à tout venant*. He stopped his carriage and said to

his footman, I will give you 20 fr. if you will go and shake hands with the King. The man, who desired no better amusement, jumped down from the foot-board, and, offering his hand to his sovereign, said, "*Bonjour, mon ami;*" which the other very cordially took, and said in return, "*Ah, bonjour; comment te portes-tu?*"

In former times, when some impertinent person who wished to be familiar with M. de la Rochefoucauld, had said to him, "*Bonjour, mon ami; comment te portes-tu?*" the old gentleman replied, "*Bonjour, mon ami; comment te nommes-tu?*"

The result, however, of all this double conduct is, that no monarch is more unpopular, or indeed surrounded by more enemies. There is nothing truly great in the character of this man; he has physical courage without moral courage; cunning without great talents; some head, but little heart; a boundless ambition without magnanimity, but preferring always by instinct the crooked to the straight path; he has no pride, it would mar his projects; he has no private vices, they would interfere with business; but he has above all that insuperable bar to all noble feeling, an inordinate love of money, which no principle can check or hypocrisy disguise: it starts to light in every action of his life, from the infamous collusion with Madame Feuchères to the lowest details of his household.

He might have made a thriving tradesman, but he can never become a glorious king.

Tuesday, 27th December, 1836. — The opening of the Chambers took place to-day. The ceremony was marked by a fresh instance of the implacability of the Republican party against the King. As Louis Philippe passed out of the gate of the Tuileries in his coach, accompanied by his three sons, a ruffian approached and fired a pistol at him, but missed his aim. The ball passed close to his head, and shattered the carriage window on the opposite side, some splinters of which slightly wounded the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours. The man was instantly arrested; but has refused to give any name, though he openly acknowledges his intention. Though tolerably well-

dressed, he appears to be of the lower orders, and of very vulgar countenance and manner. When stripped, he was pronounced by the physicians to be infected with the itch. The King has had a most narrow escape : but surrounded as he was by troops, National Guards, and policemen, with Marshal Lobau riding at the door of the carriage, it is wonderful to think that the criminal could have approached so near to his person.

The speech from the throne had nothing remarkable in it, except the assurance that no military intervention in Spain would be contemplated.

The name of the assassin is discovered, though he refused to tell it. It is Meunier ; he is a journeyman saddler at La Chapelle, near Paris, and has no accomplices.

Saturday, 25th February, 1837. — A law has just been promulgated here prohibiting the sale, and indeed the possession, of pocket pistols, which hitherto had been permitted. Every day seems to produce some new and trifling but vexatious act of arbitrary power. The numerous unfounded arrests, constant prosecutions of the daily press, and trumpery prohibitions of this nature give no time for public irritation to subside ; and when this order of things is compared with the fine promises that were made by Louis Philippe on his ascending the throne, can it be wondered that the great mass of the nation who wished for liberty as well as good order, should feel indignant at the deception which has been practiced upon them ? I hear various foreigners eloquent in praise of the talents and sagacity of this monarchy ; they look to the peace of Europe, which he certainly has contributed to preserve, to the repression of revolutionary principles in France, which he has directed all his energies to subdue, — so far let justice be done to him ; but a Frenchman may be allowed to claim something further at his hands than the applause of Europe, and the extinction of those who are opposed to his domination at home : he never contemplated the daily encroachments which are now made on his liberty as a citizen, and the galling espionage which is hourly exercised by a host of police agents over his

most trifling actions ; and while these agents, powerful as to vexation, are inefficient as to protection of life and property, a jealous edict prohibits the possession of means of defense. The policy of Louis Philippe may have its admirers, but every day's experience proves that it must ultimately be fatal to himself.

There will be a succession of plots, and a succession of prohibitory edicts ; every attempt at insubordination will produce a fresh shackle on the liberties of the subject, which will increase instead of allaying the discontent ; even the very means of repression increase the sources of the evil ; and if every year adds to the unpopularity of the system, where can Louis Philippe find rest but in the grave ?

I hear occasionally some who are connected with the revolutionary party say, that they would admit of a compact with him, — that if he would resign the crown, they might, under certain circumstances, acknowledge the Duke of Orleans, as one who might be more faithful to his trust ; but as for himself, the die was cast, — he had proved himself so faithless to his professions, that peace with him was impossible.

Friday, 7th April. — No government formed. The great difficulty seems to be the immense grants claimed for the royal family, which the ministers are averse to proposing to the Chambers. A most flagrant imposition on the public has been attempted by the King and detected. The estate of Rambouillet, which was proposed as the appanage of 500,000 francs a year for the Duke de Nemours, turns out, in fact, to be worth 1,100,000 francs a year.

In the midst of personal danger which never before impended over a crowned head, Louis Philippe thinks of nothing but heaping treasure upon treasure, and augmenting millions for himself and family.

The other day a *diplomate* of high rank went to the Tuileries to impart some important dispatches just arrived from abroad ; Louis Philippe treated the subject for about ten minutes, but he detained the visitor near three hours with a detail of the improvements he was making in his property ; the canals he was

forming, the price at which he sold his wood, and the whole economy of his management; all this with a dagger hanging over his head.

Sunday, 9th. — There is some mystery about the influence which —— decidedly has over Louis Philippe; he is in possession of some secret or papers which might seriously implicate the interests of H. M., who is therefore anxious to secure his good will by benefits and attentions of no common order. The pension which he enjoys from the privy purse is far more considerable than people imagine; he has 48,000 fr. a year, paid quarterly, and occasional donations from the same source of 12,000 fr., at a time, when he applies for it. The other day when the marriage of the Duke of Orleans was finally concluded, the King sent for Prince Talleyrand, and desired him to go forthwith to —— and announce to him the event; the old Prince obeyed the command, and was lifted up by his two footmen to ——'s apartment, where he delivered the message. —— called for pen, ink, and paper, and immediately wrote a letter of congratulation to the King, who that very day returned him an answer *in his own handwriting*, to thank him for the interest which he evinced in the welfare of his family. Now this from a king to a subject may be deemed an extraordinary condescension, and has created much comment among the few who have had opportunities of knowing it.

Both are wily characters, and ready to spare each other for their own private interest. It is supposed that —— is in possession of certain letters written many years ago by Louis Philippe, when in Sicily, which prove the underhand part he even then was acting to supplant the elder branch of the Bourbons, and perhaps of others relating to schemes of the like nature, though of more recent date. —— was violent in his abuse of Louis Philippe when he came to the throne in 1830; but the means of pacifying him were soon found.

Sunday, 7th May. — The King reviewed the whole of the National Guard of Paris and the *banlieue* on the Place de Louis XV. As it was the first experiment of the kind for the last year, precautions of every kind were taken for the protection

of the King's person, and the exclusion of his liege subjects from any aproach to him. All circulation through the Rue de Rivoli, and all the avenues to the scene of action were vigilantly guarded by the troops of the line, which was attended with much private inconvenience for many hours, and created many unpleasant remarks. The whole passed off very quietly, as indeed was expected ; but it was not the moment to have shown so much suspicion, after the late attempt at conciliation in the affair of Meunier, and many comparisons, not very favorable to Louis Philippe, were drawn between these precautions and the unreserved conduct of Napoleon on similar occasions.

Wednesday, 7th June. — The numerous servants at the Tuileries look more like a herd of fellows collected and hired for the day, to wear livery on some pressing occasion, than the regular disciplined establishment of a royal household.

When Massey Stanley was invited the other day to the fêtes given by the Duc d'Orleans at Chantilly, he was asked by the Comptroller of his Royal Highness's household to tell him frankly, while they were sitting together at dinner, whether he observed anything in the service which would not be permitted in England ? Stanley replied, "I can hardly hear what you say ; the servants make such a noise behind us that I am really quite deaf." He answered the question without knowing what was asked.

Saturday, 10th. — This day was celebrated at Versailles by a dinner of fifteen hundred covers, given by the King to the peers, deputies, and artists, — no foreigners being invited that the banquet might be purely national. In the morning, the Museum was opened for the court and foreign ambassadors, who were also invited in the evening to a theatrical exhibition, performed by the artistes of the Théâtre Français and the Grand Opera, in the theatre of the château, which has never been used since the time of Louis XVI., and has now been completely restored. Who could have foreseen when that monarch for the last time entered the royal box, that after a lapse of nearly half a century, the next person who should

occupy it would be the son of Egalité, who was plotting his destruction ?

Sunday, 11*th*. — We went to Versailles with Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Lady Wallscourt, etc. A great blunder appears to have been made with the dinner-invitations yesterday. In the original plan, one hundred and fifty foreigners had been asked to the banquet, when it was suddenly proposed to exclude them. Expresses were sent on the Friday in every direction to apprise the guests that there would not be room to receive them ; but some had already set off, others did not get the *announce*, and at two o'clock the streets were crowded with visitors, in full dress, approaching the château, who found that instead of their royal host, they must dine with *Duke Humphrey*. In this unlucky list were Lady Stuart de Rothesay and her daughters, Lord and Lady Fitzharris, and various foreigners of all nations, among whom Princess Lieven was the most indignant at this extraordinary want of tact and hospitality. It was a high source of amusement to the old Carlist party. The celebration of this day consisted in a review of the National Guard, races on the Plaine de Satory, the opening of the Museum to the public, the playing of the Grand Waters, and at night a display of fireworks on the canal ; but when the King and the royal family retired from the château in their carriages to the Grand Trianon, where they are residing for the occasion, I did not hear any voices in the crowd lifted up to cry, Long live King Richard.

We made our way into the galleries of the Musée, but the crowd was so suffocating, and in some instances so rude and boisterous, that we were glad to retire, but we saw sufficient to make us anxious to obtain a more tranquil inspection at a future day.

Monday, 12*th*. — When Fitzharris arrived at the château on Saturday for the dinner, he was met by an officer on service, who, after expressing his regret at the mistake which had occurred in the invitation, requested that he would not talk of it, as the whole was an act of inadvertence on *his part*, which might bring him into serious trouble and responsibility with

the King. If anything could render the blunder more ridiculous, it was this paltry mode of evading it. Those who did receive their *announce* were simply told, without any excuse, that it was a mistake, and they were merely invited for the spectacle at night. Louis Philippe thought he should more effectually please the jealousy entertained by the French of foreigners by excluding the latter from this national banquet, but as it was an after-thought, it could only be effected by a breach of good manners. These *announces* to put off the invited, which were only issued the preceding day, and in several instances did not arrive before the parties had set out for the château, were, by an affectation of mistake, dated so far back as the 1st of June.

Saturday, 20th February, 1841. — At Madame de Girardin's, this evening, I had some conversation with M. Beugnot, a very intelligent and agreeable man. He describes to me the despicable state of the Chamber of Deputies under the present system, guided solely by petty private interests, and open to bribery in every shape. "The King," said he, "if he was not so chary of his money, might have a large majority on any question, if he pleased. The fact is, that those from the provinces are in such needy circumstances, that they can hardly afford the expense of a journey to Paris, or their stay during the meeting; such men are always on the watch to sell their votes. A sum of 500 fr. will very often decide them to support any measure; and when the case is urgent, the Government, with money, can always carry their point. You talk," said he, "of the profligate times of Sir Robert Walpole in England; but here the venality is more contemptible, because the times are more enlightened, the bribes are more insignificant, and the corruption more general. Casimir Perier, who squandered the public money in this way, when a deputy named his price, never offered him more than one half, and generally succeeded in his object. The primary object of Louis Philippe is to gain money, and his accession to the throne was a mere commercial speculation. In other monarchies, the private property of the sovereign is blended with his royal appanage, to support

the splendor and dignity of his crown; but Louis Philippe was determined from the beginning to gain all he could, and give nothing in return. He was elected King of the French on the 7th August; on the previous day (the 6th), he made over by a deed, drawn up by Dupin the lawyer, all his private property as Duke of Orleans, being five millions per annum, to his children, reserving the usufruct to himself; he enjoys the income of the Duc d'Aumale, gained from the Prince de Condé, till his majority, and his civil list is from twelve to fourteen millions per annum. With these colossal means, the whole study of his life is to throw, by every manœuvre, his own incidental expenses on the shoulders of the nation. It is then only that he is really magnificent." The father of M. Beugnet was a Conseiller d'État under the empire, and a private friend of Napoleon; the son enjoys a handsome fortune, leads a very rational life, is full of information, which he delivers with much point and intelligence. He described Louis Philippe and Thiers as two *bavards:* "Louis Philippe parle, sans rien dire; tandis que Thiers malgrè lui découvre sa pensée intime à tout le monde."

Thursday, 8th August, 1843. — I called on Fagel this morning, and we had a long conversation on the state of affairs here, concerning which his convictions agree exactly with all that I have written. His opinion also is that Louis Philippe is the greatest *fourbe* that ever existed. Fagel has been Dutch Minister here ever since the peace, and has watched his career in public and private life. He mentioned several anecdotes of him; one exemplifies him completely. It was shortly after the days of July, when he had accomplished his wishes, and had become king. One of his secretaries was loitering in a *salon* of the Palais Royal, when he suddenly observed the King advancing through the suite of rooms, with Dupont de l'Eure, engaged in very serious conversation; wishing to get out of the way, and seeing no means of escape, he posted himself secretly behind the door which was open, in hopes that the two might pass on without observing him. It so happened that they stopped in the room where he was con-

cealed, so that without meaning it he saw and heard all that passed. Louis Philippe had his hand on the other's shoulder, and in the most earnest manner was expressing his determination to act in the way most consonant with the ideas of the liberal party; he was lavish of his cordiality and gratitude to Dupont himself, and when they parted, shook his hand in the most friendly manner. No sooner had the other turned his back to go out, and before he had quitted the room, than Louis Philippe began to hold up his finger at him with a face of mockery, and made a movement with his foot, as if he could hardly prevent himself from kicking him; a feeling which he afterwards reduced to practice with Lafitte, Lafayette, and all those Liberals who contributed to his advancement.

Fagel some time ago met at dinner M. Lagarde, a sharp, clever fellow, who was employed in the posts and the police during the empire; as the conversation turned upon the King, Lagarde observed, "*Ah! pour celui là, c'est un homme à ressources.* After dinner, Fagel privately asked him what he meant by *homme à ressources:* "Ah," said he, "he is one you will never get rid of; if he cannot be king, he will consent to be *consul à vie;* if not that, he will take less; his maxim is to get all he can, but to refuse nothing. He thinks of nothing but his own interests and his own fortune." [1]

Saturday, 3d August, 1844. — On the 29th ultimo, the last day of the fêtes of July, the crowd was so immense in the Champs Elysées, and on the Place de Louis XV., to see the illuminations and fireworks, that from forty to fifty persons were either crushed to death, or so mutilated that they were carried in a dreadful state to the hospitals. As usual, the Government has used every means to suppress and diminish the extent of the mischief, as they did the other day with the collision on the *chemin de fer*, before our departure. A bystander in the Champs Elysées, who is just arrived from Paris, tells me, that on that evening there was a grand concert given in the gardens opposite the Tuileries, where the crowd was so

[1] This is precisely what Pozzo di Borgo said to me, in 1833, of Louis Philippe: "*S'il ne peut pas régner avec le bonnet gris, il régnera avec le bonnet rouge.*"

great that the whole space seemed paved with heads. The King appeared in a balcony and bowed repeatedly to the crowd, but not a hat was taken off, or a *vivat* cried to salute him; they listened to the music, but took not the slightest notice of the sovereign. Moreover it was observed, as a most unusual thing, that sentinels were posted in numbers all along the roof of the château. All the posts had been doubled, and the garrison of Paris was under arms during the whole of the day and night.

"Memoirs of Louis XVIII."

Tuesday, 1*st May*, 1832. — I have been reading the "Memoirs of Louis XVIII.," just published, and which M. de Talleyrand says, "*Ne peuvent être que de lui.*" There is one circumstance so extraordinary in the book that I must transcribe it. He says that, on returning home at night after the christening of the young Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, he found on his toilet a letter in a double envelope, addressed "à Monsieur seul." On opening these, he found a sheet of black paper, with the following lines, written in white ink: —

"Console-toi, je viens de tirer l'horoscope du nouveau-né; il ne t'enlevera pas la couronne; il cessera de vivre lorsque son père cessera de régner. Un autre que toi, cependant, succédera à Louis XVI.; mais tu ne seras pas moins Roi de France un jour. Félicite-toi d'être sans postérité: l'existence de tes fils seroit menacée de trop grands maux, car ta famille boira jusqu'à la lie ce que la coupe du destin renferme de plus amer. Adieu! tremble pour ta vie si tu cherches à me connoître. Je suis — "La Mort."

His first impulse was to take a copy of the letter, that the original might be shown to the police in the morning; but, to his great surprise, soon afterwards the white characters began to fluctuate on the black paper, and then completely disappeared; being evidently traced in some chemical composition which would only last a certain time, as a precaution for the

writer. On the following morning the paper presented nothing but a mass of holes and corrosions. He adds, that he never mentioned the circumstance at the time to any one, but during the emigration he told it to his friend the Duc d'Avaray. Unfortunately, *then*, two thirds of the prophecy must have been fulfilled; and as he then bore the title of Louis XVIII., it was nearly made out entirely. Yesterday my brother Henry went to settle at Chester, as chancellor of the diocese.

Wednesday, 2*d*. — Montrond has come back from Paris. He says the Memoirs are not doubted at Paris by all who knew Louis XVIII.; and not the least proof of their authenticity is that, in wishing to demonstrate his sagacity, he cannot help showing what a rogue he was.

Lord Castlemaine.

Sunday, 28*th October*, 1832. — Glengall, talking at dinner today of his countrymen, and the ready wit of the lower orders in Ireland, said, "Old Lord Castlemaine was extremely rich, but a miser. One day he was stopping in his carriage to change horses at the inn at Athlone, when the carriage was surrounded by paupers imploring alms, to whom he turned a deaf ear, and drew up the glass. A ragged old woman in the crowd cried out, 'Fait', an' it 's no use;' but, going round to the other side of the carriage, she bawled out, in the old peer's hearing, 'Plase you, my lord, just chuck one tinpenny out of your coach, and I 'll answer it will trate all your friends in Athlone.'"

Sir Robert Peel.

Tuesday, 25*th December*, 1832. — A good deal of interesting conversation on past politics with Sir H. Cooke and Sir A. Grant, who dined with me. Grant has been very intimate with Sir Robert Peel, and related several anecdotes of him. When the Duke had made up his mind that he could no longer refuse Catholic emancipation, without endangering the loss of Ireland, he told the late king, who was decidedly averse to the measure, that only one of three alternatives remained to him, either to reconquer Ireland, to make the concession, or to re-

sign. Constituted as the army then was, the first was impossible; the choice must then fall on one of the other two. The King demanded time to consider. In the mean time the Duke applied to Peel for his concurrence in carrying the measure, to which, though equally convinced of its necessity, *he* could not bring his mind to consent; it was a departure from principle which he thought no circumstance, however strong, could justify, and he preferred the loss of place to the loss of consistency and public character. On the following day the King sent for Peel to Windsor, and stated the circumstances which had passed in his interview with the Duke. Sir Robert allowed the validity of the arguments, but at the same time expressed his own determination to abide by his first decision. The King then asked his advice how *he* ought to act himself in such an embarrassing position. Here Peel took a different line, and, viewing the case in all its bearings purely as a state measure, strongly advised his Majesty to yield to the suggestions of the Duke. The King's reply was, that he could not conceive how any man could counsel his sovereign to do that which he would refuse to do himself; and thus they parted. The King gave a decided negative, and the ministers resigned. But Peel was so much staggered by this retort of the King, so personally addressed to him, that he vanquished his scruples, and gave in his adhesion to the Duke. The secession of the ministers did not last for a day, and was little known at the time; on the following morning the King sent up an express to town with his assent to the proposal, and the bill for Catholic emancipation was immediately brought forward, and carried by a government which condescended to allow that it only was actuated even then by an impulse of fear. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* In May last, when Lord Grey in pique gave in his resignation to the present king, the charge of forming a new administration devolved again on the Duke, who proposed to Sir Robert to join him, with the pledge of bringing in an ample measure of reform. The latter perhaps saw, that in the then temper of the times, it was impossible; but, warned by the past, he resolved not to make another sacrifice, and gave

to the proposal a flat refusal. His answer was, that if such a ministry could be formed by his grace, he would give it every kind of support in his power, but as to joining it in any shape, the thing was totally impossible. We know the sequel, and the coolness that ensued between the parties.

Lord Londonderry.

Tuesday, 25th December, 1832. — Another subject that we discussed was the death of the late Lord Londonderry. His mind had been kept too intensely on the stretch by the important events which occurred in his time, and by late sittings in the House and great press of public business. At last it gave way. The first public indication of this malady occurred at the Regent's court at Carlton House, where he had been to take leave previous to his departure for the Congress at Vienna. Sir John Beckett, the judge-advocate, found him waiting on the steps of the palace for his carriage. He said to him, "So, I hear that you purpose leaving us on Tuesday next to join the Congress?" "Purpose," said Lord L——; "what, are you in the conspiracy against me? are you, too, joining with the others to prevent my journey?" Sir John was so astonished, that he knew not what to say, and left him. When he was introduced afterwards to the presence of the Regent, his Royal Highness informed him, that Lord Londonderry's manner had been so flighty, that he thought he must be out of his mind.

His friends took him down in the evening to his seat at North Cray, and sent for Dr. Bankhead, who found him quite deranged. He returned to the conspiracy against him, and talked of his enemies having brought his carriage to the door with post-horses to drive him to a prison.

There could be no doubt as to his real state, and the necessary remedies, but the doctor only took a slight quantity of blood from him by cupping, which the attendants remarked was of the color and consistency of treacle. He then allowed him to go to bed, *without any precautions or attendance.* The next morning he cut his throat with his razor, severing the

carotid artery. Such was the death of this very distinguished and fortunate man, owing to the culpable neglect of Dr. Bankhead, who after the event demanded a fee of 100*l.* for his visit, while all the family at North Cray were plunged in the deepest grief.

Bernadotte.

Wednesday, 26th December, 1832. — The conversation at dinner to-day turned on the present King of Sweden, formerly General Bernadotte, to whom, when Prince Royal of Sweden, Cooke in 1813–14 had been sent as British commissioner: and he mentioned several particulars of him. Notwithstanding his promotion to the royal dignity, he particularly piqued himself on having risen from the station of a private in the ranks of the French army, in which he had served in India and elsewhere before the revolution. In corroboration of this, Captain Yorke mentioned an anecdote which occurred while he himself was in Sweden.

General Sir Alured Clarke was making a tour of pleasure on the Continent, and arrived at Stockholm, when he wished to be presented to the King. A private audience was granted, as a matter of course, to an English general officer. When presented to Carl Johann, Sir Alured was very much astonished to find that the King of Sweden, instead of a formal reception, folded him in his arms, and kissed him on the cheek. He was confounded at this distinction, and more so when the King asked him if he could not recollect him. In this, as his memory was quite defective, he could only express his regrets. To which the King replied, "I am not surprised that you do not recognize in me the Corporal Bernadotte, who became your prisoner at Pondicherry, when you commanded the English army in India, to whom you showed the greatest kindness while in your power, and who now is most anxious to return the obligation in every way that may be most agreeable to you during your stay in his dominions."

September, 1845. — It has always been a subject of remark, that, during the campaign of the Allies in 1813, Bernadotte, then Crown Prince of Sweden, who had joined their ranks

with the Swedish army, had kept so much aloof, and done so little for the common cause. Marmont told Alvanley at Vienna, that this was very easily accounted for. During the reverses of Napoleon, and while he was making that brilliant defensive campaign in France, which so long left his fate uncertain, he directed General Maisons to write to Bernadotte, and try to detach him from the cause of his enemies. Maisons's letter was very pressing ; he told him that the fate of Europe might depend on him, and that as a Frenchman he could never justify to his feelings as a man of honor, to fight against his country ; and, moreover, that if Napoleon was victorious, he must in such case never hope to inherit the throne of Sweden. It seems that Bernadotte, the uppermost wish of whose heart was to establish a dynasty in his family, and transmit the crown to his son, was much struck by these remonstrances ; and privately impressed with the idea that Napoleon's usual good fortune would not desert him, even on this trying occasion, he caught eagerly at the proposal, and began a correspondence with Maisons, in which he stipulated for certain advantages to be conceded to him, in the event of his going over to the French cause. During these secret negotiations, the prospects of Napoleon became gradually more hopeless, and Bernadotte, seeing little chance of any benefit accruing to himself by any declaration in his favor, let matters take their course, and broke off all further correspondence on the subject. When the allies gained possession of Paris in 1814, and the war was terminated, Bernadotte joined the other sovereigns who were assembled in that capital. But, unfortunately for him, his letters to Maisons had been previously intercepted during the war by some Russian troops, and were conveyed to the Emperor's quarters. Alexander therefore requested an interview with Bernadotte immediately on his arrival, and taxed him with his double dealing towards the allies. The other at first attempted to deny it ; but when the written proofs were produced to his face, he was overwhelmed with confusion, and owned what it was no longer possible to evade. The Emperor then told him that he held his destiny in his hands,

but as he really felt that the adhesion of Sweden to the common cause, at that particular moment, had been of most essential service to its subsequent success, he would forget his momentary inconstancy, and destroy all recollection of it by throwing his letters into the fire. This he executed on the spot, while he was present, and thus did Bernadotte alone, of all the revolutionary kings, retain his sceptre.

Duc d'Escars.

Saturday, 26th January, 1833. — They have hired a French cook for the Carlton Club from Paris, who lived formerly with the Duc d'Escars, *premier maître d'hôtel* of Louis XVIII., and who probably made that famous *pâté de saucissons* which killed his master. It was served at breakfast at the Tuileries to the King, who with the Duke partook so voraciously of it, that the former was attacked with a dangerous fit of indigestion, from which he with difficulty recovered, and the latter absolutely died from the excess on the following day. One of the French journals, remarkable for its *facéties*, announced the event in the following terms: "Hier sa Majesté très Chrétienne, a été attaquée d'une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort le lendemain."

Louis XVIII.

Louis XVIII. was not only a great epicure as to the *recherché* of his dinners, but had also a surprising appetite; he has been known at table, in the interval between the first and second courses, of which he always partook largely, to have a *plat* of little pork cutlets, dressed in a particular manner, handed to him by one of the pages; and he would take them up one by one in his fingers, and before the second service was arranged, the contents of his little *plat* had disappeared.

The poor Duke emulated his royal master in this respect fatally for himself. In consequence of his office he presided always at a large table served for him in the palace, the *menu* of which was precisely the same as that served to the King. I remember once to have seen him in that time with his old duchess, and sundry other emigrants returned with the resto-

ration, who still retained their powdered heads and their *ailes de pigeon*, and who would eat almost to suffocation. When the coffee was announced, here and there one of the old pursy gourmands would sputter out to the lady, "Madame la Duchesse, vent elle bien me permettre de prendre un instant de sieste;" and then he would recline in his arm-chair, and throw his napkin over his head, and slumber for a few minutes, till nature was a little relieved.

With all his gastronomy, Louis XVIII. was a man of superior tact and intellect. He steered through the difficulties of his reign with great address; and never was a throne surrounded with more jarring and discordant materials. I was in Paris at the time of his death in 1824, and witnessed all the funeral honors of his obsequies. Previous to the body lying in state it was exposed to the public view on a bed the very day of his decease, though the mortification which caused his death had changed the color of the face to a deep green, and the body must have been already in a state of decomposition. His mind retained its vigor to the end, and in his last parting interview with *Monsieur* he tried to impress on his mind those salutary lessons of future government which he so unfortunately neglected. He was perfectly aware of his approaching fate, and met it with firmness, though he had no religious feelings on the subject. He always professed himself an *esprit fort*. My friend General Clari told me that, on the Sunday preceding his dissolution, the officer on guard at the Tuileries came to him as usual in the evening to receive the parole and the countersign to be given to the troops. It is customary on these occasions to give the name of a saint for the one, and of a fortified town for the other. Louis, with a significant look, gave "St. Denis and *Gyvet*" (J'y vais). He might be said to have died with a *calembourg* in his mouth.

Napoleon at Leipsic.

Saturday, 16th November, 1833. — I met to-day a French officer who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, and related many little traits of his character, and anecdotes which

proved how completely he knew the way to rouse the enthusiasm of the French soldier. On the morning of the battle of Leipsic Napoleon advanced to harangue the whole line. He addressed himself first to the Saxon and other German auxiliaries, who still remained with him, in a speech that lasted twenty minutes, translated to them by an interpreter, in which every argument was used to excite their ardor and animate their courage ; but it was evident with little effect, as they seemed to listen without much interest. Piqued at this result, and at the failure of his eloquence, he galloped up to the French line, who were waiting his arrival. His only words were, " Français, je n'ai rien à vous dire, vous avez juré de vaincre ou de mourir, faites votre devoir ; " and the air resounded with acclamations of *vive l'empereur* from thousands who were ready to die in his cause — a cause which had already sent so many millions into the other world.

Liberty or Death.

Wednesday, 16*th April*, 1834. — I dined at Glengall's ; met Madame de Flahault, Mrs. Damer, Lady Hunloke, Montrond, Stanley, Sheridan, De St. Marsan, and Lord Francis Egerton. Talking about riots, the latter said, that, some time back, during the struggle between the Whigs and Tories, a mob broke into Downing Street, and approached the sentinel posted at the door of the Foreign Office, crying, " Liberty or Death ! " The soldier presented his piece, and said, " My lads, I know nothing about liberty ; but if you come a step farther, I 'll show you what death is."

The Irate King.

Friday, 13*th June*, 1834. — Mrs. D. showed me a letter from ——, which says, " I went, yesterday, with their majesties to the private exhibition at Somerset House. We were received by the President of the Royal Society, who, among other portraits, pointed out to the King that of Admiral Napier, who has been commanding the fleet for Don Pedro. His Majesty did not hesitate to show his *political* bias on this occasion, by

exclaiming immediately, 'Captain Napier may be d——d, sir, and you may be d——d, sir; and if the Queen was not here, sir, I would kick you down-stairs, sir!"

Lord Brougham.

Tuesday, 24th September, 1834. — Amongst the political tourists in search of popularity, one of the most conspicuous is Lord Chancellor Brougham, in Scotland. At a late public dinner in Aberdeen, he made a long and flighty speech, the prominent feature of which was an excessive adulation of the King, to whom he informed the meeting he should write by the following post an account of the flattering reception which he had met with in that city. The following has since appeared in the "Examiner," entitled, "Letter from a Gentleman who travels for a large Establishment to One of his Employers, Mr. William King."

"Dear sir, the account here forwarded
Of favors since the 4th,
Presents a very handsome stroke
Of business in the North.
Our firm's new style don't take at all,
So thought the prudent thing
Would be to cultivate the old
Established name of King.

"Believe me, sir, so great a zeal
In this behalf I 've shown,
Credit 's been turned to your account
Which strictly was my own.
Does any one admire my nag,
Or think my gig 's the thing,
This horse and shay, I always say,
Belong to Mr. King.

"If any friend attention shows,
And asks me out to dine,
When company my health propose,
In toddy or in wine,
My heart's eternal gratitude
About their ears I ding,
With, 'Be assured I 'll mention this
Next post to Mr. King!'

"I met with Grey the other day,
Who, since he left the firm,
Has travelled on his own account,
And done, I fear, some harm,
So thought it right, where'er he went,
To whisper round the ring,
'Perhaps you don't know *how* he lost
The confidence of King.'

"With what I still propose to do,
And what 's been done already,
I trust the firm will henceforth go
On prosperous and steady.
Should any chance the senior clerk
Into discredit bring,
I hope, sir, you 'll remember who
Has served the House of King.

It has been remarked that the demeanor of Earl Grey and the Chancellor towards each other, at the late dinner at Edinburgh, was of such a kind as warranted the conclusion that no very cordial feeling existed between them.

Buonaparte at Fifteen.

Saturday, 4*th October*, 1834. — The following curious memorandum made at the Ecole Militaire by M. de Keralio, the Inspecteur of that establishment in 1784, on the character of the Elève Bonaparte, is taken from the *Revue Retrospective* : — "M. de Buonaparte (Napoléon) né le 15 Août 1769, taille de quatre pieds, dix pouces, dix lignes, a fait sa quatrième : de bonne constitution, santé excellente, caractère soumis, honnête, reconnoissant, conduite très régulière, s'ést toujours distingué par son application aux mathématiques : il sait très passablement son histoire et sa géographie. Il est assez faible pour les exercises d'agrément, et pour le Latin, où il n'a fait que sa quatrième : ce sera un excellent marin. Il mérite de passer à l'École Militaire de Paris."

"God save the King."

Thursday, 9*th October*, 1834. — Our national anthem of "God save the King," composed in the time of George I., has

always been considered of English origin ; but on reading the amusing "Memoirs of Madame de Créquy," it appears to have been almost a literal translation of the *cantique* which was always sung by the demoiselles de St. Cyr when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayer. The words were by M. de Brinon, and the music by the famous Lully : —

"Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi!
Grand Dieu, venge de Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux!
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!
Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi!
Grand Dieu, venge le Roi!
Vive le Roi!"

It appears to have been translated and adapted to the House of Hanover by Händel, the German composer.

William Spencer.

Friday, 24th October, 1834. — William Spencer is dead in Paris. He was son of the late Lord Charles Spencer, and nephew of the late Duke of Marlborough. I knew him well in former times, when he was the wit, the poet, and the welcome guest at every table in London. He married, in 1791, the Countess Dowager Jenison Walworth, of the Holy Roman Empire, in Germany. I think I have heard the late Duchess of York say there was some romantic history attached to this marriage : that the Countess was first married to an old man, who, perceiving an attachment gradually increasing between her and young Spencer, destroyed himself, that he might not be a bar to their union. This circumstance is said to have suggested to Madame de Souza her well-known novel of "Adèle de Sennages." William Spencer's translations of Bürger's "Leonore" and other poems are well known. He was a constant guest at Oatlands, and a favorite with both the Duke and Duchess, who took great pleasure in his society. He was an

excellent linguist, a profound classical scholar, and gifted with great conversational talents; one of the last specimens of that old school which is now completely extinct. Alas! where are they?

> "And while the lesson strikes my head
> My wearied heart grows cold!"

French Actors.

Monday, 26th January, 1835. — Mademoiselle Duchesnois,[1] the celebrated tragic actress, died lately in Paris, and was attended to the grave by a concourse of literary characters and friends. When to this loss is added the prior death of Talma, and that of Mademoiselle Bourgouin, who was carried off by a cancer last summer twelve-month, the Théâtre Français may be said to be shorn of its beams. There remains but Mademoiselle Mars of the good old school, who still continues to attract applause; and, though her age renders her unfit to represent the youthful characters which she so brilliantly sustained in former times, yet her genius still preserves its ascendency, and the woman of sixty is still now often forgotten in the coquette of twenty. Poor Mademoiselle Bourgouin was not only a good actress, but distinguished by her wit and *repartees* in society, though not always guided by the strictest delicacy; her *bon mot* to the surgeon Baron Dupuytren, the day before her death, though well known, is not to be mentioned. Several years ago I dined with Baron D——, in the Rue Mont Blanc; it was soon after he had received the decoration from the King of Prussia, which he was of course proud to display at his button-hole, as the Jews are seldom favored with those distinctions. There was a large party of guests, among whom, I well remember, were Talma, Lafitte the banker, and Mademoiselle Bourgouin, who was then the acknowledged object of the Baron's affections. After dinner some trifle occurred, which produced a warm discussion between our host and lady, who at length became so exasperated, that she lost her temper, and said to him with great bitterness,

[1] For some years retired from the stage.

before the whole room, "*Maudit Juif, tu portes la croix et tu rénies ton sauveur.*"

To this there could be no reply.

Alexander Vasilievitch Suwaroff.

Monday, 26th January, 1835. — The Duc de Guiche, who when young had served under General Suwaroff, mentioned, yesterday evening, the following anecdote of that extraordinary character : —

During the Turkish war in 1795, the Russian army commenced the siege of the fortress of Kamieneek, which, seated on a spiral rock, was then considered impregnable. Suwaroff at first attempted to reduce it by famine ; but the garrison had been so abundantly supplied with provisions, that, after some time, the impatient general, despairing of success by this tedious process, determined to attempt the capture by assault. The attempt was immediately put in execution, but, notwithstanding the impetuosity of the attack, the Russian troops were driven back into their intrenchments with much loss.

In a few days afterwards, a second experiment was made with equal bravery, but with the same unfortunate results.

The hope of success was now deemed impossible, the troops were disheartened, and the General in despair. At last Suwaroff presented himself in front of his army, and calling from the ranks a party of six sappers, ordered them to dig a hole in the ground before him. This being accomplished, he first threw in his hat, he next broke his sword, and threw it likewise into the chasm ; he then jumped in himself, and called upon the by-standers to cover him with earth, and bury him alive, that he might not bear witness to the degeneracy of the Russian army. This extraordinary act operated like an electric shock upon the troops ; a general hurrah pervaded all the ranks, and with one common accord they demanded to be led again to the assault, with the assurance that they were determined to conquer or to die. The assault took place, and after a tremendous carnage, in which the flower of their army was destroyed, the Russians at length became masters of Kamieneek.

I am not certain of the date, but it was previous to Suwaroff's campaign in Italy.

Leontine Fay.

Monday, 2d February, 1835. — Leontine Volny, in the new piece of "La Fille de l'Avare," attracts crowded houses every night. This pleasing and excellent actress, better known in the dramatic world as Leontine Fay, was some time back the heroine of a romantic story in real life. Fascinating in her manners, and pleasing in her person, though not strictly handsome, she inspired a violent attachment in a young man, son of Count Montalivet the minister, who, finding all his hopes of happiness centred in a union with Leontine, formally proposed to marry her. Though flattered by his addresses, she still refused to listen to his offer, unless sanctioned by the approbation of his family, which no entreaties on his part could ever procure from his parents, who were violently opposed to the marriage. To extinguish all hopes in her young admirer, and to avoid every suspicion of encouraging an attachment, in opposition to the wishes and injunctions of his friends, she wrote to Mr. Volny, who on a former occasion had made her an unsuccessful offer of his hand, that if he still entertained the same predilection for her, she now was willing to accept his proposal. He received her overtures with undiminished attachment, and she shortly afterwards became his wife. But the young Montalivet's passion was not to be subdued by these insurmountable obstacles; he suddenly went abroad, and shortly afterwards put a period to his own existence.

Duc de Guiche.

Friday, 20th February, 1835. — Found the Duchesse de Guiche this evening, as usual, with her family, and the old Duc de Gramont, who had come from Paris. My recollection and acquaintance with the Duc de Guiche date very far back, and when he was very young. The circumstances under which he has been placed at different times are rather singular. At the breaking out of the first revolution in France, he and his

two sisters were placed under the hospitable protection of the late Duchess of Devonshire in England, and for a long period were the inmates of Devonshire House, at the time when it was the centre of gayety and dissipation in London. Here the education they received, and the connections which they formed, were entirely English. One of the sisters was then removed to her relations abroad, married a Russian, General Davidoff, who died, and lately is become the wife of General Sebastiani, with whom she went last week, as Ambassadress to England; the other sister married Lord Ossulston, and is now Countess of Tankerville, settled for life as an Englishwoman.

George IV., then Prince of Wales, was a constant frequenter of the coteries and parties at Devonshire House, which was then the resort not only of the *opposition*, but of all the wits and *beaux esprits* of the day. Sheridan, Grey, Whitbread, Lord Robert Spencer, Fox, Hare, Fitzpatrick, G. Selwyn, Prince Boothby, Sir H. Featherstonhaugh, and a host of names which I just remember in all the celebrity of *haut ton*, but now swept away by the hand of time, and, with only some few exceptions, leaving hardly a trace of recollection behind them. The Prince of Wales gave the young Count de Gramont a commission in his own regiment, the Tenth Light Dragoons, of which the officers were generally his favorites and friends, among whom at that time were Poyntz, W. Churchill, Bradyll, Jack Lee, poor little Galway, who was burnt in his bed, lords R. and C. Manners, and, though last not least, our friend G. Brummell, who was beginning to establish that intimacy with his royal colonel, which, after some years' duration, at last, from indiscretion on one side and caprice on the other, terminated in total estrangement and banishment from the royal presence. Amidst the duties of his regiment, and such introduction to the best English society, De Guiche's time was agreeably passed, till the war in the Peninsula called him into actual service, where he made the campaigns under the Duke of Wellington, opposed to the French armies who were fighting under Napoleon, to subdue

Spain; a circumstance which in after times has been very unjustly blamed by some of his countrymen.

At the peace in 1814, the restoration of the Bourbons brought him back to France, and the enjoyment of his family honors. From this period till the crisis in 1830, his life must have been a continued scene of prosperity and promotion. He was made a general in the service, *grand écuyer* to the Dauphin, and when he married Mademoiselle D'Orsay, she was created *première dame d'honneur* to the Duchesse de Berry; added to this, he lived rent free, had the control and use of all the Dauphin's stable establishments, a constant *couvert* at the table of the Grand Maître d'Hôtel, with yearly appointments of not less than 100,000 fr. for his income. A few lines in the "Moniteur" of the 25th July were sufficient to destroy at one blow, not only his habits of splendor and happiness, but the very throne of that family to which he owed them. True to his loyalty, he followed the fortunes of his benefactors to Holyrood House; from thence he accompanied them to Prague, and is at length come with his wife and family to Versailles, to live on a limited income in quiet and retirement, not without looking forward to a period when legitimacy may resume its rights, and the tide of fortune again turn in his own favor.

They are both amiable, sensible, and well-informed people, occupied with the education of their children, and declining all intercourse with what is called the *société* of the place, but ready to show us, whose tastes coincide with their own, any marks of attention and civility.

JUSTICE IN ALGIERS.

Wednesday, 25th February, 1835. — A French gentleman who has served at Algiers, and was formerly employed by the Government at Constantinople, related the following instance of the manner in which justice is administered in the latter country, by the Cadis, or inferior judges, when debts are claimed by foreigners. A manufacturer of Carcassone arrived at Constantinople with a large investment of cloths, which, by a new

process, he had rendered peculiarly fit for the Turkish market. An Armenian dealer was highly pleased with the quality, and bought the whole assortment, for which he paid by his note of hand, falling due at a short term. When the period arrived, the merchant called upon the Turk with his bill, and demanded payment; but his surprise may be imagined when the other declared that he had already paid it. "But," said he, "here is your own note: I should have given it up to you if it had been acquitted." "Your paper is of no consequence," said the Armenian; "I have paid it, and can produce my witnesses, which is of more importance than your title." In this dilemma there was no resource but to apply to the French Ambassador, who, feeling the inefficacy of his own intervention, recommended the plaintiff to put his case in the hands of one of his interpreters, who had with much diligence studied the chicanery of the Turkish law, and was aware of the base system practiced by the native debtors to elude the demands for which they were liable. The dragoman having prepared his measures, engaged the merchant to cite the Armenian before the judge. When they all appeared in court, the Frenchman was asked what was the ground of his complaint. "The settlement of this bill, which that man pretends to have paid." "What do you reply to this?" said the cadi to the debtor. "That I have already paid it." "And why did you then neglect to retain it?" "I did not think it necessary." "Have you any witnesses?" "Yes; they are here." Two men immediately advanced from the crowd, and bore testimony to the payment of the note, mentioning particular details to strengthen their evidence, and particularly the hour of the day when it took place. "You see," said the judge to the Frenchman, "this man owes you nothing."

The affair seemed to be decided, and the consternation of the plaintiff was complete, when the interpreter, who had remained silent during this interval, thus addressed the judge: "We allow that this man did actually pay the note in the manner that these worthy persons have asserted, but they omit to state, or probably are not aware, that in one hour after-

wards we returned the money to this Armenian for his accommodation at the time; and to prove this here are our witnesses." In fact, two individuals then stepped forward and testified to the truth of this last assertion, which the dishonest Turk, not being prepared to rebut, he was immediately condemned to satisfy the claim.

The Stuart Papers.

Thursday, 26th February, 1835.—The Stuart Papers, of which so much has been heard and so little seen, were purchased by George IV. in 1818, and are now perhaps in the British Museum, or some archives of the court: if published they would be highly interesting. They at one time had got into the possession of Dr. Walker, a collector of manuscripts, who, if he had retained his prize in silence, might have brought them from Rome, and enjoyed the produce of his acquisition in security. The public also would have benefited by the discovery. Rome at that time was full of English, and the imprudent collector could not help boasting to them of his purchase, and inviting then secretly to come and admire his treasure. The late Duchess of Devonshire having expressed a strong desire to see the collection, an evening was fixed for the gratification of her curiosity. A few select friends only were invited to examine the papers. In this number unfortunately happened to be the Cardinal Secrétaire, who had been named one of the executors to the will of the late Cardinal York, and whose secretary, the Abbé Lupi, had, unknown to him, privately disposed of these papers to Dr. Walker, without being aware of their value, for the trifling sum of 300 crowns. The evening was spent in discussing the manuscripts; the Cardinal contented himself with a cursory examination, and made no comments on the subject which could lead the company to suppose that he felt any particular interest about them.

On the following morning, Dr. Walker's apartment was invested by a detachment of the Papal Carabiniers, and an agent of the police placed a seal on all his papers, while two sen-

tinels were left to keep guard at his door during the rest of the day. The result was, that the doctor was deprived of his manuscripts ; he received back his purchase-money, and when he exclaimed against the injustice of this proceeding, he was told that he might apply to the King of England, who was the rightful heir, and to whom they had been forwarded by the Cardinal's orders.

These papers consist of a journal minutely detailing everything which passed from the arrival of James II. at St. Germains, up to a very few days before the death of Cardinal York, added to which is an autograph correspondence on every subject, political and domestic, which serves as a key to all the statements contained in it.

There is a book of expenses, kept with the regularity of a merchant's accounts, detailing the pecuniary situation of the exiled family, both in prosperity and adversity : the exact report of their frequent vicissitudes, and the sums which it cost the proscribed dynasty during three generations to reign without a kingdom, to maintain a court, to pay conspirators, to attempt a restoration, and, last of all, to live in seclusion and retirement.

The letters from James II. to his son are numerous, written and corrected by himself ; to some are attached the *foul copies*, which are full of erasures, showing the anxiety which pervaded his feelings for a son who had so little answered his hopes and expectations. If James II. gains in estimation by this correspondence, the Chevalier St. George loses at least in the same proportion.

James III., for he took that title at the death of James II., had in fact all the defects, without any of the qualities, of his father. The child of his declining years, he had not even inherited that character which gave some little *éclat* to the youthful days of the Duke of York ; and the education which he received at the court of St. Germains produced the fruits naturally to be expected in a mind so well prepared by nature to receive them. He died, without having ever abandoned the hope of regaining his imaginary sceptre, but without ever

having shown the firmness and vigor necessary for the attempt. It required all the romantic character of his son to create again any interest for their hopeless cause; and though the character of Charles Edward, Pretender in 1745, has been represented at times in somewhat contradictory colors, yet his undaunted courage in the hour of danger, and his heroic conduct in adversity, combine in themselves the elements of a nature far superior to that of his insignificant parent. At his death, the Cardinal York succeeded to all his claims and pretensions, and never was there a more pacific pretender, while the tranquil and easy life of a prince of the church was no inappropriate retreat for the last remaining scion of the monarch who had forfeited three kingdoms for one mass.

In the Stuart Papers is a copy of one of his letters, which proves that he was sensibly afflicted at his brother's death, where, speaking of the funeral, he says: "L'on vît le frère lui-même du défunt, ministre du Dieu qui fait ou défait les monarques, entouré des écussons en deuil de sa famille, proclamer avec les paroles de l'Ecriture sainte, sur le cercueil d'un Roi sans royaume, le néant des choses humaines," etc., etc.

After showing every honor to his brother's memory, he caused a tomb to be erected at his expense, in the church of Frascati, which bears the following inscription: a cenotaph was also executed by Canova, in the Church at St. Peter's, to the honor of the family.

"HENRICUS Card: Episcopus Tusculanensis,
Cui paterna jura, titulique cessere,
Ducis Eboracensis, appellatione rescriptâ,
In ipso luctu tamen, et reverentia obsecutus,
Inducto in Templum suum funere,
Multis cùm lacrymis persolvit
Fratri Augustissimo,
Honoremque Sepulcri ampliorem
Dicavit."

There are other letters in this collection, which, if ever published, may cause some of the present generation to blush for their ancestors, during the sixty years which preceded the

battle of Culloden. An Admiral Baker offers to give up the English fleet for 100,000*l.*; other Whigs sell themselves to the Jacobite cause for the peerage; and there is a certain Hamilton paid by the House of Hanover to assassinate all the Stuarts. The correspondence of the Jacobite party itself is very curious, as expressing their unalterable faith in legitimacy, and their religious bigotry, which went so far as to solicit from the court of Rome the canonization of James II. after his death.

It may be added in favor of Charles Edward, that one of the most uniform detractors of his character was Alfieri, who cannot be considered an impartial commentator. He was a rigid republican, and in love, both of which may readily account for his hatred to a monarch by divine right, and to the husband of the Princess de Stolberg, who was the object of his attachment.

Mrs. Temple.

Sunday, 1st March, 1835. — In Young's "Night Thoughts," the fourth canto alludes to the death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Temple, who died at the early age of eighteen, in the year 1736, at Lyons, just after her marriage; and he dwells in a very pathetic manner on the difficulties which were raised by the Catholic priesthood in France to prevent her interment in consecrated ground, which, after all, he was obliged to accomplish by stealth, and, as he himself describes it, to follow her to the tomb at night, and in privacy, more like the assassin than the mourner and friend of the deceased.

How far this was true may be inferred from the circumstance that Mrs. Temple's grave and tombstone, with a long Latin inscription, has lately been discovered in a small court of the Hôtel Dieu at Lyons, which formerly served as a burial-place for the Protestants, and has lately been converted into a botanic garden.

There is also in the archives of the Hôtel de Ville, a register of the Protestant worship, containing the deaths from 1719–1774, in which this very funeral is recorded in proper form, although it appears that the relations were compelled to

pay a sum of 729 liv., which at the present time would be excessive, and one hundred years back must have been an enormous exaction for one solitary grave.

Whatever might have been the prejudices of the French priesthood at that time, their intolerance seems to have been more than counterbalanced by their avarice, in this instance, and it is to be regretted that our poet should have thus exposed his assertions to be confuted. The following is a copy of the epitaph : —

" Hic Jacet
Eliz. Temple, ex parte Patris
Fransisci Lee, Regiæ legionis
Tribuni, nec non ex parte
Matris Eliz. Lee
Nobilissimorum comitum
De Lichfield consanguinea:
Avum habuit Edwardum Lee
Comitem-de-Lichfield;
Proavum Carolum II.
Magnæ Britanniæ
Regem. In memoriam
Conjugis carissimæ,
Peregrinis in Oris, (ita
Sors acerba voluit) hunc
Lapidem mœrens posuit
Henricus Temple, filius
Natu maximus Henrici
Vicecomitis de
Palmerston. Obiit
Die 8 Octob. A. D. 1736
Ætat. 18."

Duc d'Otranto.

Saturday, 7th March, 1835.— After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché, Duc d'Otranto. He at last had a private interview with the King, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied, " You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed,

and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect that you would frankly inform me, what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittau, I was then surrounded by numerous adherents, but at Hartwell for instance, — were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?" "Yes, sir; every day the motions of your Majesty were made known to me." "Eh, what! surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately." "Sir, you urge me to say what must wound your Majesty's heart." "Speak, sir! kings are but too subject to be deceived." "If you command it, sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont." "What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the King with a malicious smile, "he was very poor, he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well then, Mr. Fouché, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him 12,000 fr. out of the 48,000 fr. which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family."

These words terminated the audience, and the Duke retired in confusion.

Mademoiselle Lenormand.

Thursday, 14*th April*, 1835. — The Duchess de Guiche mentioned this evening the curious prediction made to her by Mademoiselle Lenormand, the noted fortune-teller, in 1827. Having arranged with Lady Combermere to visit Mademoiselle L., every precaution was taken to prevent their being known. The Duchess disguised herself in a black wig, with a large hat, and thick lace veil. They went in a hired carriage, without servants, to the Luxembourg, and walked from thence to the Rue Tournon, where she resided. It was impossible that

any suspicion could exist of their name or rank. After the usual preliminaries of asking the day of her birth, consulting the palm of her hand, and dealing out cards, etc., Mademoiselle L. first told her various circumstances of her past life, which were wonderfully correct. She then asked the Duchess what animal she liked best, what animal she most disliked, and what flower she preferred beyond any other? Her answer was, the horse, the spider, the lily of the valley. She next gave her the description of her own character, as well as that of her husband, both of which were so exactly depicted, particularly that of the Duke, that she actually discovered traits in each which had previously escaped her own observation, and now appeared very evident to herself. But when Mademoiselle L. began to touch upon the future, she told her that her present prosperity was coming to an end, that the most serious misfortunes awaited her, and that all her prospects would be suddenly destroyed on the 30th July, 1830, *à cause d'un favori déchu;* that from that period she would suffer much adversity and exile, with the above favorite: that in three years she would return to her own country, and in July 183–[1], she would regain her prosperity, from the circumstance of a prince succeeding to a rich inheritance.

This prediction was so extraordinary and so precise, even as to dates, that Madame de Guiche expressed a wish to have the details committed to paper, which was complied with; and on the following day she sent her *femme de chambre* to the Rue Tournon, who brought back this singular warning, in the handwriting of Mademoiselle Lenormand, with the date, and her signature. How far the first part has been fulfilled, by the three days of revolution in July, and the subsequent flight of the Bourbons from France, every one must know. The second point, of her return to France in three years, was not less singularly verified, as she was at that period at Prague with Charles X., and so little expecting to quit it, that ten days before the circumstances occurred which brought on their resignation of their places, she had been saying to the Duke,

[1] The last number is unintelligible in the MSS.

"Here Mademoiselle Lenormand must fail, as we have no chance of seeing France again for many years;" but still it came to pass as predicted.

It now only remains to be seen how the conclusion is to wind up; in the mean time, there is the written paper, as undeniable evidence of what has happened.

These things are in themselves so unaccountable, that no opinion can be given on the subject; but a similar circumstance once occurred to myself, which I have often mentioned to my friends, and which has been also partly verified.

I was in Paris in October, 1820, and one morning, meeting John Warrender in the Rue St Honoré, he urged me to accompany him to visit a fortune-teller who lived in that neighborhood. She was an old woman in a garret, and not so much known as Lenormand, but had made some successful hits in that line which had gained her a certain celebrity. I have never forgotten the words which she spoke to me, whom she could never have heard of in her life.

"1. Vous n'avez point de père.

"2. Vous avez une mere; elle mourra dans un an.

"3. Vous sérez arrété dans six mois par un huissier, pour cause de dette.

"4. Vous êtes riche, mais dans sept ans vous perdrez toute votre fortune, et puis après vous la regagnerez."

The first was true; the second was fulfilled in about that period; the third was accomplished in rather a curious manner. I was then in very prosperous circumstances, living in Grosvenor Square; the repairs of that house had been performed by contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned: the difference was only 150*l.*, but the assignees really did send a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time. The last has been fatally verified also, but the good fortune at the end alone turns out a complete fallacy.

Spanish Barbarities.

Wednesday, 13*th May*, 1835. — I went to Paris and saw Lord Eliot and Gurwood, just arrived from Spain, having terminated their mission by obtaining a cessation of the massacres which disgraced the two hostile factions. "Never," said the former to me, "was there a contest in which human life was so little valued." On the morning of his arrival at the head-quarters of Zumalacarreguy, sixteen prisoners were led out to be shot, in favor of whose lives Lord E. interfered of course ; his request was granted with the same indifference as if he had asked for a pinch of snuff, and the General remarked to him, that if he had arrived a few hours sooner he might have saved a larger number, as in the preceding evening twenty privates and two officers had been executed in the same manner. He dined with Don Carlos, who received him with the greatest civility ; his table was very well served, and provisions were very abundant in his camp, as the provinces in which this campaign is carried on are all unanimous in his favor. He prefaced his interview by stating that he was not authorized by his government to address him otherwise than as Don Carlos, in his public character ; but that when invited to his table, as a private individual, he would not hesitate to style him Sire, as the other guests, if not considered as an act of his government. All this was most readily complied with. The late successes against the army of Valdez are generally true, but not to the extent mentioned in the papers. He thinks that in their present mountainous situation there is no chance of that party being subdued, though perhaps they are not likely to succeed in their ultimate objects.

The equipment of the last reinforcements sent to Valdez has drained the Spanish treasury, and they are again in want of a fresh loan. The inhabitants of all the towns on this seat of warfare are harassed and tormented by both parties, but the Christinos are far the most undisciplined, robbing and pillaging friend and foe. One innkeeper in a small town where he slept, told Lord E. that he and his family had not dared to

go without the walls for the last fourteen months, and were often obliged to retreat at night from their own house to a sort of little fortress in the town, for further security.

Scrope Davies.

Monday, 25th May, 1835. — Scrope Davies, whom I formerly knew well and intimately in London, promised to pay me a visit here to-morrow; he was apparently in good spirits when we dined together on Wednesday last: my astonishment was therefore great when I received from him last night the following letter: —

"Dear R., — When you met me at dinner on Wednesday last, you might possibly have observed a gloom about me, which the gayety even of your conversation could not dispel. This moral symptom was, as it often has been, the precursor of physical derangement. Since that period, lethargic days and sleepless nights have reduced me to a state of nervous irritability, such as forbids me to see any society. At some future period, when I am in a healthy state of mind, the perusal of your manuscripts will afford me the highest gratification. At present I must visit nobody, but must strictly follow the advice which Sir George Tuthill gave me: his words were these — 'On such occasions avoid all possible excitement, or the consequences may be most lamentable.' He then quoted what Imlac says in 'Rasselas.' 'Of all uncertainties, the uncertain continuance of reason is the most dreadful.' Such language could not be mistaken, and I have acted, and must continue to act, accordingly. I would much rather be accessory to my own death, than to my own insanity. The dead are less to be deplored than the insane. I never saw a maniac, but I found myself absorbed in a melancholy far more profound than that which I ever experienced at the death of any of my friends. Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins. It is a firmament without a sun, a temple without a God. I have survived most of my friends: Heaven forbid I should survive myself.

"Ever yours,
Scrope Davies."

The perusal of this letter gave me great uneasiness, and I could only write in return an attempt at a cheerful answer, to prove that I felt no participation in his apprehensions, and imputed his lowness of spirits to mere bodily indisposition, which, as I told him, quiet and calomel would remove ; but there was one line in his letter which at once solved to myself a question that had long been an enigma to me. Why does insanity so generally prompt to suicide? Because the poor victim, though in other respects deranged and unable to combine his ideas, has still a real sense of his own deplorable situation, and flies to death for relief.

Davies was the intimate friend of Lord Byron, and, as he lived much in his society at one time, has naturally imbibed many of his ideas : he is a classical scholar, with very good natural abilities ; but I fear that deadly foe to human intellect, the brandy-bottle, has much to do with the excitement.

It is not extraordinary that he should quote from "Rasselas," when it is known that the luminous author of that work was constantly a prey all his life to those morbid apprehensions.

Wednesday, 27th. — I went to Paris to inquire after my invalids ; but I suppose my prescription had answered, as I found that Davies was well and gone out ; but this letter, coupled with some other previous circumstances, makes me apprehensive for the future about him.

Marshal Soult.

Thursday 28th May, 1835. — There has been a curious discussion going on at the Tuileries. Marshal Soult complained to the King of his poverty, which is hardly conceivable, as he is known to be very rich ; but Louis Philippe, wishing to keep well with him, offered him 500,000 francs for the choice of three pictures out of his famous gallery. The selection was confided to M. Montalembert, who, having made his choice for the King, was surprised to find that others were substituted in their place, and sent to the palace. This produced a remonstrance and a long correspondence, in which the Marshal's conduct appeared to so little advantage, that in a pique

he broke off the negotiation, and was obliged to refund the first instalment of 150,000 francs which he already received.

Monday, 22d June. — The affair of the pictures which recently took place between Louis Philippe and Marshal S—— is not the first attempt of the latter to realize the plunder of his campaign in Spain which has proved unsuccessful: a similar negotiation took place with Charles X. for the whole gallery: the price was fixed at, I believe, three millions, and the bargain was absolutely concluded, when the Duchess, his wife, wrote to the King, and demanded an additional sum of 100,000 fr. *pour les épingles* for herself; Charles X., who had offered a very liberal price, was so offended at this indelicate encroachment of the parvenue Duchess, that he made answer, "*C'est par trop bourgeois*," and annulled the agreement.

This lady, not distinguished by her elegance or high breeding, was not deficient in that pride which generally accompanies rank of late date. I remember that Mademoiselle Bourgouin, the celebrated actress, told me several years ago of a correspondence which actually took place between her and Madame la Maréchale, on a singular subject; they were then living as next door neighbors in the same street in Paris, and the great lady had a favorite cat, which, for some private reasons, often strayed to the house of the actress and was missing at home; complaints were repeatedly made of these wanderings, but still the cat was always to be found in the kitchen of the actress, notwithstanding the prohibition given to harbor him. At length the Duchess, who had just received her title from the Emperor, wrote a most indignant letter to Mademoiselle Bourgouin, making her responsible for the absence of her favorite, and signing herself with great pomp, Eugénie de Dalmatie. Mademoiselle B., whose epigrammatic wit was almost proverbial, could not let slip this opportunity of mortifying the pride of her neighbor; she wrote a very appropriate letter in reply, and signed herself Iphigénie en Aulide, which was one of her favorite characters on the French stage, and the world could not help smiling at the parallel.

Two Corsicans.

Friday, *5th June*, 1835. — It is a curious circumstance that two of the greatest powers in Europe should at this moment be represented at the court of London by two Corsicans, — Russia, by Pozzo di Borgo; and France, by Sebastiani, — though they have arrived at that distinction by very different routes. Pozzo by the most undeviating energy in the cause of legitimacy, and the principles of the Holy Alliance; Sebastiani by the most barefaced adherence to every government which was in power at the time: he has served under Napoleon, under the Bourbons, and now under Louis Philippe. His supple character, which is strongly contrasted with that of his fellow-countryman, has rendered him a great favorite under the present King, who always calls him his dear Sebastiani, and knows that he can depend on his devotion as long as he has the means of rewarding him. His late marriage with a daughter of the Duc de Gramont (with which, by the bye, his vanity has been much flattered) has given some umbrage to the Liberal party here, who now represent him as a relation of M. de Polignac, and consequently in his heart a friend to the Carlist party. Talleyrand, who would naturally exculpate the conduct of a man whose career has been nearly similar to his own, said, upon this occasion: "Vous reproachez à Sebastiani d'être parent de M. de Polignac: est ce que le Roi Louis Philippe n'est pas cousin de Charles X.?"

Don Carlos.

Sunday, *28th June*, 1835. — I heard this morning a singular anecdote. M. Auguet was attached to the Bourbon family, and followed them to their exile at Holyrood House; he afterwards determined, for some motive or other, to retire to Spain, and requested Charles X. to give him letters of introduction to that country. He was accordingly furnished by him with letters to the King Ferdinand, to Don Carlos, and to the Duchess of Berry. He established himself in Spain, and was warmly protected by the royal family. At the death of Fer-

dinand, he followed the fortunes of Don Carlos, was with him in England, and accompanied him during his escape from thence through France into Spain, which has been matter of so much comment, and has been attempted to be denied by the French Government, in order to excuse the neglect of their police, whose vigilance they deceived. It is however a fact, that Don Carlos, accompanied by M. ——, embarked at Brighton, landed at Dieppe, and stayed two days at Paris, visited M. Jauge the banker, and then proceeded by Bayonne into Spain.

On leaving Paris in a post-chaise, they passed over the Place de Louis XV., and nearly on the spot where Louis XVI. was beheaded they met Louis Philippe, in his great omnibus with eight horses, surrounded by the Queen, the princesses, and Madame Adelaide, etc., driving towards Neuilly. Auguet was the first who observed the calvacade, and turning to his companion, said, "*Voyez donc, sire, voilà votre cousin;*" upon which Don Carlos, excited by his curiosity, put his head out of the window, and Louis Philippe mistaking the action of the Prince for a mark of respect from some one who wished to salute him, which from its rarity he is always anxious to return, took off his hat, and made a formal bow to the very person whom he would at the time have been most desirous of placing under arrest.

The travellers then continued their journey, smiling at the mistake; but when they arrived near the frontier, no post-horses were to be procured in the town, and so little suspicion had been created by their appearance, that they absolutely procured by a bribe the troop-horses of two *gens d'armes* stationed in the neighborhood, upon which they mounted, and crossed the small river which separates the two countries; thus owing their safety to the police itself.

Charles Mathews.

Tuesday, 7th July, 1835. — Poor Mathews, the comedian, is dead: "he is gone, with his gibes and his jokes." He was a worthy man, an entertaining companion, an excellent mimic,

but no ventriloquist, though by the modulations of his voice he attempted to appear so. The first time I ever saw Mathews was at my own house at dinner. Pope, the actor, had been drawing my poor wife's picture in crayons, for which he had a peculiar talent. He brought him to dine with me; and his imitations of Kemble, Munden, Bannister, Quick, etc., were *inimitable*. Pope, in the course of conversation, alluded to some old gentleman in the country, who was so madly attached to the society of Mathews, that whenever he came to town, he went straight to his house, and if he did not find him at home, would trace him, and follow him wherever he might happen to be. This did not excite much attention; but at about nine o'clock, we all heard a tremendous rap at the street door, and my servant came in to say that a gentleman was in the hall, who insisted on speaking with Mr. Mathews. The latter appeared very much disconcerted, made many apologies for the intrusion, and said that he would get rid of him instantly, as he doubtless must be the individual who so frequently annoyed him.

As soon as he had retired, we heard a very noisy dialogue in the hall, between Mathews and his friend, who insisted on coming in, and joining the party, while the other as urgently insisted on his retreat. At length the door opened, and in walked a most extraordinary figure, who sat down in Mathews's place, filled himself a tumbler of claret, which he pronounced to be execrable, and began in the most impudent manner to claim acquaintance with all the party, and say the most ridiculous things to every one. We were all for the moment thrown off our guard; but we soon detected our versatile companion, who had really not taken three minutes to tie up his nose with a string, put on a wig, and otherwise so metamorphose himself, that it was almost impossible to recognize him. Of that party were also Tom Sheridan, C. Calvert, and R. Calvert, all of whom, alas! are now numbered with the dead.

Mathews had one peculiarly good quality, which may rather be called good sense, and formed a contrast to many of his contemporaries. He was always amiable and obliging in com-

pany, and ready to enliven a party with his talents ; whereas, I have seen many others who refuse every proposal to assist hilarity, lest it should be supposed they were asked merely for that purpose.

Horace Vernet.

Wednesday, 2*d September*, 1835. — We went with the Bonnevals, to see the atelier of Horace Vernet, who is established in Versailles for the purpose of painting four great historical pictures for the museum at the château. We found him in the artist's dress, a white linen jacket and trousers, with a cashmere sash, at work on the battle of Jena, of which Napoleon and his horse are the principal objects. The Emperor, followed by Murat and Berthier, is passing the Old Guard, who salute in silence, when a young soldier in the ranks, unable to restrain his enthusiasm, holds up his grenadier cap to shout, *Vive l'Empereur ;* the Emperor stops and looks round sternly to remark this want of discipline. The lineaments of the face expressing displeasure are skillfully drawn, but the attitude of the horse, a chestnut Arab, thrown suddenly on his haunches by a check of the bridle, is admirably seized. The horse of Murat, and the lather on his quarters, were quite in nature, and seemed starting from the canvas. I remarked to him that his talent had achieved that which the painter Zeuxis could only accomplish by accident when he threw his brush at the picture in despair at his want of success. Another of the paintings is the battle of Wagram, which is not so forward as the other : here the countenance of Napoleon is represented in repose, as a contrast to the other : he is sitting calmly on horseback, while the Austrian troops are seen at a distance, and a French regiment of cavalry is defiling before him. The genius of painting seems hereditary in this family ; the grandfather, Carl Vernet, is well known and celebrated for his marine views, which are almost equal to those of Cannaletti, then the father succeeded to his renown, and lastly, Horace Vernet, whose name needs no comment. His slightest sketches of horses sell for large sums. The chestnut charger of Napo-

leon is taken from a beautiful Arab, which we saw in M. Machado's[1] stables this morning.

A Manœuvring Mamma.

Friday, 11th September, 1835. — I showed the Duc de Guiche this evening a paragraph in the English papers, being an extract from the Journal of Sir James Mackintosh during his stay in Paris in 1814. "August 31st. I breakfasted with De Staël; met Lally Tollendal, Constant, and the Duc de Broglie, a young man of twenty-two, who is a patriot, and an active member of the opposition in the House of Peers. *He went to speak for the liberty of the press.*" We both smiled at the inconsistency of his present opinions, and his speech the other day in favor of the new laws. The conversation then turned on * * * and her mother, Madame de ——. A gentleman whom she was anxious to secure for a son-in-law having called on her, she immediately ordered the servant to call down Madlle. ——, who appeared in a sort of fancy costume with very short petticoats and a long muslin veil to form a drapery to her figure: she was first made to exhibit her talents on the piano, which were surprisingly loud and brilliant. Madame de —— then said to the footman, "Where is your fiddle?" he immediately took a little kit from his pocket, on which he scraped while the young lady danced the Shawl dance with all the theatrical graces of Bigottini. When this exhibition of talents was finished, the mother was anxious to know the effect on her visitor, who could not be blind to the object, and who, feeling really embarrassed, adroitly avoided the dilemma by whispering in her ear, "*Quand on est auprès de la mère, on ne peut avoir des yeux pour la fille.*" Though not satisfactory, the reply was palatable.

I remember a circumstance of the same nature when Madame de —— was in England. Her great object then was to find an English husband of rank for her daughter, and as A—— at that time was living at a great expense, and was preëminent

[1] Employed formerly as an agent abroad by the Cortes government of Spain after the peace: rich, and very fond of English horses.

among the young men of fashion of the day, he became the object of her chief attention.

One evening at Almacks's that he was engaged to dance with the young lady, not feeling much interested in his partner, the conversation began to flag, when seeking for a subject he looked round the room, and seeing Lord Jersey enter at the opposite end, remarked to her, "What a handsome man Jersey is." Madlle. de ——, true to her instructions, immediately replied, with a tender look, "He shall not be so pretty than you."

I have often heard him tell the story with glee.

Beau Brummell.

Saturday, 12th September, 1835. — Lady —— has just left Versailles for the sea-side; her situation is very unfortunate and unmerited. She has been separated many years by mutual consent from her husband, with whom she never agreed, and who is now unjustly suing for a divorce.

It was to him that Brummell said, when he talked of keeping a coach for his friends, "You may keep a *vis-à-vis*, and you will always have a vacant place."

Poor Brummell, what a fate was his! he was in his time the very glass of fashion; every one from the highest to the lowest conspired to spoil him; and who that knew him well could deny that with all his faults he was still the most gentlemanlike, the most agreeable of companions? Never was there a man who during his career had such unbounded influence, and what is seldom the case, such general popularity in society. Without being a man of intrigue, for I never knew him engaged in what is called a *liaison* in society, he was the idol of the women; happy was she in whose opera-box he would pass an hour, at whose table he would dine, or whose assembly he would honor, and why? Not only because he was a host of amusement in himself with his jokes and his jeers, but because he was such a favorite with the men, that all were anxious then to join the party.

In French society, the women give the *ton*, assert their in-

Very Sincerely Yours
George Brummell.

(*From Jesse's Life of Brummell.*)

fluence, and by their verdict alone determine the weight which each man shall have in their circle; the men only live under the sanction of their approbation, and the idol of to-day may be the object of *persiflage* to-morrow. From their judgment there is no appeal. Whether it may be that the numerous clubs in London render the men independent of women's society, or whether the absence of those unremitting attentions on their part, which characterize what is called good-breeding in France, renders the English women more anxious to engross the admiration of the men, the thing itself is certain, that not only do they make greater advances to attract attentions, but even in their predilections for certain individuals they are much more influenced by the opinions of the men than by their own. I have generally observed that, with a few exceptions, the greatest favorites with the women have been those who were most popular among men.

Be this as it may, Brummell was as great an oracle among the women of the highest rank in London, and his society as much courted and followed, as amongst his male associates. His opinion on all matters of taste and dress was implicitly adopted. Among the present generation we see no such being. In those days gone by it was considered necessary that a well-bred man should still have some little tincture of what is called the *old school*. Brummell was born in 1777, and was first sent to Eton, where our acquaintance originated. His father, I believe, was under-secretary to Lord North, and left each of his children at his death 30,000*l*.

He commenced his career in the 10th Light Dragoons; where his agreeable manners soon attracted the attention of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, colonel of the regiment, which ushered him at once into the highest and most distinguished society of the day. By degrees he became a constant inmate of Carlton House and of the Pavilion, was introduced to all the Prince's private friends, and admitted by himself into the greatest intimacy.

He afterwards left the army, and lived in a house in Chesterfield Street; where, as he has often told me, the Prince

would come in the morning to see his toilette, and would sit there so late, that he would send away his horses, and insist on Brummell giving him a quiet dinner, which generally ended in a deep potation.

This violent intimacy, notwithstanding the disparity of rank, lasted for some years ; till at length, in an unguarded moment of inebriety, he risked some freedom of speech to his royal patron : it was said, " George, ring the bell ; " but this Brummell himself always denied. The result, however, was an immediate rupture, and the Prince never spoke to him again. There was no excuse to be made for his indiscretion, but it produced a rancor on the other side which lasted to the tomb.

The ridiculous part of the story is, that Brummell took the matter up in a high tone, and waged open war against his royal enemy, assailing him with ridicule in all quarters, and affecting to say, that *he* had cut the connection. Every one may recollect his saying to Jack Lee, in St. James Street, whom he had just seen speaking to the Prince, " Who is your fat friend ? " and Moore in his Twopenny Postbag commemorates the quarrel in his parody of the letter from the Prince to the Duke of York, in which he says : —

> " I indulge in no hatred, and wish there may come ill
> To no mortal, except, now I think on 't, Beau Brummell,
> Who declared t' other day, in a superfine passion,
> He'd cut me and bring the old King into fashion."

All these attacks must have increased the royal animosity. Still he was young, and the Prince had seduced him into many follies.

Deserted by the Prince of Wales, but courted by all the high society of London, he found a new friend and patron in H. R. H. the Duke of York, who was never known, in good or ill report, to desert a friend. The society of Oatlands, which consisted almost exclusively of men, was the most agreeable that could be imagined. I never can look back to any period of my life with so much fond regret as to that which I passed under that roof. The Duchess was very partial to Brummell ; and, as she had great *finesse*, excellent taste, and

was a very nice discriminator of good breeding and manners, the approbation of such a woman must be highly creditable to the individual himself. It may indeed be said, in favor of the manners of that day, that I have often heard the Duchess remark how superior they were to the tone which existed at the period of her marriage and first arrival in England, when the Duke was surrounded by a set of *roués* who seemed to glory in their excesses, and showed a great want of refinement and courtesy in women's society. She particularly mentioned Charles Wyndham, Hervey Aston, and a few more as the objects of her dread and aversion.

England for very many years had been without a court, till the present reign revived something like the shadow of a shade, which is limited in the extreme: but, during that long interval, the little circle which surrounded the late Duchess of York was the only existing retreat of correct manners and high breeding. Without impugning the polished manners of high society in England, every one will allow that there is at times an excessive ease, a *laisser aller*, which may degenerate into occasional indecorum; but under the roof and in the presence of a princess of the blood every man must feel the necessity of being constantly on his guard, and even find a pleasure in evincing the most profound respect, while it in no way operates as a *gêne* to the hilarity and pleasure of the society. In this point Oatlands might be deemed a court in which the affability on one side and the respectful attention on the other were equally remarkable. It may be said to have given a tone to the manners of that day. *C'est fini.*

The life which Brummell led at last plunged him into difficulties. He had lived constantly beyond his means, was deeply in debt, and the notorious usurers Howard and Gibbs refused further supplied unless furnished with the securities of friends. Here his popularity supplied a source which was fatal to the purse of many of our friends in the sequel. At this period Watier's Club, which had been originally established for harmonic meetings, became the resort of all the fine gentlemen of the day; the dinners were superlative, and high

play at macao was gradually introduced. The first effort of the beau was unsuccessful, and, as he was then not addicted to games of chance, his depression was very great. It was five o'clock on a fine summer's morning when he was walking home with me through Berkeley Street, and was bitterly lamenting his misfortune ; he suddenly stopped on seeing something glittering in the kennel ; he stooped down and picked up a crooked sixpence. His countenance immediately brightened. This, said he, is the harbinger of good luck. He took it home, and, before he went to bed, drilled a hole in it and fastened it to his watch-chain.

The spell was good (this was, I think, in 1813) ; during more than two years he was a constant winner at play on the turf, and I believe realized nearly 30,000*l.* The blind goddess then deserted him ; but not till after he had formed some projects of domestic life in which Miss ——, the late Lady ——, was the object of his addresses, which were not accepted. The tide, however, turned, but I never could understand that his losses were very considerable, and I never was more surprised than when, in 1816, one morning he confided to me, that his situation had become so desperate, that he must fly the country that night and by stealth. The next day he was landed in Calais, and, as he said, without any resources. I had several letters from him at that time written with much cleverness, in which his natural high spirits struggled manfully against his overpowering reverses ; but from the first he felt confident that he should never be able to return to his own country. In one of his first letters from Calais, dated 22d of May, 1816, he writes me : —

" Here I am *restant* for the present, and God knows solitary enough is my existence ; of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not sleep called *conscience*, which all my endeavors to distract, all the strength of coffee, with which I constantly fumigate my unhappy brains, and all the native gayety of the fellow who bears it to me cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment ; but I will not trouble you

upon that subject. You would be surprised to find the sudden change and transfiguration which one week has accomplished in my way of life and *propriâ personâ*. I am punctually off the pillow at half-past seven in the morning. My first object — melancholy indeed it may be in its nature — is to walk to the pier-head, and take my distant look at England. This you may call weakness, but I am not yet sufficiently master of those feelings which may be called indigenous to resist the impulse. The rest of my day is filled up with strolling an hour or two round the ramparts of this dismal town, in reading, and the study of that language which must hereafter be my own, for never more shall I set foot in my own country. I dine at five, and my evening has as yet been occupied in writing letters. The English I have seen here — and many of them known to me — I have cautiously avoided; and, with the exception of Sir W. Bellingham and Lord Blessington, who have departed, I have not exchanged a word. Prince Esterhazy was here yesterday, and came into my room unexpectedly without my knowing he was arrived. He had the goodnature to convey several letters for me upon his return to London. So much for my life hitherto on this side of the water. As to the alteration in my looks, you will laugh when I tell you your own head of hair is but a scanty possession in comparison with that which now crowns my pristine baldness; a convenient, comely scalp, that has divested me of my former respectability of appearance (for what right have I now to such an outward sign?); and if the care and distress of mind which I have lately undergone had not impressed more ravages haggard and lean than my years might justify upon my unfortunate *phiz*, I should certainly pass at a little distance for *five*-and-*twenty*. And so, let me whisper to you, seems to think Madame la Baronne de Borno, the wife of a Russian officer who is now in England, and in his absence resident in this house. Approving and inviting are her frequent smiles as she looks into my window from the garden-walk; but I have neither spirits nor inclination to improve such flattering overtures."

In the year 1818, when the army of occupation was retiring, he wrote : —

" I heard of you the other day in a waistcoat that does you indisputable credit, spick and span from Paris, a broad stripe, salmon color and *cramoisi*. Keep it up, my dear fellow, and don't let them laugh you into a relapse so Gothic as that of your former English simplicity. There is nothing to be seen here but rascals in red coats waiting for embarcation. God speed them to the other side the water, for on this they are most heartily loathed. No news of interest to you, excepting indeed what may incense you against Russian indifference to etiquette when betrayed at the expense of one of your favorites. At the great dinner given by Wellington at Valenciennes to the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, my Lady —— from her rank was first turn for the Autocrat's hand ; and, when dinner was announced, the said lady stepped forward in the confidence of being led in first ; but Alexander bowed, passed her, and took Lady William Russell (Bessy Rawdon), who was standing next to her, which was remarked by the whole room."

Again, in 1820, on the accession of George IV. to the throne, he writes to me on the 13th of February : —

" He is at length king. Will his past resentments still attach themselves to his crown ? An indulgent amnesty of former peccadilloes should be the primary grace influencing newly throned sovereignty ; at least towards those who were once distinguished by his more intimate protection. From my experience, however, of the personage in question, I must doubt any favorable relaxation of those stubborn prejudices which have during so many years operated to the total exclusion of one of his *élèves* from the royal notice ; that unfortunate — I need not particularize.

" You ask me how I am going on at Calais ? miserably ! I am exposed every hour to all the turmoil and jeopardy that attended my latter days in England. I bear up as well as I can : and when the patience and mercy of my claimants are exhausted, I shall submit without resistance to bread and water and straw. I cannot decamp a second time," etc.

At times he would write in better spirits, and the following later extract will very much remind his old friends of his usual style of conversation in society : —

"I hear you meditate a *petite domicile* at Paris for your children ; you cannot do better. English education may be all very well to instruct the hemming of handkerchiefs and the ungainly romp of a country dance, but nothing else ; and it would be a poor consolation to your declining years to see your daughters come into the room upon their elbows, and to find their accomplishments limited to broad native phraseology in conversation, or to thumping the 'Wood-pecker' upon a discordant spinet. You will do well, then, to provide in time against natural deficiencies by a good French formation of manners as well as talents ; and you will not have to complain hereafter of your gouty limbs being excruciated by the uncouth movements of a hoyden, or of your ears being distracted by indigenous vulgarisms," etc.

In this way Brummell lived for several years at Calais, constantly visited by the passing travellers, who often left with him very substantial proofs of their friendship and liberality. Independent of which, frequent remittances were made to him from London by those who had liked and known him in better days : as Lord Stuart de Rothesay used to say, no one can lead a more pleasant life, for he passes his time between London and Paris. But even his altered circumstances could not impress him with any ideas of economy ; his room was again replenished with commodes in old buhl, with specimens of old Sèvres china, old lacque, and, if he saw a trinket or a curious snuff-box, no reference to his resources would prevent his yielding to the temptation. In the mean time his applications to his friends were unceasing ; and though for a long time liberally answered, at last they were wearied by the repetition, particularly when no signs of indigence could be observed in his habits or mode of life. His kind friends Alvanley, Worcester, and Lord Sefton, with many, many others, were constantly ready to assist him on these occasions ; but when he at last had recourse to statements of distress and imprison-

ment which the next post proved to be unfounded, their patience began to be exhausted. His great object was to be appointed consul at Calais; and he would without a doubt have succeeded, through the zeal and interest of his friends, in obtaining the appointment, if a vacancy had occurred, but the incumbent, Mr. Marshall, persisted in living. At last he was nominated consul at Caen; but the next difficulty was to leave Calais, where he had contracted a considerable debt. This object, however, was, after much perplexity, accomplished by his giving a security on the future appointments of his new office to the Calais creditor.

No sooner was he installed as consul at Caen than he committed an act so extraordinary, so incomprehensible, that it overwhelmed his friends and well-wishers with astonishment and disgust. He wrote a formal letter to Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, stating that the place itself was a sinecure, and the duties attached to it so trifling, that he himself should recommend its being reduced. It remains still a mystery what was the object of this manœuvre, for it can bear no other name; whether he hoped in such a case to get a better appointment, or whether he wished to throw over the creditors who held a lien upon his salary; but, be it what it may, he was himself the real sufferer. Lord Palmerston, who was his well-wisher, said, "What can I do? In the present time of popular cry for retrenchment and reform I can only act upon his instructions and reduce the place," which was done.

Thus was poor Brummell once more utterly unprovided, and by his own willful act.

The sequel becomes more melancholy. He continued to live without resources at Caen, incurring fresh debts and plunging into new difficulties from the increasing claims of his creditors, till at length the awful moment arrived, and he was actually thrown into prison. A subscription has since been raised amongst his friends to affect his liberation, but how precarious still must be his future fate! Those who have witnessed his prosperity and his reverses can have but one feeling of regret for his lamentable fate.

Brummell was tall, well made, and a very good figure. He became latterly bald, and continued to wear powder to the last of his stay in England ; he rather piqued himself on preserving this remnant of the *vieille cour* amidst the inroads of the crops and roundheads, which dated from the Revolution. He was always studiously and remarkably well-dressed, never *outré ;* and, though considerable time and attention were devoted to his toilette, it never, when once accomplished, seemed to occupy his attention. His manners were easy, polished, and gentlemanlike, stamped with what St. Simon would call "*l'usage du monde et du plus grand et du meilleur*," and regulated by that same good taste which he displayed in most things. No one was a more keen observer of vulgarism in others, or more *piquant* in his criticisms, or more despotic as an *arbiter elegantiarum ;* he could decide the fate of a young man just launched into the world by a single word. His dress was the general model, and, when he had struck out a new idea, he would smile at observing its gradual progress downwards from the highest to the lowest classes. Without many accomplishments, he had a talent for drawing miniatures in water-colors, though I believe that beautiful one of the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in the robes of the Garter, which he wished to palm upon us as his own production, was in fact executed by Cosway. He was a fair judge of paintings, but particularly of Sèvres china, old lacque, buhl, and all those objects of art which were encouraged by the old French court, and which in those days were much more rare in England than they have since become. He had a fine collection of valuable snuff-boxes ; one of which, remarkable for two fine Petitots of Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Grignan, I bought at the sale of his effects at Robins's auction rooms for one hundred and twenty-five guineas.

It is only justice to say, that he was not only good-natured, but thoroughly good-tempered. I never remember to have seen him out of humor. His conversation, without having the wit and humor of Alvanley, was highly amusing and agreeable, replete with anecdotes, not only of the day, but of society sev-

eral years back, which his early introduction to Carlton House and to many of the Prince's older associates had given him the opportunities of knowing correctly. He had also a peculiar talent for ridicule (not ill-natured), but more properly termed *persiflage*, which, if it enabled him to laugh some people out of bad habits, was I fear too often exerted to laugh others out of good principles.

He was liberal, friendly, *serviable*, without any shuffling, or tortuous policy, or meanness, or manœuvring for underhand objects; himself of no rank or family, but living always with the highest and noblest in the country, on terms of intimacy and familiarity, but without *bassesse* or truckling; on the contrary, courted, applauded, and imitated, protecting rather than protected, and exercising an influence, a fascination in society which no one even felt a wish to resist.

Here we must stop and mark the reverse of the medal, — never did any influence create such wide and real mischief in society. Governed by no principle himself, all his efforts and example tended to stifle it in others. Prodigality was his creed, gambling was his lure, and a reckless indifference to public opinion the very groundwork of his system. The cry of indignation that was raised at his departure, when he left so many friends who had become his securities to pay the means of his past extravagance, some of them at the risk of their own ruin, was a low and feeble whisper when compared to the groans and sighs of entire families who have since had to deplore those vices and misfortunes which first originated in his seductions. What a long list of ruin, desolation, and suicide could I now trace to this very source!

Rothschild.

Monday, 14*th September*, 1835. — A grand fête has been given by Rothschild to the Duke of Orleans and a party of *chasseurs* at his estates at Ferrières, where he has a large property, and is daily adding landmark to landmark; perhaps with the intention hereafter of forming an asylum for the lost tribes of his nation. Solomon in all his glory was not so

magnificent as the Samuel Bernard of the present day in receiving his guests, for whom great previous efforts had been made to insure a splendid *battue;* but a common morning's diversion at Sudbourne, or at some other houses in England, would have beat it hollow. Fifteen or sixteen guns could scarcely bring down three hundred animals of every description.

The Rothschilds, who began by sweeping out a shop at Manchester, have become the metallic sovereigns of Europe. From their different establishments in Paris, London, Vienna, Frankfort, Petersburg, and Naples, they have obtained a control over the European exchanges which no party ever before could accomplish, and they now seem to hold the strings of the public purse. No sovereign without their assistance now could raise a loan. When Rothschild was at Vienna, and contracted for the last Austrian loan, the Emperor sent for him to express his satisfaction at the manner in which the bargain had been concluded. The Israelite replied: "Je peux assurer votre Majesté que la maison de Rothschild sera toujours enchantée de faire tout ce qui pourra être agréable à la maison d'Autriche."

When Louis XIV. in his latter days was pressed by foreign wars, and in great distress for money, the famous Jew banker Samuel Bernard positively refused to make him any further advances; in this dilemma, he concerted with Chamillart to appoint a meeting with the capitalist at Marly, and when he was quitting the interview, as refractory as ever, the King met him as if by accident at the door, expressed great pleasure on seeing him, and insisted on showing him the beauties of his park and gardens. During the drive he loaded him with civilities without ever alluding to the object of his visit to the minister; but when they parted, Bernard was so intoxicated with the honor that he had received from a monarch, who on common occasions would hardly look at a *roturier*, that he returned to Chamillart, and complied with all his demands, saying, "that he would risk the last *livre* in his purse to serve such a gracious prince."

Rothschild, however, has taken a higher flight than his predecessor, and that revolution which leveled so many nobles, has been the means of his elevation: money has risen in the scale, and titles have descended: "*dat census honores:*" he is a member of the Legion of Honor and a German baron; when he obtained the latter title, it was said, "Montmorency est le premier baron Chrétien, et Rothschild est le premier baron Juif."

Charles André Pozzo di Borgo.

Monday, 5th October, 1835. — Charles André Pozzo di Borgo, the present representative of France at the court of St. James, was born in Corsica on the 8th March, 1768, and reached the period of manhood at the time when the French Revolution was at its height. The impulse of liberty was readily felt and seconded by the population of Corsica; but even in the origin, two contending parties sprung up among the principal families in the island, who differed essentially as to the application of the new tenets. The Bonapartes, the Arenas, the Salicettis, advocated the principles of Rousseau, Mably, and the rights of man as expounded by the theorists of the day; the Paolis, the Pozzi di Borgos, sought for national independence, and had for their object the restoration of ancient Corsica from a foreign yoke. About this time, Louis XVI. had convoked an assembly of the Corsican nobility at Ajaccio, in order to represent the grievances of which they complained, and the young Pozzo, then twenty-two years old, was appointed secretary, and in a short time afterwards sent as deputy to the National Assembly in Paris.

This was the first theatre on which the future agent of the Holy Alliance appeared in public life; and, what is still more singular, the school in which he first studied the science of that diplomacy which was hereafter destined to wage war with revolutions, was no other than the *Comité diplomatique* under the presidency of Brissot. Roman liberty was then the order of the day, and the sovereign people would hardly deign to treat with kings on a footing of equality. Some specimens of

his eloquence in that assembly are still extant, delivered in 1792, which breathe a very different spirit from the principles which he has since devoted his life to maintain. His mission to France having expired, he returned to Corsica, where he enlisted himself in the cause of independence under Paoli, who was bent on forming a republic in that island. Here began that interminable hate between him and Bonaparte, which lasted till the destruction of the latter. The Arenas and Bonapartes, who were affiliated with the clubs at Paris, denounced Paoli and Pozzo at the bar of the Convention, as striving to separate Corsica from the mother country. This open hostility on their part only hastened the catastrophe; and at a public assembly in Corte it was decided that no attention should be paid to the mandate from France, and that the renegade families should be consigned to everlasting infamy. The gauntlet was thrown down, and to recede was now impossible; but what resources could Corsica find to maintain a struggle against the overwhelming power of France? An army was already assembled at Toulon, and menaced an immediate invasion.

In the midst of this dilemma an English squadron appeared before Ajaccio; Admiral Elliot offered the protection of his sovereign, and on the 10th of June, 1794, the bases of a constitution were submitted to him, and the independence of Corsica was proclaimed to the world.

This new government only lasted two years; the distant power of England was insufficient to maintain its existence, France was triumphant on all sides, and the frail power of Paoli was gradually undermined. The tricolored flag was hoisted at Ajaccio, and Pozzo, unable to stem the tide of revolution, embarked on board the English fleet, which quitted its moorings before Corsica, laden with the wrecks of the government.

They touched at Naples, at the Isle of Elba, when Pozzo had the opportunity of visiting that sovereignty which was afterwards destined to be the prison of his fallen enemy. At length the *Minerva* frigate conveyed our adventurous Corsican to the British shores.

He passed eighten months in London, where he was well received by our ministers, who did justice to his talents and energy in his late administration; he here formed new connections among the English nobility and certain of the French emigrants, laying the foundations of those secret negotiations and diplomatic missions which he afterwards conducted on so grand a scale.

In 1798 he was at Vienna; it was the time of the Coalition, when Suwarrow's arms were crowned with victory in Italy, and Pozzo, embracing the cause with vigor, was indefatigable in promoting his success. But the tide of affairs was turned at Zurich. The Austro-Russian army was defeated at all points by Massena; the Coalition broke up: and, after many fruitless journeys through the seat of war, Pozzo returned to Vienna, where he remained on very confidential terms with that cabinet. Bonaparte in the mean time returned from Egypt, founded that power which he afterwards carried to such a height, and cemented the victory which crowned his arms by the peace of Amiens. But he did not then forget his Corsican friends, who by his orders were subjected to a rigorous proscription.

This fictitious peace was soon followed by a fresh war. Pozzo entered into the Russian service, and commenced his career as a diplomatist, for which character his talents were peculiarly adapted. He was named by Alexander a privy councillor and member of the cabinet at St. Petersburg, was thence sent on a mission to Vienna, where he organized the fresh coalition against France, which terminated in the fatal battle of Austerlitz. He afterwards followed his master to the army, and after the battle of Jena, being sent again to Vienna, where he found his efforts unavailing to rouse Austria to fresh exertions in the general cause, he was dispatched to the Dardanelles, with proposals of peace to the Turks, under the mediation of England. He arrived at Tenedos, where he was received on board the ship of Admiral Siniavin, and bore a part in the engagement of Mount Athos, between the Russian fleet and that of the Sultan.

Napoleon was now emperor, and Europe was at his feet. The bloody struggle between the French and Russian armies had terminated in the treaty of Tilsit, where the unsuspecting nature of Alexander had been completely fascinated by the artful suggestions of his enemy, and expressions of personal friendship were interchanged by the two sovereigns, which excited great jealousy and discontent in Russia.

Pozzo immediately felt the impossibility of retaining his present position; he gave in his resignation, and notwithstanding the entreaties of Alexander, remained firm in his purpose of quitting the service. He had a long audience of the Emperor at St. Petersburg to whom he expressed himself in the following terms: "Far from being of service to you at present, I could only be an embarrassment. Bonaparte has not forgotten the hatreds of his early days. A day will come when he will demand that I shall be given up to him. Your Majesty is too generous to accede to such a request, but I should then become a cause of misunderstanding between you, which it is my duty to avoid. After all, I have great doubts if this friendship between your Majesty and Napoleon can be of long duration. You will find at a later period that no conquest can satisfy his insatiable ambition. You have Persia and Turkey on your hands, Bonaparte on your breast. Well! clear your hands first, and a violent effort will extricate you from Napoleon; in the mean time I remain always devoted to the service of your Majesty; and I foresee that not many years will have elapsed before you will graciously deign to recall me."

Pozzo returned to Vienna in 1808, where he remained during the campaign of 1809, actively employed by Austria, but narrowly watched by Napoleon, who having again conquered a peace, insisted on his being given up, which was pointedly refused by the Emperor Francis. But Pozzo, aware that his stay at Vienna was not more advisable than at St. Petersburg, decided on moving to Constantinople. Thus driven from Europe by his unceasing foe, he took refuge in Asia for a time, and, after visiting Syria, Smyrna, and Malta, he at last

bent his course again to England, where he arrived in October, 1810. His predictions to Alexander were now on the eve of accomplishment: the peace of Tilsit had proved only an armed truce; war broke out with redoubled vigor, and the French armies passed the Niemen in 1812. He did not then quit London, but was again attached to the Russian service as a diplomatic negotiator: he was at the close of that campaign recalled to join the Emperor's counsels, and had his first personal interview with that monarch at Kalisch, after an absence of five years. He found the Emperor, though flushed with success, still biased in favor of Napoleon, and all his efforts were now directed to counteract an influence so fatal to the interests of Europe. It was to his urgent solicitations and counsels that may be attributed the steady progress of the war during 1813, and finally the invasion of France by the allied troops, which ended in the deposition of Napoleon. He was next dispatched to England, with orders to return with Louis XVIII. to Paris, and during that journey he gave such salutary advice to that monarch, as to the real state of feeling in France, that he was induced to promulgate the charter, which gained him so many adherents among the liberal party. Pozzo has since been continued in his post as ambassador here, till affairs in England, becoming more complicated, his services were deemed more useful in London. His talents are of the first order, and his conversation highly interesting; his memory is inexhaustible; not a tissue of anecdotes like that of Talleyrand, but a collection of annals, which embrace the history of Europe during a period which must always be considered the most eventful and most extraordinary in the records of the world.

WALTZING.

Tuesday, 13th October, 1835. — No event ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz in 1813. Up to that time the English country dance, Scotch steps, and an occasional Highland reel, formed the school of the dancing-master, and the evening recreation of the British youth even in the first circles. But peace was

drawing near, foreigners were arriving, and the taste for continental customs and manners became the order of the day. The young Duke of Devonshire, as the magnus Apollo of the drawing-rooms in London, was at the head of these innovations; and when the *kitchen* dance became exploded at Devonshire House, it could not long be expected to maintain its *footing* even in the less celebrated assemblies. In London, fashion is or was then everything. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings which had been dedicated to lounging in the Park, were now absorbed at home in practicing the figures of a French quadrille, or whirling a chair round the room, to learn the step and measure of the German waltz. Lame and impotent were the first efforts, but the inspiring airs of the music, and the not less inspiring airs of the foreigners, soon rendered the English ladies enthusiastic performers. What scenes have we witnessed in those days at Almacks's, etc. What fear and trembling in the *débutantes* at the commencement of a waltz; what giddiness and confusion at the end! It was perhaps owing to this latter circumstance, that so violent an opposition soon arose to this new recreation on the score of morality.

The anti-waltzing party took the alarm, cried it down, mothers forbade it, and every ball-room became a scene of feud and contention: the waltzers continued their operations, but their ranks were not filled with so many recruits as they expected. The foreigners, however, were not idle in forming their *élèves;* Baron Tripp, Neumann, Ste. Aldegonde, etc., persevered in spite of all the prejudices which were marshaled against them; every night the waltz was called, and new votaries, though slowly, were added to their train. Still the opposition party did not relax in their efforts, sarcastic remarks flew about, and pasquinades were written to deter young ladies from such a recreation. The following was much cited at the time: —

ON WALTZING.

"With timid step and tranquil downcast glance
Behold the well-paired couple now advance;

One hand holds hers, the other grasps her hip,
But licensed to no neighboring part to slip,
For so the law 's laid down by Baron Tripp.
In such pure postures our first parents moved,
While hand in hand through Eden's bowers they roved,
Ere Beelzebub with meaning foul and false
Turned their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz."

A M. Bourblanc, attached to I forget what embassy, and a zealous partisan of the new dancing school, took up his pen in reply to these attacks, and wrote some verses advocating the innocence of the waltz, and it may be supposed from the gradual establishment of the custom in society, that his arguments were not without weight in promoting it, though his verses were not very good. This poor M. Bourblanc had a very singular fate for a frequenter of Almacks's ; he was sent afterwards by his government on some distant mission out of Europe ; the ship in which he sailed got out of her course, and touched at an unknown island, whither the captain sent part of his crew in a boat to obtain information. Bourblanc from motives of curiosity joined the party, which had no sooner reached the shore, than they were surrounded by savages, massacred, and absolutely devoured in sight of the vessel. When the news came to England, he was much regretted, particularly in the circle at Almacks's ; and a young lady has been heard to say, on observing an awkward waltzer, " Quel dommage qu'il n'ait pas été mangé par les sauvages, au lieu de ce pauvre M. Bourblanc ! " To return to the waltz : it struggled through all its difficulties ; Flahault, who was *la fleur des pois* in Paris, came over to captivate Miss Mercer, and, with a host of others, drove the prudes into their intrenchments ; and when the Emperor Alexander was seen waltzing round the room at Almacks's, with his tight uniform and numerous decorations, they surrendered at discretion.

The de la Roches.

Sunday, 25th October, 1835. — At Versailles this evening. At the Chevalier de Pigneux we heard Kalkbrenner play on the piano-forte. There were only a few of the neighbors, but

among them were M. and Madame Horace Vernet, and M. and Madame Paul de la Roche, their son-in-law and daughter. Paul de la Roche is a celebrated painter of the modern French school, whose picture of the execution of Lady Jane Grey was so much admired at the Exposition in the Louvre. His wife is beautiful, and eccentric in her dress, which was a strict copy of the time of Henry VIII. in England. On leaving the house she put on a white mantle belonging to the order of the *Pénitens blancs*. She was altogether a singularly interesting figure, though a woman with less beauty might not have found this departure from the *mode* a very safe experiment.[1] After all, in this old world there is nothing really new. A revival of former habits proves at least "*Qu'il n'y a rien de nouveau dans la mode que ce qui a été oublié.*"

Alexandre de Polignac.

Tuesday, 24th November, 1835. — Every young man in France who goes into the army, must either pass through the course at St. Cyr, or do duty as a private soldier in the ranks for two years, whatever may be his rank or his fortune. Many gentlemen therefore are to be found in this humble situation, which accounts for a remark I have frequently made, that the privates often have a more distinguished appearance than their officers, and particularly than the subalterns. Alexandre de Polignac, a youth, the son of the Count Heraclius, was entered lately as a private in a regiment of cavalry ; he was aware of the unpopularity attached to his name since the revolution, and was advised to carry it with a high hand among his comrades. Soon after his arrival, his name was affixed at the head of his bed in the dormitory, when a trooper passing by stopped to remark it, and began to spell it — Po — Poli — in a ridiculous manner. M. de Polignac instantly accosted him, and said, " Comment vous ne savez pas lire ! votre éducation a été mal soignée : tiens, je vais vous donner une leçon. Sortons, et nos epées serviront de plumes." The other began to make apologies without producing any effect, and it was only from

[1] Madame de la Roche is since dead.

the urgent intercessions of his brother soldiers that M. de Polignac at last accepted them. It is needless to add that no one else thought fit to make a second trial of his courage.

Lady Salisbury.

Wednesday, 2d December, 1835. — Further accounts are received of the fire at Hatfield. The Dowager Marchioness had only arrived the preceding day on her annual visit to spend the Christmas holidays with her son. She had retired at five o'clock on Friday evening to her dressing-room to write a few letters, and on her maid entering the room shortly afterwards, she complained of the dimness of light given by the two wax-lights on the table, and ordered her to bring a bed candlestick also. Surrounded by these three lights she was left writing: the rest is all conjecture, as she was never seen again. The first alarm was given by the smell of fire, and volumes of smoke issuing from her apartment, in which the flames had made such a rapid progress, that to effect an entrance was impossible. The fire quickly spread to the whole of the west wing, and was not got under till eleven o'clock at night; but the library seems to have escaped, and its valuable contents but very partially injured.

Thus has perished old Lady Salisbury, whom I have known all my life as one of the leaders of *ton* in the fashionable world. She was a Hill, sister to the late, and aunt to the present, Marquis of Devonshire; her two daughters are married to Lord Cowley and the Marquis of Westmeath. She was one of the beauties of her day and famed for her equestrian exploits. Till a late period in life she constantly hunted with the Hatfield hounds, in a sky-blue habit with black velvet collar, and a jockey cap, the uniform of the hunt; riding as hard and clearing the fences with as much ardor as any sportsman in the field. In earlier life she hunted with Mr. Meynell's hounds at Quorn, in Leicestershire, which was the scene of many curious anecdotes in those days.

Her Sunday parties and suppers in Arlington Street, continued for near half a century to attract all the most distin-

guished society in London, with this peculiarity, that no cards of invitation were sent out. It was always "come to me on Sunday" to those whom she met in the preceding week, and all the young aspirants were anxious to attract her notice for the summons.

Connecting her with the ancient borough of that name, Lady Salisbury latterly went by the *sobriquet* of Old Sarum, with this exception, that she to the last bid defiance to reform.

She was the last remnant of what may be called the old school, in England, and of that particular *clique* composed of the Duchess of Devonshire, Duchess of Rutland, Ladies Sefton, Cowper, Melbourne, etc., etc., who for many years gave the *ton* to society in London. She was an amiable, good-natured person, with the high-bred manners of a *grande dame*, remarkable for her fine figure, but very short-sighted, which perhaps might have occasioned this dreadful catastrophe. Lady Salisbury scrupulously adhered to the state of former days; she always went to court in a sedan-chair with splendid liveries, she drove out in a low phaeton with four black ponies in the Park, and at night her carriage was known by the flambeaux of the footmen. But the last sad pageant is denied to her, not a vestige of her body has been found to claim the rites of a funeral, at least according to the latest accounts.

Duc de Bourbon.

Wednesday, 9th December, 1835. — The melancholy end of the Duc de Bourbon has always remained a subject of great mystery, and the trial which took place threw little light on the real mode of his death. The correspondence between Louis Philippe (then Duke of Orleans) and Madame Feuchères, so degrading to the character of the former, was however at that time made public, and the abject court paid by the Prince to the strumpet, in order to obtain her influence with the Duc de Bourbon, to leave his vast property to the Duc d'Aumale, excited universal indignation. The history of Madame Feuchères is well known. Her name was Dawe, she was

a servant-maid in the fruit-shop in Oxford Street, opposite the top of Bond Street. She attracted the attention of the Duc de Bourbon, and lived with him as his mistress in England during the period of his emigration. When the tide of affairs turned at the restoration in 1814, Miss Dawe accompanied the Prince to France, and lived constantly under his roof, having apartments assigned to her in the Palais Bourbon, at Chantilly, and other of his royal residences. Under these circumstances, and to avoid scandal, it was given out that she was a natural or adopted child of the Prince, in whom he might be supposed to take a parental interest.

Her power over this infatuated old man became daily more encroaching and irresistible : she saw herself the uncontrolled mistress of a princely establishment, the object of general adulation, and her ambition began to take a wider scope ; all recollection of the fruiterer's girl was lost in the visions of grandeur which floated before her eyes. In her present equivocal position, any idea of moving in general society was out of the question : some people might give credence to the story of her birth, and to the innocence of her connection with the Prince, but to the world in general it was a matter of evident notoriety. An ostensible position in French society had nevertheless become the point of her ambition, and this could only be obtained by a respectable marriage, which the rumors attached to her situation in the Prince's family by no means tended to facilitate.

Such an object, however, was found in the Baron de Feuchères, an officer in His Highness's household, who in a evil hour consented to lead Miss Dawe to the altar. Notwithstanding this connection it is said that the Baron was a man of honor, and was duped by the inventions which were fabricated to mislead him, perhaps dazzled by the prospects which might await an alliance with the blood of the Bourbons ; one thing, however, is certain, that in a short time after the irrevocable step had been taken, he obtained full conviction of his wife's real character, and quitted her forever. The separation perhaps might have been a mutually concerted arrangement ; but

whether it was so or not, it exactly suited the projects of the lady, who became at once Baroness Feuchères to the world, and a free agent for her own purposes. Her influence with the Duc de Bourbon remained unimpaired; she not only continued to reside under his roof, but from that period appeared to take a more prominent part in the subjugation of his mind and the management of his affairs.

The Duke of Orleans, whose mind was always alive to every means of promoting his own interests, was not long in perceiving the advantage which he might derive from the co-operation of this woman, in persuading the Duc de Bourbon to constitute the Duc d'Aumale heir to his vast property. The boy was nephew and godson to the Prince, on which latter title the claim alone was founded, as the Rohans and several other collateral relations were as nearly connected with him. An intimacy so flattering to the one, and so desirable to the other was very soon established; and the proffered protection of the House of Orleans, not only to further the aspiring views of Madame Feuchères at present, but to assist in securing to her that portion of the Condé property which might be hereafter bequeathed to her, was an incitement too powerful not to make her the ready tool of the pending machinations. There are letters extant from Louis Philippe to the Duc de Bourbon, on the subject of a proposed visit with his family to Chantilly, written in such a strain of fulsome adulation, and coupled with such affectionate references to a woman of whose existence even he ought to have been supposed to be ignorant, that it is almost difficult to conceive them genuine. To be brief, after various scenes of persuasion and intimidation, in which the Baroness at times had recourse to acts of positive violence and brutality toward the feeble old man, the fatal will at length was signed by him, in opposition to all his own feelings and convictions.

Things were in this state at the time the revolution of July broke out. The Prince was at his seat at Chantilly, when the news arrived of the slaughter in Paris, and the expulsion of his family from the throne. A scene of consternation ensued

which baffles all description: his fears deprived him of all judgment; at one moment he was ready to fly with his family to the frontiers, at another he would hoist the tri-colored flag on the castle gate. At last, when some degree of order had been restored to the capital, he became to a certain extent more calm and composed; he seemed to have brought his mind to a more patient awaiting of the result, and as the tranquillity of his immediate neighborhood had been in no way disturbed, he gradually returned to his usual habits of life at Chantilly. But amidst this semblance of repose his enfeebled mind was a prey to continual anxiety, and daily occupied in vague and mutable projects for his future conduct. The assumption of power by the Duke of Orleans at the expense of the elder branch, appeared an inexcusable crime in his eyes; the cruel and ungrateful oppression which he had of late years endured from his merciless mistress, particularly on this late occasion of the will, had completely estranged his affections from her, though long habit had engendered a feeling of submission to her will, which was now only founded in fear.

Impressed with these convictions, feeling that all his ties to France were suddenly dissolved, with a mind full of sinister apprehensions for the future, and his reason perhaps impaired by age and frequent domestic vexations, he one morning formed to himself the decision of privately quitting France on the following day. His plan was quickly concluded and imparted only to a confidential servant, who was to make the necessary preparations for the journey secretly, and who was in the first instance dispatched immediately to Paris, with an order on his banker for a million of francs, which he was instructed to bring back in gold.

On that evening the Prince appeared more than usually calm and serene to all around him; he played his rubber of whist with the accustomed party, and at the usual hour of retiring to rest dismissed his company without expressing the slightest intimation of his intended flight.

But the eyes of Argus were upon him: keenly and vigilantly had he been watched, and how could it be supposed that the

wavering projects of a timid old man could escape the searching espionage of two individuals so interested in his movements? Rumors had come to Louis Philippe's ears, that he meditated the formation of a new will, and that, commiserating the fate of his exiled relations, he wished to alleviate the misfortunes of the Duc de Bordeaux, by investing him after his death with that property, the inheritance of which had been wrested from him in favor of the Duc d'Aumale. The suspicion of such an act was sufficient to rouse precaution; Louis Philippe wrote to the Baroness that the object of all their hopes and schemes was on the eve of destruction, that *coûte que coûte*, the blow must be parried at all events. Her own future prospects appearing equally at stake, the counsel was not less palatable to the Baroness; the same act which disinherited the Orleans branch, might, under present circumstances, be equally fatal to herself.

On the following morning the unfortunate Prince was found in his *robe de chambre* dead, and suspended by a silk handkerchief to the hook of the window curtain, which was so low that his feet still touched the ground. The doors of his apartment were locked on the inside, and broken open by the servants, which apparently prevented all idea of the act being perpetrated by any other hand than his own. There were nevertheless many facts stated at the time which would repel this conviction: the impossibility of a man being strangled when his feet touched the ground; the handkerchief tied in a slip knot, which it was known that the Prince could never make: moreover, having long ago had the misfortune to break his collarbone in hunting, he had not since that time been able to raise his arm to his neck, and was always obliged to employ a servant when dressing, to tie his neckcloth; his slippers, which were placed as he had left them in getting into bed overnight; and the bed-clothes found in a state of derangement, such as indicated a violent struggle before he left it. The inquest on this occasion seems to have been summary and inconclusive. A secret influence might have been excited to check a too narrow inquiry, and it may have been deemed inexpedient to

implicate the high name, at which the public finger pointed still with independent audacity. The suicide of the Prince was officially declared ; the will was legally proved, and their immense inheritances secured to the Duc d'Aumale and the Baroness Feuchères.

The following is the version given of this black transaction, by Prince L. de R——, to a friend of mine who related it to me : —

That there was a small private staircase which communicated from the apartment of the Baroness to a door in the *ruelle* of the Prince's bed, of which she kept the key ; this is a very customary thing in old French houses, and might have been originally planned for the convenience of servants who clean the apartments, or for other purposes. That by this communication the Baroness gained admittance to the Prince unexpectedly, soon after he had retired to rest (it is supposed), with a view of expostulating with him on his intended flight, and using the same means of intimidation and threats to divert him from his purpose, which on former occasions had been attended with success ; that the discussion became serious and violent on both sides, without any yielding on the part of the Prince, who at length from over-excitement was seized with a fit of apoplexy ; that at this crisis the Baroness lost her head, and rung a bell, which only communicated with a neighboring room, occupied by the Abbé de ——, who was devoted to her interest ; that on his appearance they soon came to an understanding ; that the unfortunate Prince was smothered by a pillow, dragged to the window and suspended in the manner in which he was found in the morning. The room was then vacated by the private entrance, and each retired to their chamber, till the alarm should be given in the mansion.

This Abbé died suddenly in a month from that time. The dead tell no tales.[1]

That wealth which it was the object of her life to secure at any price, has neither furthered the ambition nor secured the

[1] Another person holding a confidential situation in the household of the Prince, was likewise soon after found dead in his bed.

happiness of Madame Feuchères. Though surrounded by all the advantages of an immense fortune, she has since lived in an ignominious retirement away from the comments of the world. She resides at present at the Château de Morfontaine, a part of the spoils of the Prince ; she has formed an attachment for a young man, who at her instigation has quitted a young and beautiful wife, but in return treats her with great brutality, and has no other object than the enjoyment of her wealth, which he draws from her with great rapacity. It is said, that he frequently beats her, and her life [1] seems doomed, by a wise retribution, to conclude under the same tyranny and oppression which she so unfeelingly exercised on her first benefactor.

The wags of Paris call her la Baronne de Serrecol.

Berkeley Craven.

Wednesday, 25th May, 1836. — The coroner's inquest on the body of poor B—— brought in a verdict of mental derangement. All London seems horrified at the event. He had a very nice sense of honor himself, but was rather severe on those who from misfortunes were unable to meet their engagements. He was a great friend of the late Duke of York, and I remember the only time that I ever saw H. R. H. displeased with him was at a dinner at York House, when he used some very cutting expressions against Brummell and Alvanley, who were then abroad on account of pecuniary difficulties. The Duke then said : " I tell you what, Berkeley, all this may be true or not, but I cannot bear to hear them abused by one of their oldest friends." The poor Duke was one who never lost or deserted a friend.

Many years ago, Berkeley Craven and myself were sitting late after dinner at Brookes's, when the waiter came in and said that St. James's Palace was on fire. We all of course rushed down the street to the spot, where the flames soon got to an ungovernable height. It was then one in the morning : the crowd was very great. The Dukes of Cumberland, Cambridge, and Gloucester, were running about in every direction

[1] She died a few years ago in great misery in London.

encouraging the firemen, and were very conspicuous. I then remarked to Berkeley what a pity it was that the Duke of York, who lived in the Stable Yard, should not have been apprised of it, and thus be the only one of the royal family absent. He said, I have no doubt he is at Fulham and knows nothing of it; let us go and tell him. We got into a hackney coach, and drove to —— immediately. It was some time before we could get admittance; but on giving in our names the message was carried up, and in five minutes the Duke, evidently much alarmed, received us, asking what the devil could have brought us there? On stating the case, he entered immediately into our feelings; said he should never forget the obligation; and no other conveyance being at hand, got into the coach, and in half an hour afterwards was seen more prominent than any one else in extinguishing the flames.

General Junot.

Friday, 22d April, 1836. — At dinner at Lord Lowther's, met amongst others General Solignac and M. de la Garde, who had gone through all the wars of the Revolution and the Empire — the former in the army, the latter as military secretary — and had lived with all the prominent characters of those days. Many anecdotes were related of Junot, Moncey, and other marshals, not all of the most creditable description. The former appears to have been throughout a madman, and, though constantly favored by Napoleon, to have been utterly incapable as a general. When made governor of the Illyrian provinces, he one morning surprised the whole population by appearing in the Great Square before his palace on a pedestal, mounted on his charger unsaddled, unbridled, with a single *filet*, himself naked as he was born and personifying an equestrian statue. The police advanced to stop this scandalous exhibition, and to their astonishment found that it was the Général-en-chef. His end, which is not detailed in the Memoirs of the Duchess his wife, was characteristic of his life; in a fit of frenzy he cut his throat, and then precipitated himself from the window into the street.

Duc de Berry.

Sunday, 5th June, 1836. — We went down to Versailles, to pass the day with the Duke and Duchess de Guiche, where we found Lord Ossulton. Talking of the late Duc de Berry, Guiche told me that he had a complete presentiment that he should be assassinated. Attached as he was to the household of the Dauphin, he had ample opportunities of seeing the Duc, and had often heard him express that opinion, which was so fixed that he would never take any precautions to avoid the danger, though he had repeated warnings given to him. One day M. de Guiche was travelling in a carriage with the two princes, when the Duc de Berry said to his brother, "The object of the revolutionary party is to cut off our race; one solitary murder of yourself would not answer the purpose; but I have a daughter, and may have other children, therefore I shall be marked out for destruction; I feel that the blow is inevitable, and am resigned to my fate."

I was in Paris myself at the time when this horrid assassination took place, and remember perfectly well the story which was then current in society, of a remarkable dream that happened to the Duc a few weeks before his death, which Guiche confirmed, and which may now be accounted for in some measure by the forebodings which then preyed upon his mind, and the warnings which he had received.

The Duc de Berry dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries, which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, and while he was admiring the beauties of the prospect, his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession, followed by a train of carriages, evidently indicating the last tribute paid to some deceased man of fortune and consequence. He turned round to one of the bystanders, and inquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made, that it was that of Mr. Greffulhe. In a short

time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the château: this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty, — the carriages, the guards, the servants, were such as could only be marshaled in honor of one of his own family. On putting the same question, he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berry went to a grand ball given by Mr. Greffulhe, at his hotel in the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and Mr. Greffulhe, who was not in a good state of health, attended his Royal Highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck with a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed, the knife of the assassin Louvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream.

The vision may be easily accounted for by the previous forebodings of the Duc, and the apprehension that the approaching ball might be selected as the scene of the impending danger.

Like Damiens, Louvel would make no confessions: the one was instigated by religious fanaticism, the other to the last moment expected a rescue by the populace, even on the scaffold.

Gentlemen Riders.

Wednesday, 8th June, 1836. — Last week died Lord George Germaine, brother to the Duke of Dorset: they were both in their youth great friends to the late King, when Prince of Wales, fond of the turf, and, with the late Delme Radcliffe, the three best gentlemen riders at the once famed Bibury races, which are now replaced by those at Heaton Park. They were all three little men, light weights, and, when dressed in their jackets and caps, would rival Buckle and Chiffney. In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests; the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London during that week; the best horses were brought from Newmarket and the North, to run at these races,

on which immense sums were depending ; and the course was graced by the handsomest equipages. The "legs" and betters, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne at an early hour to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued, to await the opening of their betting-books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysterious, without making any demonstration ; at last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, "Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle, and set us a-going ?" Then, if the master of Buckle would say, "I 'll take three to one about 'Sir Solomon,'" the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the signal of departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd : I think I see him now in a green jacket, a white hat, and tight nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person : he was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummel, M. Day, Churchill, and, oh, extraordinary anomaly ! the little old Jew, Travis, who like the dwarf of old followed in the train of royalty.

The Downs were soon covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's German wagon and six bay horses (so were barouches called when first introduced at that time) — the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade — issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and, gliding up the green ascent, was stationed close to the great stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner-time, the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was served to a large party ; while those who were not included in that invitation found a dinner with every luxury at the club-house on the Steyne, kept by Raggett during the season, for the different members of White's and Brookes's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James Street were not forgotten. Where are the actors in all those gay scenes now ?

A Jordaens for Ten Francs.

Friday, 1*st July*, 1836. — The other day an officer with mustachios, who had just alighted from the diligence, was walking through a public street in Brussels, following the commissionaire who had taken charge of his baggage to the inn, when he passed by a broker's shop where an old picture was exposed to view on a chair. It was the object of remark to several by-standers, amongst whom was a painter of some celebrity in the city. "It is a bad copy," said the painter; "It is a mere daub," said another connoisseur; and every one found some additional defect in the painting, which seemed to be despised by all. The officer gave a cursory glance at the picture, walked into the shop, and demanded the price. "Not less than ten francs,' said the broker. "Here they are." The picture was bought, placed with the other baggage on the truck of the commissionaire, and the traveller moved on. The amateurs who had found such fault with the performance, surprised at seeing a traveller burden himself with an object of such large dimensions and of so little value, inquired of him, ironically, how much he expected to gain by his bargain. "A mere trifle, gentlemen," replied the officer; "perhaps 15,000 francs." "How do you mean?" "Yes, I mean 15,000 francs, my connoisseurs, for this picture which you think so lightly of is a real Jordaens, and one of his very finest performances." The painter and his companions, struck by the confidence of his manner, retired with evident signs of vexation at having missed such an opportunity. The traveller was Captain G——, of the Cuirassiers, not only a distinguished officer, but an excellent judge of paintings. On the following day the merit of the picture was formally acknowledged by the best amateurs of the capital as a *chef d'œuvre* of Jordaens. It contains eight figures, grouped as it were by magic; and the heads are so beautiful that they defy all competition. 10,000 francs have already been offered to Captain G——, and refused.

One of Fox's Jokes.

Monday, 11*th July*, 1836. — One of Henry Fox's [1] jokes was that played off on the late Mrs. ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron von *Seidlitz Powdertz*, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, no Baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house, with excuses from the Baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess von *Epzom Saltz*, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

M. Berryer.

Saturday, 23*d July*, 1836. — A trait is cited of the famous counsel, M. Berryer, which reflects the greatest credit on his liberality and goodness of heart. During the circuit, which he has attended this month in the provinces, he was retained as counsel, and defended the cause of a M. Dehors, who had already been condemned in another court (from which judgment he appealed) on a charge of arson, the witnesses of which were of a suspicious character. M. Berryer, on investigation, having convinced himself of the innocence of his client, exerted himself with so much zeal and so much eloquence on his behalf. that he not only obtained a complete acquittal of the charge, but also the reversal of the preceding judgment.

On the following day M. Dehors, accompanied by his family, paid a visit of gratitude to his eloquent defender, and,

[1] Henry Fox was the son of General Fox, uncle of the late Lord Holland, and brother of the Right Hon. Charles Fox. He was remarkable for his social and colloquial powers. He was minister to the United States, and died at Washington, in October, 1846.

acknowledging himself unequal ever to repay a service which had preserved to him his fortune, his honor, and his life, begged, although contrary to the general usage, to present in person a slight tribute of gratitude and respect to his benefactor; saying which he laid upon the table a purse containing a large sum of money. M. Berryer immediately took up his purse, and, dividing its contents in two equal parts, said first to Mdlle. Dehors, "I beg that I may add this sum to your marriage portion." Then turning to the young Dehors, he addressed him thus: "Young man, the misfortunes of your father have forced you to suspend during two long years your usual occupations; allow me in some degree to make you a reparation for the time which you have lost." And when M. Dehors, in a voice interrupted by sobs, wished to prevent this generous intention, M. Berryer concluded by saying, "Let us drop this subject: nothing can alter my determined resolution. Your children have shown the most admirable devotion and filial affection. I have a clear right to give them this proof of my esteem, and this compensation for the sacrifices which they have undergone."

Croker's Pertinacity.

Wednesday, 19th October, 1836. — Lord Fitzgerald made us laugh at dinner to-day with a story about Croker, whose pertinacity of opinion is well known; he was laying down the law after dinner to the Duke of Wellington, and according to custom asserting the superiority of his own information on all subjects, having even flatly contradicted the Duke, who had mentioned some incident that took place at the battle of Waterloo. At last the conversation turned upon the use of percussion caps for the muskets of the army, when Croker again maintained a directly opposite opinion to that which was urged by the Duke, who at last good-humoredly said to him, "My dear Croker, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself, but as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about the percussion caps." Croker's

view of politics has now for some years been of the most gloomy cast, and so far does his wish for infallibility supersede his patriotism, that he absolutely seems to rejoice at any partial fulfillment of his prophecies, though it may thwart his own views, and that of his party. Fitzgerald once said to Lord Wellesley at the castle, "I have had a very melancholy letter from Croker this morning." "Aye!" said Lord Wellesley, "written, I suppose, in a strain of the most sanguine despondency."

Countess Howe.

Wednesday, 2d November, 1836. — The late Countess Howe has left a large family of children, of which the youngest is only five weeks old. Her religious principles were very strict; she never accepted any invitation on a Sunday, but always devoted that day to her serious duties. On one occasion at Windsor, when she was in attendance on the Queen some party was proposed by the King on a Sunday, at which he was very anxious that she should be present, but was unable to induce her to deviate from her fixed plans of seclusion on that day. The Queen, who was a witness of the discussion, and was surprised at her firmness, could not help saying afterwards to her, "I wonder at your resolution. I am sure if the King had been so urgent with me, I could not have refused." Lady Howe replied, "Madam, his Majesty is *your* husband."

Earl of Winchelsea.

Wednesday, 2d November, 1836. — She was very handsome, and remarkably tall. Before her marriage she was one of the beauties at the balls which the late Earl of Winchelsea used to give at Burleigh on the Hill every Christmas, where for several years I was in the habit of joining a large party at that hospitable mansion; consisting of the Fieldings, Cardigans, Aboynes, Lord George Seymour, Sir Jos. Copley, General Bligh, Ambassador Hale, etc. I am referring to the period when Lord Winchelsea kept open house; and as in those good old times the horses and even the stable servants of the guests were hospitably received, I have seen three or four families

staying in the house, each bringing six or eight horses in their suite, and none, as in the present day, sent to the neighboring public house. Lord Winchelsea was a nobleman of the old school, and a high-bred gentleman in his manners to all; in his early youth he was an expert cricketer, and always retained a great partiality for that game, as well as all manly exercises. He never married, but had two natural children, a son and a daughter, to whom he was much attached, and as the chief part of his property was unentailed and at his own disposal, while the title at his decease reverted to Mr. Finch Hatton, he bequeathed his noble seat of Burleigh on the Hill, with a large fortune, to his son Mr. Finch. He was a favorite of George III., by whom he was made a Knight of the Garter, but having consented to be second to General Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond) in his duel with the Duke of York, he incurred the displeasure of the Prince of Wales, who never forgave him; and after the old king's death he seldom or never made his appearance at court. In justice to the Duke of York, I should add, that the prejudices of his brother only rendered him the more courteous to Lord Winchelsea; and when, soon after the duel, at a ball at court, the Prince of Wales indignantly left the room on seeing Lord Winchelsea dancing in the same set, the Duke did everything in his power to palliate the insult.

Sir William Knighton.

Friday, 4th November, 1836. — Sir W. Knighton died lately in London. He was originally placed by his parents, who were of humble origin, as apprentice to an apothecary at Tavistock, and afterwards practiced obscurely in London. In 1810 he accompanied Lord Wellesley to Spain, who on his return from that mission requested his Majesty the late King, then Prince of Wales, to appoint Knighton one of his physicians. In this capacity he became very intimate with Colonel Macmahon, and was finally named his executor. Among the papers which thus came into his possession were some of a very delicate nature relating to the private affairs of George

IV., particularly about Queen Caroline and the late Lady Jersey. He instantly carried these documents to Carlton House, and placed them at once, without comment or condition, in the hands of the rightful owner. The Prince Regent, struck with the importance of the benefit, appointed Knighton to an important office in the Duchy of Cornwall, afterwards made him a baronet, and then Grand Cross of the Guelph.

The full tide of prosperity now opened upon him, and after Sir B. Bloomfield had been raised to the peerage, and sent as minister to Sweden, he succeeded him as private secretary and privy purse, appointments which he retained till the death of George IV. He was a constant inmate of Carlton House and of Windsor Castle, possessing the entire confidence of his sovereign, who latterly lived in great privacy, surrounded by his household, and only a few occasional visitors. He was, as might be expected, the devoted friend of Lady ——, and though never suspected of having used his interest at court for any great objects of personal aggrandizement, he was believed privy to that extraordinary appropriation of above 300,000*l.*, which was sold out of the stocks a very few days before the death of his royal master. It was always supposed that this sum had been given at once to that lady, but the fact of the sale was currently known at the time, and no trace of the money afterwards appeared. I have myself heard the Duke of Wellington say, that when sent for by express on the demise of the King, he, in quality of executor, inspected all the papers, etc., at Windsor, and did not find sufficient money in the royal escritoire even to pay the post-horses of the different expresses. Sir W. Knighton died possessed of a very large fortune, partly acquired by his original profession, and partly perhaps by that political information, which had been used for the same purpose by his predecessor Macmahon.

George IV.

Friday, 4th November, 1836. — George IV. never had any private friends ; he selected his confidants from his minions. Macmahon was an Irishman of low birth and obsequious man-

ners; he was a little man, his face red, covered with pimples, always dressed in the blue and buff uniform, with his hat on one side, copying the air of his master, to whom he was a prodigious foil, and ready to execute any commissions, which in those days were somewhat complicated.

Bloomfield was a handsome man, and owed his introduction at court to his musical talents; he was a lieutenant in the artillery, and by chance quartered with his regiment at Brighton. The Prince, who was always fond of music, then gave frequent concerts at the Pavilion: some one happened to mention that a young officer of artillery was a proficient on the violoncello; an invitation was sent, the royal amateur was pleased, the visits became more frequent, a predilection ensued, and the fortune of the young lieutenant was assured.

George Lee had also a long run of favoritism in those days, but his confidences were limited to the turf, and his influence never extended beyond the stable.

The Prince was at one time a great supporter of Newmarket; an untoward event, which made great noise at the time, abated his ardor for that pursuit. His debts of all sorts were very great. Vulliamy's bill (a French jeweler in Pall Mall, who served the court, and was employed by his H. R. H.) amounted to a large sum, for which he could never obtain payment. In vain did he apply at Carlton House; he met with nothing but vague promises, which were never realized. At length the jeweler's affairs got so embarrassed, that he determined to make a personal application to the Prince, and went down to Brighton. The doors of the Pavilion, however, being locked against all intruders of that sort, he watched his opportunity when the Prince's carriage drove into the court, and, gliding in unobserved, hid himself behind one of the pillars of the colonnade. As the Prince came out, and had got one foot on the step, Vulliamy rushed forward, and, falling on his knees, cried out, "Sare, your Royal Highness, pray stop one minute." The Prince looked round, and said, rather impatiently, "Vulliamy, what do you want?" "Oh, sare, by God, if your Royal Highness not pay my bill, I shall be in

your *father's* bench to-morrow." The Prince laughed and got into his carriage, but the debt was left unpaid till Parliament furnished the means.

He once fancied that he was very fond of hunting, and took a place in Hampshire for that purpose, called the Grange [1]; but he soon wearied of it, and relapsed into his usual mode of indolent existence. For years even before he came to the throne, he very seldom appeared in public, or went anywhere, but to Manchester House, where his visits were as regular as clockwork. At four o'clock the gates of Carlton House were opened daily, and the plain *vis-à-vis* with the gray liveries, and the purple blinds down, was to be seen wending its way through the crowd to its usual destination, unremarked by any but the experienced eye, which knew the royal incognito, and the superb bay horses unequaled in London.

In the latter days of his reign, and before his health had rendered it necessary, he very seldom went out, even in his favorite low phaeton and ponies, at Windsor; his more general habit was to remain in his *robe de chambre* all the morning, and never dress till the hour of dinner. In this *deshabille* he received his ministers, inspected the arrangement of all the curiosities which now adorn the gallery in the Castle, and are standing monuments of his good taste, amused himself with mimicking Jack Radford, the stud groom, who came to receive orders, or lectured Davison, the tailor, on the cut of the last new coat. His dress was an object of the greatest attention to the last; and, incredible as it may appear, I have been told by those about him, and by Bachelor, who, on the death of the Duke of York, entered his service as *valet de chambre*, that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations, would often cost 300*l.* before it met his approbation. This, of course, included the several journeys of the master and his men backwards and forwards to Windsor, as they almost lived on the road. George IV. was not only a man of refined manners and classical taste, but he was endowed by nature with a very good understanding; still there is no doubt that

[1] Now belonging to Lord Ashburton.

for several years before his death, whether from early indulgence in luxury, or from a malady inherent in his family, his mind would occasionally wander, and many anecdotes have been current of the unfortunate impressions under which he labored. After the glorious termination of the long Continental War in 1815 by the battle of Waterloo, it would not perhaps be unpardonable vanity in him to have thought that the English nation had mainly contributed to this great event; but he certainly at times in conversation arrogated to himself, personally, the glory of subduing Napoleon's power, and giving peace to the world. It was upon one of these assumptions being reported to the sarcastic Sheridan, that he archly remarked, "That is all well enough, but what he particularly piques himself upon is the last productive harvest."

When a clergyman was once preaching upon death before Louis XIV. and his court at Versailles, at a particular part of his sermon he addressed his audience in the following words, "*Nous mourrons tous*," and then turning to the King, added, "*presque tous*." That monarch afterwards reproved him for his senseless sycophancy. It might have been more palatable at Windsor. No man clung to life with greater eagerness than George IV., or was more unwilling to hear from those about him any hint or suspicion of his apparent decay. When confined to his room, and his case had become evidently hopeless, he still felt the vital stamina so strong in him, that he would not believe his own danger; he talked of preparations for the approaching Ascot Races, which he would attend in person, and showed a confidence in his recovery, which all around him knew to be impossible.

On the 27th of May, 1830, prayers were ordered to be read in the churches for the restoration of the King's health; and though the work of death was gradually approaching, the most contradictory accounts were constantly circulated of his real state. At length the awful moment arrived. He went to bed, without any particular symptom, on the night of the 25th of June, but at three o'clock in the morning he seemed to awake in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir

Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and at his request helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed, "Watty, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me!" and in that situation, without a struggle, expired.

The temptations in his exalted situation to a life of indulgence were numerous; but he was not without a proper sense of religious feeling, as may be inferred from the following anecdote. Some years previously to his own death an old housekeeper at Windsor Castle, who had held that situation for nearly half a century, died very much regretted by the royal family and the whole establishment. On that occasion he sent for his chaplain, Sumner, now Bishop of Winchester, and urged him to improve the feeling excited in the household by the occurrence into a religious admonition: he concluded by saying that he wished him to preach an appropriate sermon in the chapel on the following Sunday and requested that he would take the following text: "Be ye also ready." The sermon was preached accordingly.

LORD DUDLEY.

Friday, 11*th November*, 1836. — —— is a good-natured, was a very good-looking, man, not overflowing with intellect, but still far from deserving the sarcastic comment of the late Lord Dudley. It was at a time when poor Dudley's mind was on the wane, when his caustic humor would still find vent through the cloud which was gradually overshading his masterly intellect; he was sitting in his room, unheeding those around him, and soliloquizing aloud, as was so often his custom. His favorite Newfoundland dog was at his side, who seemed to engross the whole of his attention. At length, patting his head, he exclaimed, "*Fido mio*, they say dogs have no souls. Humph. And *still* they say —— has a soul!" Upon one occasion Dudley found Allen at White's about seven o'clock, and asked him to dinner. On his arrival in Park Lane, he found it was a *tête-à-tête* with the host. When in the evening he was asked how the dinner went off, Allen said, "Lord Dudley spoke a little

to his servant, and a great deal to his dog, but said nothing to me."

Influencing Fortune.

Thursday, 25th November, 1836. — Met Heneage and Caradoc[1] at Aston's, where I dined. Sat with the latter after they were gone till three o'clock in the morning, talking over anecdotes of the late reign in England. An individual was mentioned whom we all knew formerly as *attaché* to this embassy, and who had fallen under the suspicion of influencing fortune at play. One day he was sitting in —— 's room at Rio, playing at *écarté* with some French naval officers who had dined there. It was at a time when frequent riots were taking place in that city. Suddenly a volley of musketry was heard under the window. Every one jumped up to inquire what was the matter except our friend, who, perfectly regardless of the disturbance, continued to deal out the cards; and when all the backs were turned to him, coolly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I beg you all to remark that I have turned up the king." His adversary returned to his game, and found our friend with five trumps in his hand.

George Selwyn.

Wednesday, 30th November, 1836. — Amongst the expiring wits and beaux of high life, I can just recollect, when I was a boy, the famous George Selwyn, whose name is now nearly forgotten, but whose *bon mots* then were in every one's mouth. He had a peculiarity so grafted in his nature, that it might be called a passion, — this was an irrepressible desire to see public executions. On one occasion of some particular culprit being executed at Tyburn, a friend, who knew his foible, betted him 100 guineas that he would be present at the ceremony; he accepted the bet, and was discovered in the crowd, in the dress of an old apple-woman, and paid the money. During the period which followed the rebellion in 1746, he had attended the execution of Lord Balmerino at the Tower, and when reproached with cruelty in witnessing the death of one

[1] Now Lord Howden.

whom he had personally known, he exculpated himself by pleading his foible, and adding, that if he had erred in going to see Lord Balmerino's head cut off, he had afterwards made every reparation in his power, by going the next day to see the head sewed on again, previous to the interment. When in Paris, his anxiety was so great to see a famous malefactor broke upon the wheel, that he hit upon a curious expedient. Upon great occasions of this sort (I think it was that of Damiens), the head executioner of Paris was wont to invite his comrades from the provinces, to assist at this specimen of their art. Selwyn contrived early to be near the scaffold, and when the provincial artists made their appearance, he joined their party at the bar through which they were admitted; the first was announced as Monsieur de Lyons, then Monsieur de Bordeaux, etc., but when it came to Selwyn's turn, the attendant, seeing he was an Englishman, said in an inquiring tone, "Monsieur de Londres?" to which Selwyn bowed assent, and mounted the scaffold in the character of the English Jack Ketch.

Lord Coleraine.

Wednesday, 30*th November*, 1836. — After Prince Boothby's death, who shot himself in his room, because he was tired of dressing and undressing, but more, I believe, from ruined circumstances, the only remnant of that school, who to a much later period was seen in the streets of London, was old blue Hanger, Lord Coleraine, a beau of the first water, always beautifully powdered, in a light green coat, with a rose in his button-hole. He had not much wit or talent, but affected the *vieille cour*, and the manners of the French court: he had lived a good deal in Paris before the revolution, and used always to say, "that the English were a very good nation, but they positively knew not how to make anything but a kitchen poker." I remember many years ago the Duchess of York made a party to go by water to Richmond, in which Coleraine was included. We all met at a given hour at Whitehall Stairs, and found the Admiralty barge, with the royal standard,

ready to receive us ; but by some miscalculation of the tide, it was not possible to embark for near half an hour, and one of the watermen said to the Duchess, "Your Royal Highness must wait for the tide." Upon which Coleraine, with a very profound bow, remarked, "If I had been the tide, I should have waited for your Royal Highness." Nothing could have been more stupid, but there was something in the manner in which it was said that made every one burst out a-laughing.

Lord Cholmondeley.

Wednesday, 30*th November*, 1836. — Of the same school was also the late Lord Cholmondeley, always a great friend of George IV., who raised him to the Marquisate : he was a great frequenter of French society before the revolution. He was one of the four who set up that celebrated faro bank at Brookes's which ruined half the town. They would not trust the waiters to be croupiers, but themselves dealt the cards alternately, being paid three guineas an hour out of the joint fund, and at this rate Lord C——, and other noblemen of the highest rank, were seen slaving like menials till a late hour in the morning. Their gains were enormous, as Mr. Thompson of Grosvenor Square, and Lord Cholmondeley, realized each between 300,000*l.* and 400,000*l.* Tom Stepney had a share, but would always punt against his own partners, and lost on one side what he gained on the other. A Mr. Paul, who brought home a large fortune from India, lost 90,000*l.* in one night, was ruined, and went back to the East to make another.

Lord Cholmondeley was a very agreeable man, full of anecdote ; he married a Bertie, sister of the late Lady Willoughby de Fresby ; and the two sisters being co-heiresses to the office of Lord Great Chamberlain of England, every succeeding reign it is served alternately by a representative of one of the two families. He had always an excellent French cook, but was very sparing of his wine, though no other expense was grudged. I have often seen him keep a bottle of Sillery champagne in the ice-pail, close to him, and dole it out by

thimblefuls to the company, as if it gave him pain to part with it. He kept up to the last the old custom at large dinners of having the upper servants in full dress; his, I remember, were in dark brown coats with a broad gold lace: the Reform Bill has now done away with these old feudal displays, and poor Lord Cholmondeley's high-bred politeness seems to have vanished with them. Lady Cholmondeley was good-nature personified; besides their three children, there were at that time two beautiful girls in the house, who found a father's care and affection in Lord Cholmondeley.

Lord Cholmondeley had in his life been peculiarly fortunate in discovering old claims to property which had been either dormant or unknown to his family. An instance of this sort gave rise to a law-suit, which at one time was very much talked of. The late Lord Clinton, then quite a young man, became a member of Watier's Club, and unfortunately lost a considerable sum at whist; wishing to raise some money for this purpose on mortgage, he sent the title-deeds of his family estate to be investigated by a lawyer; this man, on looking over the deeds, found that an old claim existed on the whole property in favor of the Cholmondeley family, and forthwith informed his lordship of the circumstance, who lost no time in commencing his action for the recovery. It made a great noise at the time; and as appearances at first were very much in favor of the suit, it was considered not only a very hard case upon Lord Clinton, who would thus be totally ruined, but an act of rapacity on the part of the other, who was in such very affluent circumstances. The claim, however, was never clearly made out, and a compromise took place. It was in this interval that old Mr. Coke,[1] of Holkham, satirically wrote a letter to Lord Cholmondeley to the following purport, viz., "that wishing to feel easy as to his own property, which he had inherited from a long train of ancestors, but knowing the various claims which his lordship possessed upon that of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would be contented to receive, as an indemnity, for any claim he might hereafter think fit to make

[1] Afterwards raised to the peerage with the title of Earl of Leicester.

upon the Holkham Estate." Lord Cholmondeley replied in the same facetious style, "that with every wish to tranquillize the mind of an old and much loved friend, he did not think that in justice to his own family, he could consistently enter into any arrangement which might hereafter be so detrimental to their future interests."

Watier's Club.

Wednesday, 30th November, 1836. — Watier's Club had a very short duration in London; but it was a feature in the society of that day, which will long be remembered as a scene of dissipation and high play, attended with the most fatal and ruinous consequences. It was originally instituted in 1807 by the Maddocks, Calverts, and Lord Headfort as a harmonic meeting; a house was taken in Piccadilly, at the corner of Bolton Street, and Watier, a superlative cook, was hired as master of the revels. This destination of the club was soon changed; the dinners were so *recherché*, and were so much talked of in town, that all the young men of fashion and fortune became members of it. The catches and glees were then superseded by cards and dice; the most luxurious dinners were furnished at any price, as the deep play at night rendered all charges a matter of indifference. Macao was the constant game, and thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles.

Brummell was the supreme dictator, "their club's perpetual president," laying down the law in dress, in manners, and in those magnificent snuff-boxes, for which there was a rage; he fomented the excesses, ridiculed the scruples, patronized the novices, and exercised paramount dominion over all. He had, as I have before said, great success at macao, winning in two or three years a large sum, which went no one knew how, for he never lost back more than a fourth of it before he levanted to Calais. During the height of his prosperity, I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Watier's and finding the macao table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was never in the habits of play, but having

dined freely had dropped into the club, and was trying to catch the smiles of fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place, and go shares in his deal; and adding to the 10*l.* in counters which Tom had before him, 200*l.* for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won 1,500*l.* He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving 750*l.* to Sheridan, said to him, "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again." I mention the anecdote as characteristic of the times, the set, and of a spirit of liberality in Brummell, which with all his faults he possessed, and which was shown towards an old friend in a way that left no pretext for refusal.

Among the singular characters that frequented Watier's Club, was a man named Bob Bligh, a heavy, fat fellow, as mad as a March hare. He was first cousin to Lord Darnley, but had conceived a violent enmity against him, and whenever they met in the street attempted to horsewhip him.

He was frequently taken up by the police, and bound over to keep the peace; but as soon as he saw his victim he forgot his recognizances and incurred fresh prosecution, which ended in a long confinement in the King's Bench.

One evening at the macao table, when the play was very deep, Brummell having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried out, "Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol." Upon which Bligh, who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat pocket, which he placed on the table, and said, "Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter." The effect upon those present may easily be imagined, at finding themselves in the company of a known madman who had loaded weapons about him.

Still, I must render one justice to that ill-fated club: the high sense of honorable feeling which prevailed amongst the members, where all were equally incautious, and none would

have deigned to take an unfair advantage of another. I must also add that general system of good breeding and good humor which, under very exciting circumstances, was never once interrupted by a personal quarrel. It remained for later times to produce a man of rank and fortune who would disgrace himself by acting the part of a sharper to his friends. The club commenced by a sinister event, which might be considered an omen of the desolation it was doomed to entail upon its votaries. The founder, Mr. John Maddocks, who married Lord Craven's sister, cut his throat with a razor at his house in Stratton Street, under the momentary influence of mental aberration. The club did not endure for twelve years altogether; the pace was too quick to last; it died a natural death in 1819, from the paralyzed state of its members; the house was then taken by a set of blacklegs, who instituted a common bank for gambling. To form an idea of the ruin produced by this short-lived establishment among men whom I have so intimately known, a cursory glance to the past suggests to my mind a melancholy list of names.

Frederick Ponsonby.

Monday, 16th January, 1837. — Another old friend is gone. Poor Frederick Ponsonby died last Thursday of an affection of the heart. He was second son of the Earl of Bessborough, and married in 1825 to Lady Emily Bathurst. He was an excellent cavalry officer, a man of high courage as well as of the mildest disposition. At the battle of Waterloo he was severely wounded by the French lancers in a charge, and left all night for dead on the field of battle; in this dangerous state he was found the next morning, and after a long confinement recovered. Hume, the Duke's surgeon, always said that he was indebted for his life to the extreme tranquillity of his character, which was never ruffled by irritation or discontent. After his marriage he obtained the appointment of military commander and then governor of Malta, where he resided several years; he was a general in the army, had a regiment, but has left a family with slender means of support.

He was a great friend of Charles Bouverie, for whom, in his reverses, he obtained, through Lord Bathurst, his little sinecure in the West Indies, which was abolished afterwards by Lord Grey and the Whigs, and survived him only a few months. Poor Bouverie wanted to call out Lord Grey for being thrown upon the *pavé* by this retrenchment. In early life Ponsonby lost large sums at play, which were paid by his relation the late Duke of Devonshire, who married his mother's sister, Lady G. Spencer.

Lady Bessborough was a leading character, with her sister the Duchess, in those entertainments at Devonshire House, which many years ago engrossed all the wit and fashion of London society for a long period, since quoted as the era of refinement and pleasure. Even Lady Granville now, when she meets an ancient votary of those days, illustrated by her mother, will say, "He too remembers Devonshire House."

The late Duke was one of those impassible characters, who allow nothing to ruffle their serenity, high-born, well-bred, with all the formality of the *vieille cour*. He was the head of the Whig party, the Duchess the active mover in all the cabals of that day. I remember the sensation created in town by her personal canvass for the buff and blue interest at the famous election of Charles Fox for Westminster, when she drove about in a splendid carriage to solicit the votes of the different tradesmen. One butcher was refractory, and stipulated for a salute, as the only price at which he would sell his suffrage, and the beautiful Duchess yielded her cheek to the greasy suitor. The streets then resounded with the following ballad: —

"A Piccadilly beauty
Went out on canvassing duty
To help the great distresses
Of poor little Carlo Khan.

"The butchers and the bakers,
The grocers, undertakers,
The milliners and toymen,
All vote for Carlo Khan."

In those days the men of fashion were scholars as well as

wits, and Fitzpatrick celebrated the same event in a Latin epigram, which was much admired : —

> "Quis dea sublimi vehitur per compita curru ?
> An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa venit ?
> Si genus aspicias Juno est, si dicta Minerva,
> Si spectes oculos, mater amoris erit."

The Duchess was a great favorite of George IV., then Prince of Wales, who derived from her society much of that high-bred manner, for which he was always remarkable.

At length she died in 1806, and with her faded away the splendid gayeties of Devonshire House.

The Duke then married Lady Elizabeth Forster, who after his death lived chiefly at Rome ; he remained a constant pillar of the club at Brookes's, where, his rubber at whist ended, a hot supper with boiled mackerel while in season, constantly awaited his Grace at four in the morning.

To return to Sir Frederick Ponsonby ; the physicians had long ago pronounced that the action of his heart was disordered, that he might live on for years, but that when the crisis came, he would die suddenly, as if by a pistol-shot. He was travelling to town with his family, he stopped to dine at the inn at Murrell Green, and just as he had seated himself at table fell off his chair and expired.

Ferney.

Tuesday, 17th January, 1837. — Charles Greville arrived from London, and sat an hour with me this morning.

Ferney has been sold by auction ! This philosophic Mecca, to which, scarcely fifty years ago, crowds went in pilgrimage ; this consecrated spot, the threshold of which in the eighteenth century was passed with the deepest respect by the visitors, who bowed before the bed and fauteuil of its master, as before holy relics ; all, we understand, are to be converted, under the new possessor of Ferney, into a manufactory of beet-root sugar. The temple, which bears on its front this proud inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire*," will become probably a stable or granary.

Wraxall's Posthumous Memoirs.

Thursday, 16*th February*, 1837. — A book has lately been published called the "Posthumous Memoirs of Wraxall." I trust that if this Journal should ever meet the public eye, it may be allowed to have more claims to veracity than those "Memoirs." Among other calumnies they impute to Mr. Pitt a venality, which was not only belied by his disinterested conduct through life, but attested by the poverty in which he died. I have heard many anecdotes of that great man from my father, who, when governor of the bank at a very awful crisis of public affairs, 1797, had frequent communications with him both of a public and private nature, and he always expressed his deep conviction of Mr. Pitt's highly disinterested conduct. It is possible that many of those who enjoyed his intimacy may have availed themselves of the information which they derived from him to speculate with advantage in the funds; but so ignorant was the Premier of these circumstances, that he once said to my father, with great *naïveté*, "So little do public events influence the financial system as I should have expected, that had I been a speculator, with all my means of information, I should have been a ruined man." At that period I was a boy, and how often have I rode over with my father to Holwood from Freelands, where we lived, and while he was closeted with the minister I was left to wait in the dining-room, which I had full time to explore. The furniture was of the most simple description; I remember a *chaise longue* was drawn near the fire-place, on which he might be supposed to have thrown himself on his arrival from town, when jaded by a long and stormy debate in the House; a few books lay on a hanging shelf within reach, amongst which I recollect a pocket Virgil, marked and dogs-eared in every part of the Æneid. It may be recollected that the quotations in his speeches were generally taken from that source. No minister was ever the subject of so many caricatures, or of so much virulent abuse from the opposition, as Pitt; even his predilection for a bottle of port, which after his violent exer-

tions in debate was probably necessary to his existence, was imputed to him as an excess. One of the best of these, called "Uncorking old Sherry" (alluding to the debate on the Regency Bill, when some remarks from him roused the ire of Sheridan) represents Pitt uncorking a bottle, and completely inundated with the effervescent contents, while the bloated countenance and red nose of Sheridan is apparent in the foam. One vulgar paper gave the following character of him in *dog-Latin:* "Warcarryonissimus, taxgatherissimus vinum guzzleando potentissimus, prettygirlibus indifferentissimus, et filius bitchæ damnatissimus."

Notwithstanding the untruths and calumnies in "Wraxall," there is one point in which he may pass muster: he seems to give a fair account of the debates which occurred during his time in Parliament: and, notwithstanding the irritation which existed between parties at that period, and the violent speeches which were occasionally made in the heat of debate, it is impossible to deny that a spirit of high gentlemanly feeling and conduct existed *then*, which is become much less apparent among their *reformed* descendants.

Fox — the political rival of Pitt — was exempted from the failing that promoted the late sittings of the Tory Cabinet dinners of that day, where Lord Bath, Lord Sidmouth, and Dundas were formidable wine-bibbers. But he was the most undaunted and the most unsuccessful gambler at Brookes's. He was often heard to say that the greatest pleasure in life was winning at hazard, and the next approaching to it, was losing at hazard. He frequently sat up at play till a late hour in the morning, then, without going to bed, adjourned to the House of Commons, and spoke with his usual eloquence. As the epigram said, he was often in distress for money: —

"In gaming, indeed, he 's the stoutest of cocks,
No man will play deeper than this Mr. Fox.

"If he touches a card — if he rattles a box —
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.

"He has met, I 'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox."

A Letter of Napoleon's.

Friday, 17th February, 1837. — The following is given as an unpublished letter written by Napoleon to Talma, after the siege of Toulon: —

"I have fought like a lion for the republic. But, my good friend Talma, as my reward I am left to die with hunger. I am at the end of all my resources. That miserable fellow Aubry (then Minister of War) leaves me in the mire when he might do something for me.

"I feel that I have the power of doing more than Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and yet they cannot find a corner for me in La Vendée, or elsewhere, to give me employment. You are happy: your reputation depends upon yourself alone. Two hours passed on the boards bring you before the public, whence all glory emanates. But for us soldiers, we are forced to pay dearly for fame upon an extensive stage, and, after all, we are not allowed to attain it. Therefore do not regret the path you have chosen. Remain upon your theatre. Who knows if I shall ever appear again upon mine. I have seen Monvel (a distinguished comedian); he is a true friend. Barras, President of the Directory, makes fine promises, but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the mean time I am reduced to my last sous. Have you a few crowns to spare me? I will not refuse them, and promise to repay you out of the first kingdom I win by my sword. How happy were the heroes of Ariosto; they had not to depend upon a minister of war.

"Adieu, Yours,

"Bonaparte."

Abbé de Pradt.

Sunday, 19th March, 1837. — The Abbé de Pradt has terminated his mortal career; he had lately suffered from a fit of apoplexy, and was thought out of danger, but a fresh attack at ten o'clock yesterday morning carried him off. He had written several political works of little weight, but the best of them, and the most entertaining, was his mission to Warsaw under Napoleon, in which he mentions his interview with

the Emperor when he arrived in that city after his retreat from the unfortunate campaign in Russia. He says that he was called out of his bed at six o'clock in the morning by an orderly officer, who left strict injunctions that he should repair immediately to the chief hotel in the town on pressing business. On entering the court-yard no object strikes him but a Russian sledge covered with dust, evidently arrived from a long journey. He is ushered into a drawing-room, where he sees Caulaincourt seated at a table writing, and farther on a man in a fur pelisse looking out of the window, with his back turned to him. His first impulse is to express his surprise at seeing the General, who, without noticing his salute, points to the individual at the window ; the stranger turns round, and he finds himself in the presence of the Emperor. Struck with astonishment, he begins to mutter some expressions of regret at the disasters, which public report had already widely disseminated, when Napoleon stops him in his harangue by a loud laugh, and exclaims, "*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas!*" — a *mot* which has since been so much cited. He has since written, there was one man, who stood between Napoleon and universal dominion, and that man, "*C'est moi!*"

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

Friday, 31*st March*, 1837. — I received a letter from Yarmouth, who is in London, which mentions the death of the Marquis of Bath of dropsy, and that of Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose loss will be regretted by all who knew her. She was eighty-one years old, and her health was so generally good, that she had projected a journey to Paris in May next. She retained even in her old age the traces of her former beauty, and her manners were singularly amiable and unaffected. Though married privately to George IV., and bearing always the most unsullied reputation, her life during his reign was one continued scene of trial and disappointment. During the commencement of her union, and while the attachment of that fickle prince still existed, few were the happy hours that she could number even at that period. He was young, im-

petuous, and boisterous in his character, and very much addicted to the pleasures of the table. It was the fashion in those days to drink very hard, and Mrs. Fitzherbert never retired to rest till her royal spouse came home. But I have heard the late Duke of York say, that often when she heard the Prince and his drunken companions on the staircase, she would seek a refuge from their presence even under the sofa, when the Prince, finding the drawing-room deserted, would draw his sword in joke, and, searching about the room, would at last draw forth the trembling victim from her place of concealment.

When his public marriage took place with Caroline of Brunswick, she separated upon a maintenance of 10,000*l.* per annum. On the accession of William IV., that allowance was reduced to 6,000*l.* per annum; but all the members of the royal family, and particularly the Duke of York, who to the last maintained an inviolable friendship for her, have always treated her with the greatest respect and attention. She was granted the use of the royal liveries, and kept very handsome establishments in Tilney Street and at Brighton, where the best society was always seen, every one without formality evincing that *nuance* of respect which tacitly acknowledged her elevated position, while the services of plate, the handsome dinners, and a numerous train of servants, all grown old in her service, gave to the house at least a seigneurial if not a royal appearance. She was hospitable and very charitable.

The early friend of her youth was Lady Hugh Seymour, who, dying young and leaving a large family, Mrs. Fitzherbert not only acted the part of a mother to all, but especially adopted the second daughter, now Mrs. Damer, and has very much increased her original fortune by her ample donations. No parent could have been more attached to her child.

Revendee Bey.

Monday, 1*st May*, 1837. — The following act of barbarous courage is related of Revendee Bey, surnamed the *One-eyed.* who is now the object of great attention at Constantinople, His father died when he was only sixteen years old, and the Kurdes, his subjects, refused to acknowledge him as his successor on account of his youth, styling him *smooth-face.* Having called together the revolting chiefs, he advanced into the midst of them, and said, "Well! you doubt my personal courage; I will now convince you of what sacrifices I am capable." And with this remark he immediately tore his left eye from the socket, and threw it on the ground. This extraordinary act of courage so astonished the Kurdes, that they threw themselves at his fact, acknowledged him as their chief, and afterwards fought for him like lions. This anecdote has also made a deep impression on the Sultan, who has restored him all his property.

Abd-el-Kader.

Monday, 15*th May*, 1837. — A M. de France, lieutenant of the French brig the *Loiret*, who was taken prisoner in last August by the Arabs, when stationed off Arzew, has publizhed a detail of the sufferings which he endured from his merciless captors. He was carried up the country by a troop of horse, or rather dragged by a rope attached to the saddle of one of the party, till he arrived, bleeding and nearly exhausted, after several days' journey, at the camp of Abd-el-Kader, who had great difficulty in rescuing him from the hands of his tribe, anxious, as they were, to put him to death. He describes that chief as not more than twenty-eight years old, and scarcely five feet high, with an agreeable countenance, small feet, and beautiful hands, which he preserves with coquetry, and of which, like Napoleon, he is remarkably proud. "Il est toujours à les laver; tout en causant, accroupi sur ses carreaux, il tient les doigts de ses pieds entre les doigts de ses mains, et lorsque cette posture le fatigue, il se met à rogner, à

déchausser ses ongles avec un canif-ciseau, dont le manche en nacre est finement travaillé, et qu'il a constamment dans les mains." He affects great simplicity in his dress, but his linen is remarkably fine. He is a good horseman, and has several fine Arabian horses for his own use. He is less cruel than his followers; and the persecutions endured at times by M. de France were committed without his knowledge. His army is small and undisciplined, but actuated, as well as all the natives, by a most inveterate hatred against their invaders. There was little or no artillery, and of the worst description at that time; but since the affair of Constantine that arm has been increased, the whole more fitted for a partisan war than a general engagement.

Abd-el-Kader is not a sovereign by descent; he was the son of a marabout, or priest, renowned for his sanctity, who had twice performed the journey to the sepulchre of the Prophet at Mecca, which gave him a great moral influence over the tribes. His son accompanied him in these pious expeditions, and, being early instructed in the study of the Koran and of the Italian language, soon raised himself in the estimation of his countrymen; and when the French took possession of Algiers his strenuous exertions to raise their fanatical enthusiasm and excite their feelings of vengeance and resistance to the foe, added to his own personal bravery, activity, and cunning, soon placed him in the high position of chief, to which he aspired, and then led to his present title of Sultan. He is the only man capable of keeping the French at bay, and without him they would soon be discouraged and subdued. The interior of the country is described as beautiful, and capable, with little care and attention, of fertility and civilization to an inconceivable extent; at present it offers a scene of barbarism and nudity which is unparalleled. The Sultan's revenue arises from voluntary tributes, which are too often enforced by pillage at the sword's point; but they are hardly equal to the support of his troops. Still the hostile feeling towards the invaders will always be a bond of unity among the tribes till they are completely overcome; and im-

portant assistance of every description in stores and money is constantly furnished by the Emperor of Morocco for combating the common foe.

After enduring every hardship and indignity during his captivity, and seeing two or three of his fellow prisoners die from the most barbarous ill-treatment, M. de France was at last included with six others in an exchange of prisoners, and sent back to his countrymen at Algiers; but even during their journey on this peaceful mission their lives were frequently endangered from the malevolence of the natives, who never ceased to load them with abuse, execrations, and abhorrence. Such is the hatred and contempt of these Mohammedans for the name of a Christian.

Monk Lewis.

Thursday, 18*th May*, 1837. — Several anecdotes were told this evening of *Monk* Lewis, so called from the book which he wrote, — a genius of the second order, who made some little noise at the time by writing tales of horror, in the style of the German school, which have been, however, since forgotten. He was the son of Mr. Lewis, of the War Office, — a little insignificant figure with pretensions to *bel esprit*. He was sometimes invited to Oatlands, and had a turn for epigram that rather amused the Duchess of York. On one occasion, I remember that Lord Erskine after dinner, inveighed bitterly against marriage; and smarting, I suppose, under the recollection of his own unsuccessful choice, concluded by saying, that a wife was a tin canister tied to a man's tail, which very much excited the indignation of Lady Ann Culling Smith, who was of the party. Lewis took a sheet of paper, and wrote the following neat epigram on the subject, which he presented to her Royal Highness: —

> "Lord Erskine at marriage presuming to rail,
> Says, a wife 's a tin canister tied to one's tail,
> And the fair Lady Ann, while the subject he carries on,
> Feels hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.[a]
> But wherefore degrading? if taken aright
> A tin canister 's useful, and polished, and bright,

And if dirt its original purity hide,
'T is the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

Lewis had a great facility for impromptu verses, but these are the best I remember of his. He afterwards went to the West Indies, where he died before he was forty, soon after the peace.

QUEEN DOROTHEA.

Thursday, 25th May, 1837. — The following anecdote of Charles Jean,[1] the present King of Sweden, was told to me yesterday. When Gustavus Adolphus was deposed by the conspiracy of a party in 1809, his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was placed on the throne, and became Charles XIII. Gustavus had married Frederica Dorothea, Princess of Baden, by whom he had two sons, both, equally with their father, excluded from the throne, and who followed him into exile. The new King having no children, biassed by the intrigues of the day, afterwards adopted Bernadotte as his successor, who came to Sweden, and was elected Prince Royal.

On the departure of Gustavus and his sons, the Queen did not follow them into exile; she remained in Stockholm, shut up in her palace, where her presence was embarrassing to the court of her uncle, and seldom did she mix with the world except on some particular occasions of etiquette, from which she could not well remain absent without giving offense to the Government.

Charles XIII., at last wishing to place his niece in a more agreeable position, urged her strongly to triumph over her grief, attempt to forget the past, and make an effort to receive the Hereditary Prince, Charles John. After much hesitation she at last consented to submit; and an entertainment was announced at her palace, which was only to consist of cards and tea, as dancing had never been allowed under her roof since her misfortunes.

The whole court was invited, and all the distinguished foreigners. Sudden indisposition prevented the old King from

[1] Bernadotte, who died in 1844.

joining the party. The Queen did the honors with great seeming affability, and played a rubber of whist with the Hereditary Prince and the ambassadors of England and Russia. After cards, the tea was served, with a magnificent plateau prepared for the Queen and the Prince. The Queen advanced, and poured out the tea into two cups, indicating one to the Prince, who, just as he was in the act of taking it, suddenly felt the pressure of a thumb on his shoulder forcible and significant enough to convince him that it was meant for a warning, the purport of which as quickly flashed upon his senses. With considerable presence of mind he immediately exclaimed, "Ah, madame, it is impossible that I can permit your Majesty to serve me!" and, seizing the plateau, turned it round adroitly in such a manner that the cup, which was intended for him, was placed before the Queen and the other before himself. The Queen turned mortally pale; and Charles John watched the event with anxiety, still uncertain whether his suspicions were grounded! Was she about to confess her crime? No! she quickly recovers, takes the cup, makes a smiling salutation to the Prince, and drinks up the contents to the last drop.

On the following day the "Gazette" of Stockholm contained the following short paragraph: "The Queen Dorothea died suddenly during the night, and the cause of her death was generally imputed to apoplexy." This happened in 1813.

The Barrymore Family.

Saturday, 27th May, 1837. — At the beginning of this century the Barrymore family were conspicuous among the *roués* of the day in London: there were three brothers and one sister, dignified by the flattering *sobriquets* of Hellgate, Cripplegate, Newgate, and Billingsgate, to which might be added their tutor at college — Profligate.

The eldest, as Earl Barrymore, was foremost in every species of dissipation; he had a country-house near Henley, on the river, which was the scene of various orgies, and where

he gave private theatricals, which were much talked of. His career was short, and his death rather mysterious; he was escorting some French prisoners to Dover, with a party of his regiment, and was stepping into a whiskey with a fusee in his hand loaded with ball, which, it was said, went off as he put it down, and wounded him so dangerously, that he died within half an hour.

He was succeeded by his brother, who was lame, and whose excesses and eccentricities were for many years afterwards the talk of the town. He was entertaining, and had a certain degree of talent; but, among other vices, was fond of low company; and from his want of principle, as well as his want of good taste, was generally avoided by those whom his rank might have entitled him to live with. This Lord Barrymore was very fond of mystifying people, and drawing them into discussions after dinner, when he was himself generally drunk, and never failed to end by some mischievous trick, which was very annoying to the victim. On one of these occasions he was dining with a party at Windsor, when the conversation turned on the practicability of taking Windsor Castle by an armed force, and Colonel Cowper, a very quiet, inoffensive man, was drawn by Barrymore into a discussion of the means which he would use, as a military man, to effect this object. Each began to draw his plans of attack and defense by marks of wine on the table, as Ovid would say, "*Pingis et exiguo Pergama tota merô;*" but Barrymore was little of a tactician, and the Colonel drew up his forces with such skill, that he proved undoubtedly to the company the superiority by which his combinations must insure his getting possession of the Castle. The Earl being thus foiled, became mischievous, and after a little reflection, cried out, "Your plan is faulty, you have forgotten the river Thames;" and taking up a tumbler of water, which stood near him, instead of deluging the works of his adversary, threw the contents directly in the Colonel's face. Great confusion of course ensued, but the plea of ebriety was allowed as an excuse.

In those days singing after dinner formed an essential part of conviviality, and Barrymore, who had a good voice, was always foremost in promoting this incentive to drinking. He had a famous song for this purpose, the chorus of which was "Chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol-lol de riddle-low," well known to all his associates. It had never reached the ears, however, of General Sir Alured Clarke, who was very proud of his campaigns in America, and very ready to dilate on the information he had gained concerning the tribes of savage Indians in some of the back settlements. Barrymore once attacked the old General unawares upon this his favorite subject, by an affected desire to obtain some knowledge about them. Thus he began: "What is the tribe of the Chip Chows?" The old General, taken perhaps by the sound, and whose information might have been rather superficial, began to describe a tribe of savages in a particular district, remarkable for their cruelty and warlike propensities. Seeing that the bait was swallowed, the questioner proceeded, with much seeming interest, to inquire, "What were the Cherry Chows?" These also were described, with other particulars, in the same grave manner, and the addition that they always ate their prisoners. Upon this Barrymore, throwing off the mask, burst into a loud horse laugh, and said to the astonished General, with an oath, "And what do you think of the Fol-lol de riddle-lows?" There was then a general burst from the whole room; but Sir Alured, though evidently discomposed, rose from his seat with great dignity, and said to his merciless foe, "My lord, during all my travels, I have seen few savages so barbarous as yourself," and leaving the room at once, was never induced to speak to him again. It might be extraordinary that these impertinent freaks did not sometimes produce unpleasant consequences, but he mingled so much buffoonery with them that they were more frequently treated with contempt.

I remember his fighting a duel with Humphry Howarth, M. P. for Evesham, who was a *farceur* like himself, that was treated more as an object of ridicule than anything serious.

It arose out of a quarrel after dinner at the Castle Inn, at Brighton, during the race week, and they adjourned to the course early in the morning to settle the difference. The seconds and a few friends who went to *see the show*, were soon convulsed with laughter when they saw Howarth, who was a fat old man, deliberately take off his clothes and present himself naked (except his drawers) to the murderous weapon of his adversary. The fact was, he had been a surgeon in the Company's army in India, and knowing professionally that gunshot wounds were often aggravated by parts of the clothing being driven by the ball into the orifice, he had determined to avoid at least this risk, by divesting himself of all incumbrances. The precaution, however, was needless, as no blood was spilt, and the matter arranged by a random shot from each party.

Gambling and expensive habits brought Barrymore latterly into great distress ; his house was assailed by bailiffs, and whenever he wished to give a dinner, he took a lesson from Sir Richard Steele, and clothed them in his livery to wait at table : some droll stories used to be told of the mistakes which they committed from not knowing by sight the master of the house.

His health soon failed him as well as his purse, and he retired to France, where he died in poverty in 1823, I believe under the roof of the Duc de Castries, who helped to support the family.

The younger brother was a clergyman, but not a whit more regular in his habits and conduct ; he also died in obscurity, and the title is now extinct. It is an ancient family in Ireland, and related to the Du Barré's in this country, one of whom gave his name to the famous mistress of Louis XV.

Madame de Balbi.

Monday, 9th July, 1838. — I met the other day at Versailles Madame de Balbi, now grown old, but formerly well known by the long attachment which she inspired in Louis XVIII.

when Comte de Provence. Her irregularities during the emigration, particularly at Rotterdam, with the Duc de Talleyrand, came to the ears of the royal lover, who broke off the intercourse by letter, saying, "*La femme de César ne doit pas être soupçonnée.*" She wrote the following reply: "*Je ne suis pas votre femme, et vous n'avez aucun rapport avec César.*"

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